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THE
FREDONIAD :
OR,
INDEPENDENCE PRESERVED.
AN
EPICK POEM
ON
THE LATE WAR OF 1812.

BY
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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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CANTO XXI.

DEFEAT AT QUEENSTOWN.

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ARGUMENT.

Invocation....Christie succeeds in crossing the River....The Second Battle....The Volunteers refuse to embark....The Third Battle....General Van Rensselaer endeavours to rouse the Patriotism of the Volunteers....The Fourth Battle....The Death of the Traitor....The Ghost of Morris.

The scene—Lewistown, Fort George, and Queenstown....The time is about eight hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXI.

THOU spirit-breathing power—celestial Muse !
With thoughts sublime my weary mind infuse—
Thy stream of heaven—O pour it on my tongue,
That I may sing a never-dying song !
Inflame my bosom with thy holy fire,
That I may reach the summit of desire.
I sink,—I faint,—my ardour cools away—
My harp is loose—the fretted strings decay.
I feel my notes to languish as they flow—
The musick of my heart hath lost its former glow. 10

The more I sing, more boundless seems my song—
New actions rise, that claim the poet's tongue.
Hope's pictur'd dreams have kept my soul serene—
For, long ere this, I fancied to have seen
The Angel Peace, with spotless robes descend,
Th' exhausting labours of my song to end :

So once, in youth, while angling up the brook,
And, as I pass'd, from flowers th' aroma shook,
Big clouds arose in thunder from the west—
I heard—but felt no terror in my breast.

I sought a sheltering rock :—At length was past
The deep, dark clouds, slow moving on the blast.
The sun with golden robes the landscape dress'd,
Like groves and vales, where dwell th' immortals
 bless'd.

The beauteous rainbow kiss'd the breathing hill,
Which made sweet musick in each fibre thrill.
I bounded o'er the brook with streaming eyes,
And clomb the steep to grasp the heavenly prize ;—
But ah, ascended to the flower-wreath'd brow,
Th' alluring charm was in the vale below ! 30
The more I strove to seize the painted arch,
More swift it fled, delusive in its march :

 Thus like the rainbow passing o'er the plain,
The more I sing, more lengthening seems my strain.

Thy suppliant here by charity is fed—
At night, he slumbers 'neath a leaky shed—
Mock'd and revil'd by Slander's scorpion tongue,
That he should vainly dare the epick song.
The great frown on me, like a winter's chill,
The infant bud of all my hopes to kill : 40
But ah, of these I never will complain,
Nor want of home, if thou wilt aid my strain—
Succour my strength, till I my theme shall close—
My Country sav'd victorious from her foes ;
Then, on some happy spot I'll blithesome toil,
And earn my bread in Freedom's teeming soil.

Reckless could I the haughty slight endure
Of scoffing pride, though miserably poor—
But O a friend, a bosom friend have I,
Who, independent, should her wants supply. 50

In blessing her, O bear me on the wing,
Whilst I with hurried notes, the battle sing—
'Tis thou canst drive impatience from my breast,
And make me, all a mortal can be, blest !

By this, the Fiend, whose sceptre governs hell,
Had spent his power ;—subsided was the swell :
And, if the Muse be suffer'd to express
In figure, greater actions by the less,
As when a whale in Arctick ocean far,
Beneath the beams of heaven's unalter'd star, 60
Floats on the deep, watching the finny brood,
Intent their sportive gambols to delude,
And gorge his maw with satisfying food :
Lo, in the act to leap upon his prey,
A whale-man ready, with a bold assay
His weapon plunges forth ! He feels the blow,
And hurries furious to the depths below—
His anger burns—the craggy rocks he breaks—
They crash within his jaws—foundation shakes
Of ocean's bed. Now whirling from beneath, 70
He foams to gain th' exhaustion of his breath,
The troubled billows eddying mark his rise—
He comes ! the waters dash upon the skies.
Dizzy he wheels in agony of pain—
Boiling the waves, he seeks the depths again,
But finds no rest. He thunders to the shore,
Reddening his progress with a stream of gore ;
He ploughs the gravelly bottom with his head,
And forms new channels for the ocean's bed—
Tearing foundations of the sea away, 80
And, with a deluge, spouts them into day.

At length o'ercome with toil—and spent his blood,
He yields to fate and dies upon the flood :

So by the virtue of Fredonia's spear,
The Fiend exhausted left the waters clear.
Christie embarks and glides his warriors o'er,
And joins with Wool upon the hostile shore.

As Time proclaim'd the second watch of night,
Myers on his charger, leaping like a flight,
Enter'd the fortress, center'd on a rock, 90
And made the danger manifest to Brock :

“ Knight of Detroit ! behold, I come express—
Queenstown, alarm'd, awaits with eagerness
To greet you there. Look not in wonderment—
The eagle foe is planning a descent ;
A swift deserter, bearing Arnold's name,
Hath open'd their design to storm with flame.
Though Vincent's heart beats full, yet he desires
That you would aid him to strike dead their fires.”

“ My joy is with the valiant. Forth I'll go, 100
And with Invincibles their flag subdue.
Wallace, be ready to depart at day
To bind your brow with laurels in the fray.
Cadwell, hurl bombs upon Niagara's rock,
That none from thence may aid them in the shock
At Queenstown battlements. We must exceed
Our efforts at Detroit, or lose the meed
Of that triumphant day. With bosoms steel'd,
Meet breast to breast, the enemy in field—
For Brown, nor Scott, nor Pike, nor Rensselaer, 110
Have Hulls of souls to fly like coward deer—

Hence must our valour burn. But why this stay ?
Perhaps, they now are making the essay—”

Rapid he marches by the wall'd-up stream—
The path discernible by coral beam,
Which trembles from the stars—while, from the fort,
Cadwell hurls thunderbolts with dire report
At rock Niagara—but Freedom's son,
The bold MacFreely, answers gun for gun.

Brock gain'd a distant prospect of the Height, 120
As the first sound gave notice of the fight.
He urged his cohorts at the din of arms.—
The shout of onset—sudden flash—alarms,
Kindled sublime the movements of his soul
To join the battle and augment its roll.
His efforts were in vain. The eagle rose,
Ere he could bring his squadron to oppose.

“ What darkness ! what eclipse ! Warriors, be-
hold,
What sad disaster strikes the heart's blood cold !
Our conquer'd cannon streams with hostile fire, 130
From which, in loose array, our ranks retire !

“ Now prove Invincible in deed and name,
And from the foe yon battlements reclaim ;
'Tis not with him, who held Detroit, we fight,
But men, who brave contention desperate.
Your every nerve of warrior strength must rise,
Or yield the standards to our enemies !
Maintain what once ye were in Egypt,—then
Your names will rise magnificent with men !

“ And when yon banner ye shall overthrow, 140
Administer sweet mercy to the foe.

The deeds of Proctor darken with disgrace
The Albion name beneath the savage race.

“ These rocks we’ll circle, till we gain their rear,
Then, rushing violent with fire and spear,
Scatter their ranks. Invincibles ! advance !
And do such deeds as rais’d the throne of France !
Prove—prove the same,—yea, prove your bosoms
flow

With that to bring their starry banner low.

He flam’d their passions with a bold desire— 150
Clad in deep scarlet, like a cloud of fire,
Rear of the Heights, in solid band they move,
Their strength and martial discipline to prove.

And now, Ogilvie, bleeding on the heath—
But not dissolving in the mist of death,—
To Wool, transfers the honour of command—
(But three times sixty constitute the band.)
A soul unshaken in the carnage storm,
Smiling at danger in its wildest form.

The instant Brock with icy arms appear’d, 160
Wool, whom each soldier in his heart rever’d,
Great in his daring thus : “ Your bosoms swell,
That to achieve, that shall in memory tell.
Shrink not in thought—their numbers disregard—
Let glancing fires burn round the steel points hard !
A charge, home-driven, will paralyze with awe,
And check their rush of bayonets in the war.
Yea, *this* their forward passion will appal—
We conquerors live, or in our glory fall !”

Onward he led them in their strength of mind, 170
Ere they could pause the dangerous work design’d.

Lo, Brock himself was smitten to behold
 Th' unequal onset of the patriots bold.
 His legions froze to mark the daring band
 Sweep like a blast athwart a desert land,
 Horrid with steel !—His soul return'd to Brock—
 He flew from rank to rank to break the shock,
 Which made them think of death : “ Why stand with
 awe ?

Inflame the heart !—Move forward to the war !
 Plunge gory with the blade ! Charge death for
 death—

180

From wounds, that touch the vitals, let them breathe !”

The Britons roll in wrath. The battle bleeds—
 Wool's infant band achieve immortal deeds :
 They stand like blazing rocks in horrent mood,
 Slaking the thirst of their parch'd steels in blood.
 But Brock outnumbers—circles them around,
 Like clouds, when charg'd with fire ! At last, the
 ground

Slow, by degrees, they yield—th' o'erwhelming might
 Of Albion's power obtains the field of fight.

But Wool, though broken, forms his ranks again,
 And checks the foe's progression on the plain—
 Thrice, thrice he charges with the steel in hand—
 Thrice he recedes before the kingly band.

At length, like quenchless fire, the conquering
 Brock

Compels the patriots to the jutting rock,
 Which hangs suspended o'er Niagara flood—
 Yet still they face the battle, bath'd in blood !
 One step—one backward step—they fall the height,
 Where but to look, is horror to the sight !

On either side, death circles them around— 200
But lo, they smile at death with lightnings crown'd :

So since the morning of creation's birth,
Fast chain'd with links of adamant to earth,
The Isle, that separates Niagara's flood,
Scowling defiance,—on the rock, hath stood.
The floods descend with foaming in their might,
To loose and plunge it headlong down the height.
The flaming heavens unsparing thunders peal,
Whilst the torn elements convulsions feel.

But yet, the Island, at the edge of fate, 210
Stands firm, unshaken 'gainst the pressing weight
Of striving waters—maddening to displace
The solid fastenings from their rock-ribb'd base :

Like this, Wool stands upon the beetling rock,
Unmov'd—against the energies of Brock.

But now,—so pressing th' unequal strife,
A heartless soldier, to preserve his life,
On bayonet's point—in panick of despair,
Displays a flag submissive in the air !

Wool dwelt in all the field ! Turning his eye, 220
He mark'd the sign of pale submission fly
Sad in the breeze ! Indignant at the sight,
He rush'd to save the yielding of the fight.
He burnt with inward fire !—with nervous hand,
He snatch'd the flag, and ground it in the sand !

“ For shame the coward deed ! What, cringe and
kneel

And sue to be a captive ? Ply the steel !
What, yield and deign to live ? Die first, and then
'Twill be sufficient time to yield like men !

“ See—from Niagara’s stream, our warriors rush !
Stand in your strength !—the enemy we’ll crush !
But once, death’s visit ”——

(Broken falls his arm !)

“ Smile at the blast, and make the heart’s blood
warm !”

He clos’d, as Christie to his succour came—
His hand in blood—his bosom in a flame :

“ Behold our brothers, press’d upon the Height !
Hard gripe the steel, and forward to the fight !
Let death be seen upon our path behind—
On—on, ye brave, like heaven’s o’erwhelming wind !”

At Christie’s order, they suppress’d the fire, 240
And rush’d with bayonet, or to live—expire.

The strength of Brock, invincible no more,
Sinks on the field with bosoms spouting gore.
They waver—reel—give way, like clouds, when
driven

By wild tornadoes through the waste of heaven.

Brock, with indignity, the field beheld,
And turn’d, and pour’d his spirit on the field :

“ Royals ! how deep, indelible the shame !
What, will ye vanish and renounce your fame ?
Where is your rich inheritance of pride ? 250
Wheel on the enemy !—the storm abide !

Chafe the heart’s fountain-stream—and raise on high
The Cross,—as in the days of chivalry !

Yea—and as late upon Iberia’s plain,

Ye drove the Gauls, like chaff in hurricane !

And will you fly from half your numbers here ?

Blot out the word ! Let deeds of death appear !

My footsteps follow, and decide the field,
 With slaughter grip'd in hand ! Think not to yield,
 But on and dash the fire "——

His speech is o'er— 260

Rent are his vitals through. A gush of gore
 Stifles his lungs—he falls,—his charger flies,
 Mane loosen'd in the wind—the warrior dies !

Thus Jove's immortal plant, in years of prime,
 Resists the power of northern blasts sublime—
 But lo, a woodman passing with his axe,
 Strikes to its heart—its strength becomes as wax ;
 Its leafy honours wither every blow—
 And soon it crashes with its overthrow :

Such was the fall of Brock—his country's pride—
 His aid, MacDonald, welters by his side.

In future years, a monument will rise,
 Where on the Height he bleeds—to mate the skies.
 Heroes hereafter will delight to tell,
 How, in the ardour of the strife, he fell.
 Lov'd by his friend—respected by his foe—
 In peace a father to the child of wo.

* * * * *

The royals form'd—and, for the moment, stood—
 But when they saw their general pour his blood,
 They fled like scatter'd sheep—their shepherd slain
 By the grim monarch of the desert plain.

* * * * *

Meantime at Lewistown, the troops display'd,
 And Rensselaer, (while Wool was fighting,) said :

“ Scott, Wadsworth, Boyd, your warriors lead to
field !

There be their price of Liberty reveal'd.
I forth shall give you succour. Strong, pause not
To climb the Height—never in fame forgot.
On right of Wool will your division stand,
And left of Scott, the lion of the land.

“ See Wool and Christie in a cloud of fire ! 290
Hasten to aid them, or their souls expire !”

Scott, Wadsworth, jealous for their fame, depart,
A diamond valour burning on their heart.
The troops, in files, proceed upon their rear ;
In a light pinnace follow'd Rensselaer.
But, as they touch'd the beach, Brock pour'd his life,
And Wool and Christie conquer'd in the strife.

And now, the whole with Rensselaer unites,
To whom his future purpose he recites :

“ Behold, our arms a second time have won ! 300
On fields more brilliant, never look'd the sun
In all his paths through heaven ! But, valiant men !
We brief must guard against the changing scene
Of wayward victory : Totten, draw with skill
The lines of bulwark to defend the hill.
Such deeds, unequal'd, will descend to fame,
And give a brightning halo to our name.”

With mathematick art, the engineer
Designs the labour—eager, on his rear
Hardy pi'neers invade the stubborn soil— 310
Mixing the songs of triumph with their toil.

While thus upon the Heights their souls were fir'd,
Deeds of dark name at Lewistown transpir'd :

Discord, invisible, hurl'd round the camp,
Pondering some circumstance, by which to cramp
The arms of Liberty. At length, he chose
This art,—to cast the nation into woes :

His shape he fashions to a man of age,
His visage deep, to counterfeit a sage.
His eyebrows large o'ershade a solemn eye, 320
That seems though musing on mortality.
It oft on heaven in mockery would roll,
As though he held religion in his soul ;
And by the pomp, which solemn he assumes,
His features dark look poring on the tombs.

When fashion'd thus—sedate, he pass'd along
The eastern volunteers to visit Strong,—
Who, when he saw him, disbeliev'd his eyes :

“ Not him, it cannot be, whom I surmise !
My brother, is it he !——

“ When left you home ? 330
Hast thou to aid us with thy warriors come ?”

“ Warriors ! with murderers ? no.” (The Fiend
rejoin'd,

Right glad his person had deceiv'd his mind)
My soul is peace—it shrinks from cruel wars—
Save those made righteous by a righteous cause.
But never I 'gainst Britain could unsheath,
For *any* cause—the scimitar of death—
It shocks—it bleeds my soul—the Bulwark name,
That guards our faith, as with a wall of flame
Against the reprobate ! A righteous God, 350
For this rank war, dissolves the land in blood !

“ With brother’s love, you tender I conjure,
To wash your hands and make your peace secure,
While yet sweet grace remains. The damning sin,
If you proceed, will crush thy soul within !

“ For this sole purpose, distant have I rode—
Yea—to proclaim the terrors of a God,
Who frowns upon this work ! Pass not the wave—
But O, these lives vouchsafe in mercy save !
Pass not the nation’s line ! beyond which mark 350
’Twill be to you as murder to embark—
Yes—murder, calm conceiv’d—yea, cold as frost—
You’ll suffer hell for every soul that’s lost !
I see a deep damnation round thy brow !
Infernal flames are kindling for you now !

“ And what if England have *impress’d* our men—
Should we for that in horrid arms be seen ?
Ah no, my brothers—tears and contrite prayers,
Would show more christian than these ruffian wars.
Yea—better kneel in pious virtue meek, 360
And when she strikes us, turn the other cheek.

“ O cease this strife of blood ! My bosom yearns,
That thou should’st fly the dreadful hell that burns—
Thy friends will joy, as o’er the prodigal,
When he return’d from husks of infidel.”

While thus the counterfeit of Strong he show’d,
At different parts, when high the accents flow’d,
He touch’d the brother’s hand ;

As when a snake,
Coil’d in the matted grass, with eye awake,
Watches with shining crest the labouring swain, 370
As down he sweeps the beauty of the plain—

A favour'd time he leaps the leap of death !
Deep in the peasant's heel he fangs his teeth !
Quick the hot poison circles through his veins—
The youth turns purple, gasping on the plains :

So the Fiend's touch contaminates each part,
Each nerve—his brain—the centre of his heart.

“ Alas, each circumstance I sadly mourn—
For me, no longer shall thy bosom yearn—
Thy voice hath made me to my faith return. 380

“ My squadrons now in waiting, I'll address,
And on their minds the wickedness impress.”

When hasty these acknowledgments were done,
He thus, dissuading, to his troops begun :

“ 'Tis time we'd learnt of wisdom : Ah, too long,
We've leagu'd in slaughter for imaginary wrong !
Behold the line—the limit of our shore !
And he who wills to die, may pass it o'er—
But let him pause, ere he is reckless driven
Headlong to death in violence of heaven ! 390

“ What's a few mariners depriv'd of right,
To be compar'd to this unrighteous fight ?

Declar'd to gratify our rulers vile,
Who, at its carnage, raise a scoffing smile !

Alas, unholy and unchristian men

Have heap'd upon our heads this damning sin !

A blow is struck—a fatal blow indeed—

Faith, Honour, Justice, and Religion bleed !

O shame ! by us the gauntlet should be hurl'd

'Gainst her, who fights the battles of the world ! ! 400

“ Kentucky cried for war—for blood—O think !
Avenging God hath given her blood to drink !

At Raisin's shore her very heart was riven,
In awful justice, by an outrag'd heaven !
And, at Miami, by express I've heard,
That Dudley's band hath felt the savage sword !

“ Return to reason—cleanse your hands from
blood—

Lo, wrath eternal, should you pass the flood,
Will smite with death ! Hope not to be forgiven—
You'll fall like dead things with the curse of heaven !”

As when the east damp rises from the sea— 411
Young Nature dancing in the robes of May,—
And breathes a chilly vapour o'er the earth,
Which kills the tender blossoms in their birth :

So words of Strong laid ice upon the soul—
Disunion blights their character the whole !

“ We'll choose the better part. Niagara's flood
Never we'll pass to murder them in blood !”

But Dexter, faithful mid the faithless, stands—
Indignant he beheld th' apostate bands— 420
Forsook the traitor who the lines had stay'd,
And these exertions like a patriot made :

“ Wherefore is this ? O, never you'll forsake
Your brothers in the field ! your honour break !
Lost in wild passion, man doth often stray,
Eccentrick, wandering from the narrow way,
Where Wisdom lights the path. Through Error's
maze,

Frequent our footsteps rove—but if we raise
Remitting eyes—and leave the part of youth,
Our foibles fade before the beams of truth. 430

“ Return. I’ll lead you forth. Ascend yon
Height,—
And this deep darkness be dissolv’d in light !
Prove that your souls have worth—and climb the
way—

And share the glories of this glorious day !

“ File in the line of march ! To faith return—
Return and be redeem’d—yea, be your souls new-
born !”

The disaffected, ere his speech was said,
Hiss’d him contemptuous, with a wagging head.

But Dexter found within his breast support,
And bore with cheek uncrimson’d the retort. 440
The whole, by Discord were of strength subdu’d—
And Dexter left them in his solitude.

Now, at the Heights, while they their toils pursu’d,
Calloose, the savage, bursted from the wood !

“ Wool, Wadsworth, Christie, Scott !” (thus Rens-
selaer,
Urgent exclaim’d,) “ Hell’s agency appear
Like darkness crowding forth !—Display—lead on !
And, with drawn falchions let their blood-streams
run !”

The warriors swift prepar’d them for the fight,
Harness’d for battle to attest their might— 450
To whom the veteran thus : “ Your deeds this day
Will live till life shall moulder to decay !
Twice have ye fought, and twice the field acquir’d,
And gave the soil the riches it desir’d !
Now, once again you’ll exercise the steel,
And cause the savage in their blood to kneel.

Harden your bosoms as with iron mail—
And when ye strike, let life be seen to fail !”

This said, he wheel'd, and hasten'd to the shore
To learn what circumstance delay'd the power 460
Of Strong at Lewistown :—he cleav'd the flood
With Bloom—made honour'd with the robes of blood.

Meantime the savage, darkening in their might,
With royals scatter'd on the field of fight—
Impetuous, onward at a signal rush,
The ranks of Freedom at a blow to crush !

Scott, Wadsworth, Christie, Boyd, in strength arise
With fire kindling the brave ! Nor savage cries,
Nor peals, nor vollied flames, their souls dismay,
But, like a storm, roll darkening to the fray, 470
Or the dire plunging of Niagara's flood—
Drenching their thirsty falchions in the blood
Of savage life ! Lo, as they thrust, they feel
The bleeding heart convulsing on the steel !

The tumult shakes the earth. A cloud of death,
Pregnant with fire, hangs dreadful o'er the heath !

At length, the foe in such profusion bleeds,
He breaks—and as he flies, the cloud recedes !

Thus had the patriots thrice the victory won,
Ere to the west two hours the rapid sun 480
Had drove his car. Not since a warrior's name,
Were ever fields more worthy of their fame.

Scarce Rensselaer had landed on the beach,
When Dexter met him, and in grievous speech

Reveal'd the treason—the appalling cause,
That made the volunteers like dastards pause.

The tongue of Rensselaer denies to speak—
While pale and crimson struggle in his cheek.
Grief's ashy deathness seems to triumph now—
Then, anger's fire melts off the pallid snow. 490

His tongue at length found speech : “ And can it be,
That Strong has acted in his treachery ?
Confusion strike him ! Darkness blind the day !
Grief drowns my heart. O haste with me away—
And have you stood alone ? no soul—not one
To brace thy side—all,—all revolted—gone ?

“ Great is that mind that can resist the power
Of rank corruption in the sliding hour—
And stem the current of opposing tide,
And disregard, when scoffing tongues deride— 500
Remain unalter'd in thy faith the while,
Full in the teeth and censure of the vile !
Thy virtue will have fame ! But time is lost—
I must endeavour to reclaim the host.”

This said—with Dexter and the wounded Bloom,
He sought the disaffected, to illume
Their hearts with patriot flame : “ It cannot be,
That you'll forsake us at this urgency ?
Thrice hath the Eagle in the battle tower'd—
With one to five the regal strength o'erpower'd ! 510
Egypt's Invincibles receiv'd a shock,
From which they'll never rise—the death of Brock !

“ Brothers, companions, friends ! come, lend your
aid—

We'll do such deeds as ne'er in time shall fade !

With speed of wings the traitor wretch hath fled,
 Whose syren voice your generous hearts misled.
 Be lifted in the cause ! walk forth in light,
 And shroud the past in ever-during night !
 Walk in the light of fame ! Your brothers join
 Toiling for glory !—not the ideal line, 520
 A barrier prove—but prove your father's blood
 Lives in each fibre ! Navigate the flood !
 Your fathers sacrific'd to Freedom's cause—
 Yea—drain'd life's fountain-streams to seal her laws !
 And have they toil'd, and fought, and bled in vain ?
 Shall we this day their hallow'd memories stain ?

“ Ye Saints in heaven ! look down from thrones of
 light,—

And O, our hearts in brotherhood unite !
 Inspire our souls with that celestial flame,
 Which gave your mem'ries an immortal name ! 530

“ Patriots, free born ! give glory to your sires
 By wakening into life their quenchless fires !

* * * * *

“ If language fails your bosoms to excite,
 Behold the blood that stream'd on yonder Height !
 Behold, and kindle to avenge the gore—
 Nor Bloom alone—a host of worthies more
 Have suffer'd in their joy ! Some sleep with those,
 Who, in their deaths, eternity have chose !

“ O think ! for *you* they've render'd up their lives,
 To guard your altars, children, and your wives ! 540
 And have they vain, like water, pour'd their blood ?
 Yea, vain—in vain—unless ye pass the flood,
 And aid us with your strength. Come, float the tide,

And soon the day with honour we'll decide—
 A day, whose deeds of brilliancy will hide
 Days now that shine conspicuous on the sight—
 Why stand ye pausing ?—onward to the fight !
 What's life to Liberty ?—lighter than dust—
 On—and the foe surrenders at a thrust !

“ Behold, advancing from the fort of George— 550
 A host o'erwhelming, on the time to charge !
 O hasten to the beach ! I'll guide you o'er—
 And at a blow, immortalize the shore !

* * * * *

“ O marble, cruel hearts !
 Behold my thin locks bleach'd by wint'ry years !
 Let me entreat you by these scattering hairs
 To climb yon battlements !——

“ Good heaven above !
 Gone—lost—forever lost—will nothing move ?
 Nor fame, nor blood, nor tears !——

“ Wherefore was I
 Born to behold—t' endure this treachery ! 560

“ Patriots in heaven behold it—yea—and weep—
 It seems my heart no longer can I keep
 Pent in my breast—it leaps to burst my side—
 To crack its fibres—spill its pulsing tide—

“ Shame—treason—shame !”

* * * * *

His strength—his utterance fail,
 His cheeks, late flush'd with fire, turn ashy pale.
 Sighs heave his bosom, and his changing eye
 Betrays the passion of his agony :
 Now Anger seems to struggle with Despair—
 But Grief triumphant, holds her empire there.

At length, to Dexter he : “ To Wadsworth hie—
 And speak it, if thou canst, this infamy.
 My breast is smother'd. Anguish'd I forebode,
 That all in vain our streams of life have flow'd.
 It eats my heart. Nothing I more can add—
 My brain feels dizzy—all my soul is sad.”

Dexter, desponding, wheels without discourse,
 Whilst the pale veteran weeps upon his horse.
 Adown his furrow'd cheeks his sorrows roll,
 Soothing the grief that eats upon his soul. 580
 But when reflection flashes o'er his mind,
 That all his fame will be a chaff in wind,
 A burning pang more sharp than death severe,
 Sears, dries the sluices of his softening tear.

Veteran ! mourn not : If this my verse can give
 Thy worth to other years, thy fame shall live !
 'Tis not for man, his destinies to guide—
 Full oft his best exertions are denied
 To meet the righteousness of merit here—
 Yea, Virtue o'er her child lets fall a tear. 590
 If for the moment, thou should'st feel the tooth
 Of biting Slander, yet the light of truth
 Will blaze upon thee in a future day—
 And Time shall weep thy monumental clay.

And now from George, the enemy is seen,
 Progressing slow—severe in discipline.
 And, as with Wallace they approach the Height,
 The vanquish'd allies round his flag unite.
 A heavy cloud is thus by whirlwinds driven,
 Broken and scatter'd o'er the face of heaven— 600

But soon the winds are bridled in their might—
And lo, another climbs the mountain height,
Round which those scatter'd by the tempest power,
Urg'd by attraction, with a deepening lower,
Gather with closeness,—darkening broad and vast,
To smite the earth with desolating blast :

So those, late scatter'd by the battle's breath,
Round Wallace congregate to pour out death.

Vincent the whole combines, as first in rank,
The wild-men crowding on his skirted flank. 610

He speaks to their ambition : “ Shall we cower
And lick the dust beneath th' invading power ?
With five oppos'd to one disgrac'd we've fled—
O let it never—never more be said !

Resolve to win—wipe off the murky stain !
Conquest is ours ! The Lion shakes his main,
Threatening the field ! In anger hold the breath,
And be reveng'd for Brock's illustrious death.

He lies in gory vestments ! Rise—be strong, 619
And drive through paths of blood th' adventurous throng.

Their ranks are wasted—weaken'd on the field,
Hence, *will* to conquer, and behold they yield !

Ten hours they've fought, and none have borne them
aid—

A valorous charge and soon their laurels fade !

“ Brock is the word ! With bayonets ten to one,
Britannia lives !—the toils of battle done !”

The savages replied with deafening jar—
The Albions dash'd in madness to the war.

But lo, th' impetuous rush the brave withstand,
And prove a barrier to the charging band. 630

They stand like rocks imbedded in the sea,
 Which thousand waves attempt to wash away.
 In vain the billows roll—in vain they crash
 Their craggy sides—in vain with foam they dash
 And thunder at their base—unshook in form,
 The rocks remain and smile upon the storm :

So stand Columbians solid in the fight,
 Plunging whole ranks successive into night.

Wadsworth outpours his voice : “ Immortal hour !
 Mix lead with steel, and let the soul have power ! 640
 Thine every name will high in heaven be roll’d—
 Drain—drain the heart ! Let streams of death unfold !
 Resist a moment—but a moment more,
 And ample strength will reach us from the shore !”

The warriors seem’d as fire ! So vast the strife,
 The forest trees are wither’d of their life.
 Beneath their feet the rocks to dust return,
 Whilst vaulting lightnings round about them burn.

For two half hours with tyger strength they fight—
 The whole field blacken’d with the cast of night. 650

But Dexter comes ! “ The volunteers deny
 To pass the flood and gain the victory !”

* * * * *

Were earth to open by exploding power—
 Were Chimboraso—earth’s sublimest tower,
 To totter to its fall—were stars in heaven,
 Blinded of light—the world to darkness given—
 Scarce would it cause more direful despair,
 Freezing the soul than words of Dexter were !

Their hearts are wither’d—all their hopes forlorn,
 As when the blighting east subdues the tender corn. 660

With hearts in anguish they forsake the shore,
 Sprinkling their rock-path with the drops of gore !

A shouting triumph from the foe is given,
 While they display their regal sign in heaven !

* * * * *

Now when the storm was hush'd—the brave o'er-
 borne,

Arnold receiv'd the serpent hiss of scorn
 From every tongue—which cramp'd his haughty soul,
 Causing dark thoughts across his mind to roll.

Far in the deep recesses of the wood,
 He thus the workings of his breast pursu'd : 670

“ What heart can bear the eating of remorse ?
 Ah, whither shall I fly—where bend my course
 To bury from the world ? Each eye severe
 Plants daggers in my soul, as with a sneer
 They with a point exclaim : ‘ The traitor there !
 Mark his disorder'd step ! see what despair
 Pales in his haggard cheek !’——

“ My breast—my breast !
 'Tis hell—a burning hell !—no peace—no rest—
 Distraction all !——

“ Should I from man retire,
 Where could I fly from the consuming fire, 680
 Which boils my heart within ? Yawn—yawn, deep
 hell !

Prepare ! I come ! Ye furies toll my knell !

“ Away,—pale thought, away !

* * * * *

I'll do the deed. I'll break the chain—nor stay,
 But taste——taste what ?——

“ My heart !—what ails my heart !
What means this ice ? And have I struck the dart ?

“ What, shrink to ply the point !——

“ Death ! what art thou !

’Tis but thy name that chills our blood like snow.

Thy secret touch dissolves the pangs of grief—

To conscience tortur’d, thou art rest—relief. 690

Why at thy name starts back the coward soul,

Thou balm, that makes the broken-hearted whole !

Is it thy form that doth the horror bring ?

And do I fear thy momentary sting ?

What sting ?—thy sting is peace—the pang is slight,

That brings oblivion—rocks the soul in night.

“ What if I breathe this element away,

Burden’d with life, till vile, unhonour’d clay

Shall shroud me from the sun ? will not thy dart,

With equal keenness touch the shrinking heart ? 700

It must—it will ! Through Death I’ll freedom gain,

And break at once, the fragile, brittle chain,

That binds me to the earth ! I’ll not endure

The sneering of the world—I’ll seek the cure

Of treason—Treason !——

“ Worse than coward, he,

Who shrinking, trembling with a tottering knee,

Gives back !——

“ Why pausing do I keep ?

Death, I am thine—come, rock me in thy sleep.”

With hurried hand he forms the fatal noose—

And, for a moment, a brief thought pursues : 710

“ Thou passing Breeze, that travels o’er the heath,

Receive my voice and speak it after death :

“ Beware, O Youth ! how you in pleasures rove—
 They’ll sap the mind—insidious, damning prove !
 With happy flowers at first they’ll strew the way—
 But ah, beware !—basilisks and adders lay
 Conceal’d in ambush there, whose poisonous teeth
 Will lance thy soul, more sharp than sting of death.
 O fly th’ enchanted ground ! A blast will come
 Unknown—and sweep thee to a culprit’s tomb !” 720

This was his last distinguishable word—
 Behold, he strangles in the tight’ning cord !
 His mouth yawns wide, of air to taste one breath,
 But every breeze is chas’d away by Death.
 His features blacken deep—his eyeballs stare,
 Outswell’d with blood,—tight, strangling with despair.

* * * * *

’Tis midnight’s hurried hour. With solemn dread,
 Dark, murky clouds hang round the mountain’s head,
 Thick, broken, deep :—Slow-heaving, vast, they climb,
 Fold after fold the starry arch sublime ; 730
 And, as they darkening o’er the concave sail,
 The winking eyes of heaven reluctant fail.
 Again they shine—again they disappear,
 As move the clouds with labour up the sphere.

In the far east their folds thin-edg’d with grey,
 The moon behind the mountain cliffs betray,
 Slow, waning, pale :—her sickly, fading horn
 Is bent behind a cloud—yet her faint light,
 With sallow paleness shows the round of night.

A wonder !—lo, with questionable mein, 740
 The new-fledg’d ghost of Morris wan is seen
 Faint gliding on the moon’s thin watery ray—
 Making the couch were dreaming Mary lay,

Gazing delighted on her lover's eye,
In which appears the soul's divinity :

“ Cold—

Cold as the dark brown rock—cold as the mould,
Thine Edward's brow is laid ! Dream not of me—
I'm now as air—commenc'd eternity !”

Thus he, while wrapp'd in night's deep mantle
spoke,—

And Mary, shivering, from her slumbers broke : 750

“ What voice pronounc'd my name ?—what note of
death

Sung in mine ear ? Cold on the battle heath
My Edward sleeps in blood ! Ah, me—my breast !
Cold on the earth his love-bright features rest !”

Sighing she fainted on her pillow dead—

But thus again, her lover's spirit said,
Which mov'd upon her heart. “ Fair angel form !
Awake thy soul to life ! I've past the storm
Of this rough tempest world. Thy grieving cease—
Though we no more—no—never can embrace, 760
Here, in mortality : But O, above,
We soon shall meet and clasp, perfective love !

“ But clogg'd—embosom'd in thy cumbering clay,
Thou canst not hear what now my tongue could say,
Or I could open such a field of bliss—
Ah, no—too pure for angels to express !
It satisfies the soul !—Beyond frail earth,
To hear the wonders of celestial birth.

Thine eye, thine ear, thine every sense is dumb,
To see, to hear the joys, that live beyond the tomb ! 770

“ But, when thy house of beauty shall decay,
Then shalt thou bask in unextinguish'd day—

Quaff fountains, pure of love without alloy,
And bind thine Edward in the clasp of joy !
“ Till then, farewell ! and calm thy aching breast—
Resign to heaven—and be thy soul at rest.”

The Spirit ceas'd—and wing'd its airy flight
Beyond the stars, and sought the coast of light.

His voice consoling, sooth'd his anguish'd love—
Her slumbers came with dreams of heaven above. 780

CANTO XXII.

CAPTURE OF LITTLE YORK.

ARGUMENT.

An Express informs Brown of the result at Queenstown....Officers convene in Council....The Embarkation for Little York....The Descent....The Death of Hatfield....Explosion of the Magazine....Capture of York....The circumstance of a scalp being found in the Legislative Hall....The Death of General Pike.

The scene—Sackett's Harbour, and in and about Little York....The time is four days.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXII.

WHEN the deep anguish of the late event,
By sorrow's tears was made more lenient,
A solemn calmness settled on their breast—
And Rensselaer to Carr gave this behest :

“ Young warrior, hasten to the Harbour down,
And bear the death-news to the ear of Brown.
My heart is bitterness to name the deed—
It makes my sorrows in their freshness bleed.”

The youth swift mounted at the order given,
And flew—an arrow from an archer driven. 10
The second sun was making glad the east,
When he to Brown was sighing introduc'd.
So deep his heart was overcome by grief,
He stood in silence dumb before the chief.
The warrior mark'd depression in his eye
And breast, that strove to hide its agony.

“ Give freedom to thy heart. Say, generous youth,
What the disaster, with unmuffled truth.
My soul forebodes the army is subdu'd,
And Rensselaer is folded in his blood. 20

But keep thy soul erect : Defeat will come,
And cause of censure none. I read the gloom,
Deep struggling in thine eye. Thy grief forbear—
And never yield thy country in despair.”

“ Thy voice hath rais’d a mountain from my breast ;
The dead, cold message, all my powers oppress’d.
Too, too severe is thy foreboding just—
Our hard fought victories are wrapp’d in dust.
Thrice we our standards had with glory crown’d—
The sun of heaven in all his circles round 30
Ne’er look’d upon a field of prouder name
Than that of Queenstown, by the sons of fame—
A time there was, he shrunk before the sight—
The clash of horror brought a partial night !
But in the act to seize upon a fourth—
Such spirit dwelt with the Columbian birth—
Disunion snatch’d the prize ! Lo, Strong’s brigade,
Revolting from the cause, withdrew their aid.
First Dexter tried, then Rensselaer, his art
To rouse the passion of their coward heart— 40
In vain—their blood was frozen into ice—
They stood unmelting to their warm advice.
As deep the veteran to their bosoms spoke,
It seem’d at times his bursting heart was broke.
His eye stream’d anguish :—from his every pore
Large sweat distill’d with drops of suffering gore.

“ Wool, Christie, Scott, and Boyd in glory stood—
And Wadsworth lighten’d in the field of blood.
Smyth cast the savage chief—bound him to earth,
While in the act to hurl his hatchet forth. 50

Thrice broke the enemy before the shock—
In front of battle, fell the generous Brock !

“ The second Rensselaer pour’d free his blood,
But not to dying. Vallance drunk the flood.
Wool, Christie, Gansevoort, Bloom—and worthies more,
Have shed for Liberty their sacred gore.
Their wounds but seem’d to magnify their ire—
Their bosoms kindled with a maddening fire !

“ Young Morris fell in all his peerless bloom—
He moulders honour’d in a warrior’s tomb— 60

Alas, I fear not so—for lo, I saw
A savage grasp him as we fled the war—
My soul forebodes he feeds the hungry raven,
Or vultures, crows, and other fowls of heaven !

“ How bright a contrast ours !—along the shore,
I heard our guns, by minutes, solemn roar
For death of Brock ! Yea—sorrowing gun for gun,
Niagara answer’d at the setting sun !

“ Such is a faint description of the day,
Which fill’d the bravest bosoms with dismay.”

Brown heard with fix’d attention. But full oft,
His hand he clos’d—and then, relax’d it soft.
His eye the language of his soul would speak,
And show he held with pain a tear in check.
Then would his forehead knit—his colour rise,
And indignation muster in his eyes.

“ Was Strong——

“ His very name is pestilence—
I cannot drive it from my bosom hence.
A traitor, gifted with a serpent art—
In look a saint ;—a devil at his heart— 80

A smooth, insinuating adder sly,
 Who, while he charms with meek Religion's eye,
 Stings with a tooth envenom'd to the life—
 Prayer in his mouth—beneath his cloak a knife !
 Acceptor of a bribe—his country's shame——
 Why do I spend a thought upon his name— !

“ At times the Star can sink without disgrace—
 For human wisdom can but partial trace
 The slippery changes of the future hour,
 Though every mind possess'd a Newton's power. 90
 We cannot hope in every field to gain
 The perilous fight—the laurell'd wreath obtain.
 Dark clouds, unlook'd-for, in the storm will rise
 And sweep the standards backward from the skies.
 Yet will the brave have honour——

“ I behold
 My chiefs approach, whose hearts are fin'd as gold.
 Them I instructed at th' appearing sun,
 To meet and plan what farther should be done.”

Brief as he clos'd, the patriotick band,
 Leaders of squadrons, gather'd at his hand— 100
 Pike in advance, then Forsythe, King, MacClure,
 Names to show brilliant while the streams endure.
 Swan, Ripley, Fanning, Eustis, Lyon, Steel,
 Never with life before a foe to kneel—
 Backus, Nicholson, Happock, Bloomfield, Young,
 Express a dignity of feeling strong.
 Mitchell, and Walworth, Frazier, Pierce, and Moore,
 From whose dark eyes their bosom'd passions pour.
 Chauncey and Hatfield of the fleet appear,
 Their hearts firm plated from the shaft of fear. 110

Thompson and others from the ships attend
To hear what plans the chiefs would recommend.

When these the first in office had conven'd,
Brown brief related what from Carr he'd glean'd ;
Each bosom felt a paralytick blow,
To hear that traitors had the Stars dash'd low.

He paus'd—and after thus : “ Be not depress'd,
The Eagle yet will tear the Lion's crest.
The names of Scott, of Christie, Rensselaer,
Will, on the pinnacle of fame appear— 120
And Bloom, and Wadsworth, Wool—and all the brave,
Who fought and conquer'd at Niagara's wave—
Yes—*conquer'd*— thrice the battle field was won—
Never in valour was the day outdone.

“ Now it is ours to suddenly away,
And open on them with a bold essay.
While in their joy, they apprehend us lost,
We'll crowd the fleet—invade upon their coast—
Dash at Fort George : Should eagle Vict'ry there,
Perch on our arms, to Erie we'll repair, 130
And fold the Cross in dust. Let each advise—
For we in band of unity must rise.
With bosoms firm cemented in the fight,
Great is the energy of Freedom's might ;
But man divided, is a chain of dust,
He breaks in weakness at the slightest just.”

He sate ; and Pike arose—within whose breast,
Heaven's choicest virtues found their pillow'd rest :

“ Brothers in arms ! my heart is touch'd with pain,
That those, made free with Liberty, should stain 140
The land that gave them birth—beyond compare,
Favour'd of heaven, of all creation fair !

That lurking traitors should contrive with art,
To stab the centre of their Country's heart !

“ But we the stain opprobrious must remove,
The soul unbroken of the nation prove :

“ Now I submit a humble thought will urge,
That we assail, before we strike at George,
Their capital, proud York—which place is known
To form the northern store-house of the throne. 150
Should we succeed to overcome the whole—
Of which I doubt not, should we charge with soul,—
'Twill the rejoicings of the Royals damp—
Their future movements in the contest cramp.
'Twill be remember'd for its daring blow—
Perhaps, the pivot of their overthrow.

“ Where the waste ruins of Toronto lie,
We'll land,—the efforts of the foe defy,
From thence with rapidness the batteries storm,
And take possession of the place in form.” 160

He open'd his design. And Neptune's son—
Chauncey, uncourtly, on the right begun :

“ My order from the President of late
Is, that the navy at your service wait.
Should you the measure approbate of Pike,
The fleet is ready on the shore to strike.”

Brief was the mariner. And Brown replies :
“ The plan of Pike will quail our enemies.
Let each prepare to presently embark,
And true to valour, at the town of York 170
Rush for the honour. Pike, to you I yield,
As you advis'd it,—to conduct the field.

“ Chauncey, the fibres of your heart beat life,
Th' *impressing* foe to overcome in strife—

Make full your navy with the warriors proud,
And then your sail-wings for Torronto crowd.

“ What time we’re absent, Backus, with your
horse,

Maintain the sail against invading force,
Should he, who flames salutes for Raisin’s blood,
Prevost—attempt the Harbour to intrude— 180
Our wives, our children from the village move,
Then, unalloy’d your gold in battle prove.
From the interior, Tuttle, nerv’d with steel,
Will soon arrive, their entrance to repel.

“ Now is our purpose laid. Each to his post,
And straight embark to war upon the coast.”

Brief at the word pronounc’d, the council rose,
Their hearts determin’d with the foe to close.

The troops rejoic’d th’ invading plan to hear—
The sound was pleasant musick to their ear. 190
With rapid hand the ships with war they load
Without disorder, though they seem a crowd
Thick, wild, confus’d :

So, frequent is there seen,
In summer’s day, along the pathway green,
A numerous household of industrious ants,
Hoarding with foresight ’gainst their future wants.
At first, disorder’d they appear to move—
Part in the sun, part shaded in the grove.
But when with closer eye we scan their line,
Both art and science in their ranks combine— 200
The band returning, sweat beneath their load,
While those disburden’d are in quest of food :

Thus, though in hurry ,order is their toil—
And soon embark’d they wait the spreading sail.

Chauncey weighs anchor—cleaves the silver sea,
And, as the east was gladdening with the day,
York show'd its turrets. With a martial mien,
On board the Madison, the chiefs convene
To learn their stations,—(Madison, the ship
That bore the foremost flag upon the deep.) 210

These were the glowing sentiments of Pike :
“ Behold the capitol ! Prépare to strike
Its standard from the wind ! The soul make large
T' invade the shore and do the signal charge.

“ Forsythe, to lead upon the foe is thine,
And prove your rifles, death in discipline.
King, strengthen with your warriors, and, MacClure—
Your names establish—ever to endure.
Then, Pierce and Ripley, with your bands proceed,
And test them worthy of immortal meed. 220
Riddle, with scout, will you in front advance
At landing—to observe each circumstance.

“ On us the prize of victory depends—
As is our course the Eagle sinks, ascends—
Yea, as a chieftain educates his soul,
He warms with ardour, or he damps the whole.”

The warriors, yielding their assent, withdraw
To wield their blades, determin'd in the war.

Now when the Albions kenn'd th' approaching fleet,
Their haughty bosoms sudden flash'd with heat. 230
Sheffie, half madd'd, sent his aids in haste
To call his leaders where his flag was plac'd :

First, Goodwin came, of Fencibles the chief—
Then, Wells, of Grenadiers—then, Cowley, brief—

Churchill and White, from batteries caught th' alarms,
 When the drums beating notified to arms.
 They circled in a group—grim Talpo last,
 A murky savage of the howling waste.

Assembled—Sheffie in the midst began,
 And quick arrang'd his well-digested plan : 240

“ Behold invasion on the waters there !
 The screaming Eagle floating on the air !
 But time waits not to stand with gazing eyes—
 Attend my voice to blast our enemies !

“ Goodwin, your Fencibles in column form
 At water's edge, to waken up the storm.
 Talpo, in silence hover on his flank,
 And crouch your well-train'd warriors on the bank,
 Deep in the hiding growth. And void of fears,
 Wells, fix for action with your Grenadiers 250
 On Goodwin's left division. Churchill, White,
 Defend the bulwarks with an arm of might.
 Cowley, at entrance of the town remain,
 Till I command you to the field of slain.
 I, with reserve, shall stand in yonder wood—
 And when I move, my standard waves in blood !

“ Ere the invaders touch upon the beach,
 To the life's centre let the bullet reach.
 Let nothing of the foe pollute the land—
 Let not a foot-print violate the sand ! 260

“ Think how at Queenstown, Vincent late hath
 drove
 This flag, the same, like fire in piney grove,
 Through havock, blood and death ! And shall
 not we
 Prove that we hold the same integrity ?

Prove it ? Yes !—this earth itself shall fail,
Ere, recreant, we in mean submission quail !

“ They never—never to the beach draw nigh,
Except beneath our falchion-blades to die.
But mark, their progress for Torronto driven !
Away !—prepare to break the sphere of heaven !” 270

They play their forces, and in threatening gloom
Lead forth, th’ invading patriots to entomb.
Like autumn leaves, they drive along the path,
When rude winds tear them from the trees in wrath.

Talpo conceals with savage art his brood—
Goodwin is shaded by th’ adjoining wood.
Wells places on his left the Grenadiers—
While Sheffie dark, who hell nor heaven reveres,
Hies to a forest on a rising ground,
To overlook the battle-field around. 280

Forsythe was now impatient to proceed—
Pike gives the word : The rowers dash with speed,
While in firm hands the twisted rifles show,
With deep-drove bullets ready for the foe.
They near the shore where Fencibles are hid
With lurking savages, sighting the bead
Glimmering with death ! With shout they dart the
fire—

Forth Goodwin’s blade is seen to flash its ire—
His Fencibles behold, and wrap in flame
Ontario round—and swift repeat the same. 290

In vain the blazing sheets—in vain the lead
Sings through the air—in vain the thunders dread
Tremble the earth—in vain the lightnings gleam
And play horrifick o’er the tossing stream—

In vain the shrieking of the savage note—
Like spirits on the wing the rifles float
Unshaken to the shore ! no winking eye
At the red flashes which around them fly—
Onward they move, half smiling at the storm,
Which burns the elements in lightning form ! 300

At length is Forsythe heard : “ Slacken the oars !
Draw bead upon the foe ! return the showers
Which tempest-beat the flood.” The hero said.
The barges, pausing, settled on their bed
Of buoyant waters. Partially at rest,
The green-clad warriors with a rocky breast
Fix’d on the silver with their eyes of fire,
And touch’d the springs !—the sleeping leads expire
With flaming breath, which drives them to the shore,
To cool their burning in the hostile gore. 310

Forsythe exclaims : “ In conquering terror rise !
Exalt the soul, and snatch th’ immortal prize !
Dash forward in the blast ! the barges fly !
Strike opposite to where the savage lie—
There make the beach—in solid order stand—
Mix fire with steel, and desolate the land !”

The barges heard, and flew upon the deep
Like things of life, so rapid was their leap.

Pike kept his vision fasten’d on the Greens,
As they advanc’d t’ unfold the deathful scenes— 320
Great was his joy to see them disregard
The engin’d fire, which beat against them hard ;
But ah, his soul with jealousy was pain’d,
What time they balanc’d on their oars remain’d.

He fear'd their courage was a melting rock,
Yielding appall'd—dishearten'd by the shock,
Which smote upon them sore ! On board the barge
He sprung—gave Nicholson and Frazier charge,
His aids, to follow—and abrupt to King :

“ Embark—away !—quick to the combat bring 330
Thy warriors to the test ! The rifles pause !
Haste—hasten on—or ruin'd is the cause !”

Hurried he spoke. His barge leaps from the
ship—
And King's battalions cleave the troubled deep.

Behold the clouds of Pike's desponding fears
Are scatter'd from his mind, and joy appears !
He scans the cause why Forsythe's rifles stood—
To aim more certain on the tossing flood.
His features brighten with effulgent blaze—
His tongue transported crowns their names with
praise :

340

“ My soul is floating in a tide of day !
What passing worth th' immortal Greens display !
My soul was darkness—now it walks in light
'To mark their deeds—a stream of death in fight !
The enemy—he breaks ! On, Forsythe, on—
We are behind thee ! Snatch the standards down !”

While this he utter'd, Forsythe made the shore,
And op'd at every flash a fount of gore.
The savage flew—but Goodwin for a time,
With veteran host, withstood the war sublime.
But Forsythe met him in his path at length,
And struck him to the earth unpower'd of strength.

Their leader gasping—wasting of his breath—
The Albions scatter'd from the streams of death.

During this effort, Pike's battalions reach
The shore of blood, and land upon the beach,
Though Wells, incessant with impetuous ire,
Pour'd down a cataract of tempest fire !

Pike gives the rushing charge : " Ascend the bank !

Ascend, ye brave, in solid bolted rank ! 360
Shout victory or death—the deathless word—
Let blood bedim the brightness of the sword !”

“ Victory or Death ! Death or Victory ! ”
Echoes to heaven from band of Liberty.

The brow of Pike is half conceal'd in blaze—
His stature seems in awfulness to raise.
His sword, a beam of light, illumines the way,
As on he dashes in the thickest fray !
As flames a scathing meteor through the night,
So shines the warrior in the darkening fight. 370
The band, directed by his falchion's gleam,
Support their chief and draw out blood a stream ;
Death melts the foe !—with life a remnant fly,
As Forsythe's bugles echo, *Victory !*

Now when the army from the ships were freed,
Chauncey was prompted to a valiant deed—
'Twas this—the fleet against the forts to moor,
To aid the descent with his naval power.

His views are answer'd : opposite the site
Of each dark mound, sustain'd by Churchill, White,
His anchors bite the clay—the engines burst
With globes to smite the fortified to dust.

The foe undaunted, from the breasted earth,
Against the navy roll'd the mad balls forth—
But most with truant aim at random fly,
Searching in vain for death through vacancy ;
But one, with thunder hurl'd, strikes Thompson's
breast—

He falls from life insensible to rest.
And lo, another, as a cannon spoke,
Glanc'd Hatfield's thigh,—and bone in fragments
broke, 390

And flesh tore loose, save fibres here and there,
Which held the limb from whirling off in air.
Large from the artery hissing leaps the blood,
Which, as it flows, is curdled in the flood.

Chauncey with sorrow marks him as he dies—
The youth returns the look with fading eyes,
And anxious thus : “ I feel my life is gone—
But O, in whisper, tell me if I've done
My duty in the cause for which I bleed—
Speak to mine ear—my ebbing sands recede !” 400

Chauncey with gentleness receives his hand :
“ My son, thou art an honour to thy land.”

Here, smother'd with his grief, he fails to speak—
He wipes the tear that steals upon his cheek.

Stammering, his voice returns : “ My dying son—
Peace to thy soul ! in every part you've done
Thy country's honour ! Long wilt thou endure—
Thy noble deeds have made thy praise secure.”

Each word was softer than a minstrel's note,
And made his swimming soul in transport float : 410

So righteous Latimer, what time in fire,
Suffering beneath a persecuting ire,
Heard a bright angel with sweet whispering say :
" Martyr ! well done ! to heaven I lead the way !"
His soul forgot the eating pain severe—
He seem'd already climbing up the sphere.

So thus, when Chauncey gave him tender praise,
On pallid Death he cast a smiling gaze.
He mov'd his tongue to utter back a word—
But, in revenge, death barr'd him to afford 420
That luxury sweet. He roll'd his fading eye
Bright in a tear—more precious than reply—
To Chauncey's hand a gentle press he gave,
Which seem'd to say : " My joy is in the grave !"
Chauncey return'd the parting touch the same,
Which warm'd his dying blood and made a flame
Blush in his cheek ! He smil'd—then clos'd his
eye—

Swift launch'd to heaven his immortality !

Thus when extinguish'd is the taper's light,
Still round the wick some lingering sparkles bright,
Faint languish one by one :—soon all is dark—
Lo, from its ashes shoots a glowing spark,
But never—never more ! So Hatfield smil'd in
death,

Then, like a sleeping infant, sigh'd away his breath.

When Sheffie, watching in the deep wood, saw
His legions break before the rushing war,

He pour'd his voice—smiting his breast in wrath,
And, as with frenzy, foam'd along his path :

“ It must be false ! It never can be so !

What, hath invasion wrought an overthrow ? 440

Why do you stand in listless coward gaze ?

Break to the battle ! Let the searching blaze

Of utmost hell, flame heaven ! Glut them with
death—

Outnoise the elements ! Bury them beneath !”

Convuls'd with rage, his tight-strain'd eyes shot
blood—

Down with reserve he darkens from the wood,

Black, like a tempest scowling o'er the earth,

Edg'd round with lightnings—muttering thunders
forth.

Pike stands a monument—a rock—a tower,
And smiles in soul to mark th' approaching power.

His eyes the radiance of two stars is given,

When recent wash'd by summer showers of heaven :

“ Behold the squadrons pouring from the wood,
Rough in their arms to sacrifice our blood !

I mark you shivering with desire to move

To meet them in the field—your daring prove.

Why doth my speech withhold you from your fame—

Rush to the charge like heaven's consuming flame.

“ King, lead the battle—let thy soul be fire—

Let tumult darken as thy foes expire.” 460

Swift, at the silence of his tongue, they spring

Mad on the enemy—led forth by King.

Like streams from mountain cliffs the Albions pour,

Flashing combustion with exploding roar ;

But those of Liberty resist the shock—
Rising in soul—immoveable—a rock,
Which stands and laughs at Susquehannah's flood,
When down it tumbles in its wildest mood !
The field burns into flame ! In smoke and night
The warring powers are smother'd from the sight. 470
A transient gale now whirls the cloud away,
And lo, the scene comes flashing into day,
A moment—then—no more ! a sword-blade gleams—
A bayonet dipp'd in life-blood smoking streams ;
A plume—a standard—trembles on the eye,
And forth they vanish in obscurity.

Death gleans a fattening harvest : Hoppock dies—
And Lyon wrapp'd in crimson garments lies—
Not words can give their character—their fame,
Their deeds alone are worthy to proclaim— 480
Their smiting falchions magnified the fray,
Nor fail'd their lives till brittle steel gave way :

The point of Hoppock's blade was thrust betwixt
The neck and skull, and there in wedge was fix'd—
While in the act to wrench it from the bone,
Tingling it snapp'd !—unarm'd, his life was done.
A foeman plung'd a bayonet through his side—
His life departed with the ebbing tide.

So oft had Lyon's sword the brain-walls broke,
Its edge was batter'd by the frequent stroke— 490
He threw it by to seize upon the hilt
Of one made vain—for he the blood had spilt
Which gave it power to kill. While stooping down
To make the trophy his—no vulgar clown,
But Sheffie, rushing as he done the deed—
(Ere he could loose it from the griping dead,)

Broke through the guards that fenc'd his youthful
heart,

And tore the centre of its threads apart.

The Muse might swell her page with Albion's
dead—

And some were worthy of the honour'd bed. 500

Her strength would languish ere the half were told—

A host all ghastly in their blood were roll'd.

Pike puts away the smile from off his cheeks,
And plants deep anger there—abrupt he speaks
To those in strength reserv'd : “ The fight demands,
It calls the proudest labours of our hands !

With steel plunge forward to the field of death—

The thirsty bayonet to the foe bequeath !”

He spurs his courser to the strife—his soul
Pours from his eyes, which like two comets roll. 510

As vast Niagara plunges down the steep

With foam and thunder to the boiling deep,

Breaking the rocks and grinding them to dust—

So Pike's divisions in the battle thrust !

King joins the hero blacken'd in the fight—

The hand of Death o'erwraps the field in night,

Awful as Egypt, on that dreadful day,

A God in anger snatch'd the light away !

Awful as when that signal hour shall come,

When all that lives shall moulder to a tomb ! 520

Awful as this, the field of blood appears,

Whilst clash of armies thunders up the spheres !

At times a burst of fire breaks through the night,

Opening to view the tumult of the fight—

But hovering Death quick closes up the scene,
Rejoicing on the blast with hideous mien.
Pike gleams behind the darkness like the sun,
Centred in heaven when shrouded by the moon.
He bounds, he thunders, lightens in his wrath,
Carving whole files before him in his path. 530
Fredonia comes, and kindles in his hand
The fiery edge of his consuming brand—
Like when the artist, from the furnace heat,
Withdrew the steel—to give it curve complete,
Red hissing from the flame : So even now,
By the blest touch, sparks from the falchion glow,
And live upon its edge ! At every sweep,
Whole ranks, opposing, find eternal sleep.
Yet, Sheffie stands untam'd in all his ire,
Urging the battle in its fury higher ! 540
The patriots mark the flaming sword of Pike,
And like the spirits of the storm they strike.
Their thirsty blades drink copious draughts of blood,
And still more greedy suck the vital flood.
Sheffie rolls backward like a broken wave,
Leaving behind a carnage for the grave !

“ Heroes ! pause not—but rush yon bulwarks on !
Down—down those standards, and the war is done !
York falls in weakness—kneels beneath our powers—
Fame lights the path—the day—the fight is ours ! ”

Pike gave the word :—a word is all they need—
The column moves to consummate the deed.
The fortified Lions cowering from their height
Fall as the Eagle waves upon their sight !

Pike manifests his virtue : “ Lo, thus far,
 We’ve gain’d unclouded glory in the war.
 York is a reed, that bends before our might—
 It kneels, and in its kneeling, ends the fight.

Warriors ! let nothing that’s debasing stain
 Our laurels, gather’d on yon gory plain. 560
 But let forgiveness glorify the line,
 That round our brows unfading wreaths may twine.
 Bury the past in brilliance of renown,
 By generous entertaining of the Crown
 With Mercy’s banquet : Great, though great our
 cause

To scowl a cold defiance at her laws.
 But should we treat the enemy severe,
 Where would distinction of our worth appear ?
 No—good for evil to our foes return,
 That Virtue’s incense in our breasts may burn. 570

“ But should there be a wretch to honour lost,
 Not he shall dull the splendour of our boast—
 With message swift shall he be judg’d to death,
 Stamp’d with the stain of infamy beneath.

“ Riddle, proceed with observation on—
 Wary observe the borders of the town.
 Mark if the Albions linger on the field—
 Or in submission to our banners yield.”

Riddle progresses with a cautious eye,
 The routed movements of the foe to spy. 580

The meantime Sheffie, in despair of soul,
 Foam’d like a tyger loosen’d from control.
 At times he wheel’d to rush upon his death—
 And then he’d pause insensible of breath.

While thus his passion in its madness burn'd,—
And while from this to that, he furious turn'd,
His frenzied eyeball glanc'd the magazine,
With all its quick destruction stow'd within.
A thought of hell flash'd rapid through his brain,
To touch and blaze the ruin on the plain !

“ This, this will satisfy to rack their soul—
No flag shall ever bend. Against them roll
Flames in a torrent ! This their final date—
Them in revenge will this annihilate !”

He chok'd for want of air :—turn'd his rag'd eye,
And thus continued to his soldiery :

“ And are ye Britons ? whither will ye hence ?
And will ye no revenge—no recompense ?
Stand—crowd the magazine with rocks of weight,
To fall through heaven their ranks to desolate. 600

“ Churchill, 'tis thine the secret train to lay,
Then touch the sparkle, and with wings away.
Each will be knighted from the royal hand,
When once their hearts lie crush'd upon the land.”

They stand—obey his voice—and soon with toil,
Collect and place upon the mine, a pile
Of rocks of besom power,—shells, bars, and ball,
With various ruin on the brave to fall.

Full fifty tons of death's exploding grain
Are lodg'd within,—from which the fatal train 610
Artful is laid by Sheffie and his crew—
Th' Infernal near to urge them what they do.
Completed—Churchill to the match sets fire,
And, while it smoulders, back the host retire.

The time that Riddle trac'd the path along,
To mark th' instructions of the British throng,
Pike wheel'd to gain a seat—when lo, his ear
Caught the deep sound of heavy sorrow near.
He search'd and found an enemy in blood,
In danger to be crush'd beneath the crowd. 620

“Come, my sad stranger, let me aid you, come—
I'll be your friend, and shelter you with home.”

This said. He rais'd, and on his bosom bore
The fainting Briton from his bed of gore.

The soldier strives to speak—his soul appears
Damping his eyes—he thanks him with his tears.

This office done, he settles to a seat,
Till Riddle should observe the foe's retreat.
What soul is not at rest to virtue given,
Performing deeds that meet the eye of heaven ! 630

An Albion brother having seen the deed,
Modest approach'd him and with deference said :

“Be not offended at my rudeness near—
I've come to thank you with a brother's tear.
My tongue moves awkward, but my heart is warm—
I thought you savage as the northern storm.”

Thus he. Pike answer'd : “Briton, fear us not ;
The bleeding warrior never was forgot.
How rank is Slander's tongue ! Columbians know
How to forgive the darkness of their foe.” 640

The Albion then : “Delusive, I've been taught,
That you for booty, or for victims fought—
That nothing sacred ever reach'd your mind,
More than the tyger or the savage kind—
That polish'd virtues to the west world here,
Were far more rude than Europe's forester.

And hence, they plead it righteous on the main
 To bind your seamen in *Impressment's* chain,
 That they might haply in our navy learn
 Something of civil life, ere their return ! 650

“ But now, I scan it as deception all,
 That they might righteous this contention call.
 The name of Freedom is the cankering sore,
 Which eats like death's tooth to their life's deep core.”

He paus'd. And Pike with smiling took the word :
 “ The acts of virtue their own bliss afford—
 Man feels divine impulsion in his breast,
 When his soul strives to make his fellow blest.
 He needs no tongue to tell him of the deed—
 A whispering conscience is sufficient meed— 660
 Yea—more refreshing than the new-born gale
 Made rich with incense from the flower-dress'd vale,
 Or dews that paradise——

“ God !——O God !”

* * * * *

Dread shock !

The steadfast pillars of creation rock !
 The magazine is blazing up to heaven !
 The earth seems reeling—from its centre riven !

To kindled *Ætna* add *Vesuvian* flames,
 With all the burning mountains that have names—
 To these mix earthquakes ruinous and dire, 670
 With all their spouting cataracts of fire—
 Ten thousand thunders join to this dread mass,
 With all the lightnings since creation was—
 Let all explode at once,—tremendous jar !
 Earth-rending, hell-shaking, heaven-breaking war—

Scarce would the scene more horrible appear,
 Than house of death convulsing through the sphere !
 Trees rent, and bars, shells, rocks, o'er Riddle fly—
 Pillars of dust roll dreadful through the sky,
 An awful darkness blots the heavens from sight, 680
 The earth is compass'd with the pall of night.
 The dead are stirr'd within their tombs beneath—
 The graves yawn wide their marble jaws of death.

The fragments falling, smite the earth below,
 Crushing the brittle life of friend and foe.
 Yea,—e'en the murderers by the shock expire—
 Too soon for them, the earthly hell took fire.
 Fifty Columbians and two hundred die,
 By dastard act—the act of infamy !

A shell strikes Bloomfield, bursting o'er his head—
 Without a sigh he joins the broken dead :

Thus stood a youthful poplar, gemm'd with dew,
 Fair on the mountain, pleasant to the view—
 The May-day sun delighted, kiss'd its crown—
 But lo, it sunk beneath the whirlwind's frown—
 Its brittle boughs were scatter'd o'er the heath :
 So the youth perish'd—broken in his death.

Nicholson, Frazier, by the General stood—
 Both—both are mangled—floating in their blood !
 Black from the element a whirling rock, 700
 As Pike exclaim'd, upon his temples struck—
 Crack'd the brain's casement.—bruise'd along his
 cheek,
 And crush'd upon his ribs !——

Faint, dying, meek,—
 He sinks upon the earth like wreath of snow,
 When melting from its rock. His features show

Life's cistern failing of its stream——

Statues of stone

His columns stand—cold—petrified—undone !

But to behold the failing of their chief,

O'erpowers the horrible—they melt to grief :

Thus while a mother in a frightful storm, 710

Presses her infant to her bosom warm,

A vollied sheet of solid fire descends,

And instant thunder from the cloud impends,

Aghast she stands, convuls'd with horror dumb,

Cold, like a pillar bas'd upon a tomb.—

But when her veins of life begin to burn,

Back to her child her anxious thoughts return—

She views it in her arms, all black with death !

At once,—*herself* is lost—with hurried breath,

And deep, her bosom heaves—despairing, wild— 720

She thinks of nothing but her strangled child :

So stand the brave,—of *self* they think no more,

To see their chief stretch'd lifeless in his gore !

But lo, he breathes—he leans upon his hand,

And thus while dying to his sorrowing band :

“ *Push, my brave fellows, and avenge my death !*”

He spoke—sunk back—exhausted of his breath.

As when the last concluding hour shall come

To rouse the silent tenants of the tomb—

The earth, the firmament, as parchment scroll, 730

Folded together—death seizing on the soul—

Lo, mid the horrors of chaotick night,

A voice is heard from seraph veil'd in light :

“ The past is done ! Behold creation new !”

A sudden wonder bursts upon the view !

Four suns in golden brilliancy appear—
Two brightening the east—two the western sphere,
The earth melts into heaven ! in glancing eye
Man lives—translated from mortality !

So Pike's expiring words the brave revive— 740
They seem from death to quicken, breathe, and live !
The fifes, the bugles, and the drums rebound—
They shout—shout victory ! with triumph sound
Ripley relocks the column—leads it on
To take possession of the yielding town.

MacClure, with sympathy's soft-touching hand,
Raises the chief to move him from the land.
Solemn, and slow, with equal-measur'd feet,
Six mourners bear him sighing to the fleet.

The meantime Sheffie thus to Cowley spoke, 250
Showing the monster devil in his look :

“ With infant hell we've conflagrated heaven !—
And fragment thunder on the foe have driven !

“ But why did Churchill, reckless, why did he
Excite the match and set the ruins free,
Till we'd the danger fled ? My sword no order
gave—

It might our army buried in the grave.
A smiting rock apast my temples brush'd—
A host of royals by the blast was crush'd !

“ Hark, to the shout ! the bugle !—list ! the drum !
They quicken into life !—they come—they come !—

“ Away ! why do we hesitate !—away !—
Bear you a flag, their progress to delay.—

Go, check their forward march—hearken !—they
come !

Do you not hear the rattle of the drum ?

Capitulate—and strive with artful tongue

To stay their march, while madden'd with the
wrong,—

Or till I enter in the senate hall,

Loosen the scalp—or slaughter may befall

The captur'd here ! Their hearts must burn within,

That on their heads we cast the magazine. 771

But should they mark this scalp, Cawataw tore

From Woolfork, massacred at Raisin's shore,

'Twould waken into life their smother'd ire,

To wrap the splendour of the town in fire !”

Cowley proceeds with floating banner white,

To meet the columns moving in their might,

While Sheffie hastens to the hall of state

To seize the horrid trophy—save from fate

The kneeling capital. High o'er the mace 780

It hangs suspended—civil man's disgrace !

Sheffie arrives—he stretches forth his hand

To loose the scalp from the retaining band—

Behold, it quickens ! drops fresh oozing blood,

While the hair starting in an angry mood,

Shoots particles of fire ! Sheffie becomes

Aghast with horror—but the approaching drums

Vital his blood—he flies with panting breath

And gains a thicket—hides himself from death.

Cowley by this had met the conquering force—
Saluted Ripley, and began discourse :

“ Lo, I am charg’d to tender thee our peace,
 And in return, we crave a soldier’s grace,
 Thou wilt not steel thy generous bosom hard—
 Mercy administers its own reward.
 You’ll scatter from your thoughts the magazine—
 For *that*, by accident took fire within.
 We never could have thought the murderous deed—
 Behold, ten fifties of our own fell dead !
 The British name is known ”——

“ Yes : far too well — 800

The name itself, seems partnership with hell !
 Moments are wasting. Soon at York shall I
 Have ample time to speak its infamy.

“ Give us the passing road !——

“ Columbians !—now

March with quick musick, that the soul may flow.
 Remember Pike’s injunction on the plain—
 ‘ Let nothing dark our spotless honour stain.’ ”
 Forth at the word, the patriots press the town—
 The Lion humbled, with a groan sinks down.
 The Eagle soars upon triumphant wings, 810
 While from the soul, a shout through ether rings !
 A thousand captives to the victors yield,
 And pile their bristling armour on the field.

Ripley to Riddle thus : “ Young warrior, bear
 The lion standard to the navy there.
 Pike yet may live to fold it to his breast,
 Or on its Cross his dying head may rest.

“ Time offers now a respite from our toils.
 Hence, let our hunger banquet on the spoils;

But first, to those surrender'd at our feet, 820
Viands generous deal them, and the pulver'd wheat.
'Tis not against the helpless we contend—
A foe in battle—but in peace a friend !”

Riddle unpausing, moves towards the beach—
While others do, as saints to mortals teach ;
Then for their wearied natures they provide,
And not their captives of their fate deride.

Now Ripley, King, with other chiefs, withdraw
T' observe the treasures conquer'd in the war.
Soon they approach the legislative hall— 930
To mark its various workmanship they call.
They view the cornice, pillars, form'd with grace—
But ken with scornful eye the kingly mace.

“ Whence is this blood ?” (Thus King in heart
despair,)

“ Behold the scalp !—What fiends these monsters are !
Ice binds my heart. O sacrilege of heaven !
To what death violence is Albion given !
And do they bear the character of men,
Who do such deeds as hell hath never seen !

“ 'Tis not enough, the savage they employ 840
To slay our virgins—our sweet babes destroy !
'Tis not enough, they massacre with fire,
And drink our veins with horrible desire !
'Tis not enough, with slander's tongue to rave,
And, on the ocean, fetter, scourge, and starve !
'Tis not enough, their magazines explode,
And treacherous, murder in the coldest blood !
No—nothing is enough ! This scalp of hair,

Ripley at length the solemn silence broke—
 Though mild his language—tortur'd was his look :
 “ My corded heart is breaking on a strain— 880
 Ice is lodg'd *here*—it freezes with its pain.
 'Tis bloody—O 'tis horrible ! but King,
 Let passion never 'tempt our hands to bring
 Grief on our fame. Inclined was I first,
 To ply the torch and level it to dust :
 But when more calmly I the deed survey,
 As though these columns in their ruins lay—
 Repentant we should grieve—revenge aside—
 Shading the cause for which proud names have died.
 No—never by our passions be subdu'd, 890
 And imitate the savages in blood.

“ 'Tis not against the architecture's toil,
 Our arms make war, and in waste ruins spoil
 His great designs. Let arts and science stand—
 Pollute them not with sacrilegious hand.
 Such barbarous acts the Vandals would disgrace—
 Then, what dishonour to Columbian race,
 Where Freedom flourishes and Science lives,
 Which from the nation fostering care receives.
 No : let our hearts the dying Pike revere, 900
 And save this splendour from the torch severe.
 Remove the scalp—consign it to its earth—
 'Twill speak the British name, and show our greater
 worth.”

Without dissent, to Ripley they subscribe,
 And all the honour of his soul imbibe.

As his full eye reveal'd a tear-drop bright,
 Ripley assay'd to move it from the light,

Still fresh with oozing blood ! Lo, as his hand
Loosen'd the complex doublings of the band,
It ceas'd to sparkle fire and drop its gore, 910
As though the touch were some superior power !

The chiefs return with bosoms heaving sighs,
As closing night rolls heavy from the skies.

During these passing incidents, MacClure
Convey'd the dying Pike with sorrow pure,
Down to the beach. Partial his eyelids clos'd,
And veil'd the sight from heaven, but yet expos'd
A circle ghastly wan. Lo, now the roar
Of vict'ry swells and thunders to the shore !
Quick his eye opens with a brilliance bright, 920
Through which his soul comes waken'd into light !
The rose supplants the lily in his cheek —
But ah, his palsied tongue denies to speak —
A dying smile is seen—a lucid tear
Melts in his eye, revealing what was near.

“ Thank ”—God—he would have said—Alas, too
weak

His stammering tongue another word to speak.
His bosom sinks with a resigning sigh—
His colour pales—half closes up his eye.

On board the Pert, him tender they convey, 930
At anchor riding in the silver bay.
Chauncey stands drooping by the side of Brown,
And Dearborn grac'd with honourable renown—
While o'er their cheeks the trickling tears stream down,
The hero wandering in a dying swoon,
His pulse faint beating, slow with death's dull tune.

Thus when to shroud in earth some far-fam'd chief,
 The muffled drum sad strikes the note of grief—
 Now, widow'd, slow,—remote,—one sound alone—
 Another,—pausing—with a solemn tone
 Comes long and deep—and then, with thickening
 beat, 940

They run together with disorder'd feet:

So his pulse strikes with intermitting play,
 Fluttering and pausing as he melts away.

Lo, Riddle now on board the ship arrives
 With Albion's flag! The dying Pike revives!
 A holy brightness quickens in his eye,
 As when through clouds a star illumines the sky!
 His soul, as though from sleep's soft arms again
 Smiling awakes! His features touch'd with pain,
 Give beauty to his cheek. No word he said,— 950
 But laid his cold hand soft beneath his head,
 Then pointed to the standard!——

Riddle knew
 His dying purpose, and towards him drew
 The conquer'd banner, furl'd, and tender laid
 The Albion Cross beneath his dying head!

He glows—he smiles! two tear-drops bathe his
 eyes—

They close,—he faints,—he gasps,—he sinks,—he dies.

* * * * *

Mortals! behold his spirit on the wing—
 Divine in beauty—an immortal thing!
 Like a young dove exultingly she flies— 960
 Yet for a moment, lingers from the skies

To take one look of the exalted clay,
That barr'd her freedom from celestial day !
She winds her flight to heaven ! What charms unfold !
Her plumes are waving in a flood of gold !

Fredonia joins the uncag'd Spirit free,
To bear it heavenward with her company.
As bless'd they mount upon exulting wings,
This anthem sweet, th' empyreal Goddess sings :

“ Mortals ! mourn not !—lo, Pike my chosen son,
To fields ambrosial, in his pride hath gone !
Rejoice in heaven ! behold, with joy I come
To bear a lofty Spirit to its home !
Time may decay, but, crown'd with hallow'd fame,
Pike will endure through earth, through heaven the
same !”

CANTO XXIII.

BURIAL OF GENERAL PIKE

AND DEFENCE OF

SACKETT'S HARBOUR.

ARGUMENT.

The Burial of General Pike...The British Fleet in sight of Sackett's Harbour....The circumstance of boats descending from Oswego....The Defence of the Harbour.

The scene—Little York, Kingston, Lake Ontario, and Sackett's Harbour....The time is about five days : commencing at the period of Pike's leaving the Harbour for York, and concluding on the day succeeding his funeral.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXIII.

A SACRED influence held the gazers dumb,
When Pike expir'd with smiling on the tomb.
The spheres in musick, melting on their breast,
Dissolv'd their anguish in the balm of rest :—
A hope delicious echo'd in the strain,
Which, like a holy unction, sooth'd their pain :

So tender poppies at the day newborn,
Weighted with dew, hang down their heads and
mourn—

But when the sun unloads the liquid pearl,
They, fresh with beauty, to the light unfurl : 10
From willow'd sorrow thus they rose,—and smil'd—
Their up-rais'd eye with heavenly rapture fill'd.

At length, to those in group upon the Pert,
Brown gave instructions—souls of high desert :
Chauncey, supreme upon the lake—and then,
His nephew, new in arms, but rank'd with men—
And Brown, his brother's son—and Adams fair,
In years both equal, with an open air.

Chauncey, the nephew, rules the Pert—and Brown,
The Lady-of-the Lake to gain renown— 20
The Fair American, the vessel's name
That Adams guides, to give his worth acclaim.
And Morgan, Riddle, stand upon the barque,
To hear what Brown in sorrow would remark :

“ How wonderful he pass'd from earth to heaven !
A full fruition to his soul is given.
His heart was finest gold,—of mortals first—
And we with honour must entomb his dust.

“ Adams, the wounded in your vessel take,
And bear them o'er the bosom of the lake. 30
Our largest grief was by the magazine—
How small our loss had not that treachery been !

“ Riddle, return and this my purpose say
To Ripley, that in rest his warriors stay,
Till from the grave of valour I return—
Which I shall hasten, when I place the urn
O'er this sublime mortality—to strike
The Fort of George—and do, or fall, as Pike.

“ My brother's elder son, in Lady sail,
And to Niagara bear the passing tale, 40
And what our brief intentions. Morgan, you
With rifle band will guard him from the foe.

“ Chauncey, your naval armament provide
With ample means the action to abide ;
And, while I'm absent on the solemn tour,
Guard well the purposes of Yeo's power—
For in the breeze we mark'd his banner high,
As evening shades were closing on the sky.
Your nephew now will in the Pert with me
Convey the relicks o'er the crystal sea.” 50

The potent Chauncey, when his words were done,
Forsook the Pert and gain'd the Madison.
Riddle, the scout of armies, made to land,
To speak to Ripley to refresh his band.
Young Brown, the sea-youth, in the Lady sails
To fort Niagara with inviting gales.
Morgan embark'd, as Brown the chief had told,
To guard his passage with his rifles bold,
Against the cruising ships of Yeo far,
Intent to quench the beams of Freedom's Star. 60

Adams, on board American the Fair,
Receives the pallid-maim'd with soothing care—
Of whom is Fanning with contusive wound,
Caus'd by a rock recoiling from the ground.

Young Chauncey of the Pert his anchor weighs—
And Adams follows on the inland seas.
Their half-raised flags the sign of death display,
As slow they wind in sorrow from the bay.

O how delicious is the evening beam,
Steeping the fancy in elysian dream ! 70

Behind the western cliffs the sun decays,
To heaven the soul attracting with his rays !
As soft on Ocean's lap he leans his head,
He paints the clouds with purple, gold, and red,
Rearing their fleecy brows with grandeur high,
Like shaggy rocks rough-pointing up the sky,
Edg'd round with rainbows, orange, azure, green,
And all the colours that in heaven are seen.

Light, in the mirror flood, the shadows move
Of rocks, hills, clouds, and angel forms above. 80

With breathing lips the Zephyrs kiss the lake—
The sleeping shadows in the waters wake
And dance, delighted—hand in hand they go,
Till the last day beams on the mountains show.

As down the west the evening gold decays,
The queen of heaven her silver robe displays.
Smooth as she climbs the elements above,
The stars in loveliness around her move.

Lo, as Pike slumbers in the arms of death,
Fredonia comes, and with ambrosial breath 90
Breathes on his cold, wan cheek,—then flings a shower
Of holy dew, collected from the bower,
Shading the hill of heaven. A wonder strange !
The marble deathness of his features change !
The full-blown roses of his cheeks revive,
So perfect to the life they seem to live !

Thus pale and drooping hangs a wither'd flower,
Sear'd by the scorching of the noontide hour—
But lo, the moisture and the breath of even
Revive its tints, as dipt in dyes of heaven. 100

With solemn movement, smooth the vessels sail,
Impell'd with sadness by the sighing gale.
When day returns it gleams with sickly light—
Remote the Harbour looms upon the sight.
From Pert, the guns in measur'd minutes roar,
Bearing the grief, appalling, round the shore.

Backus was form'd in column on the ground,
When the brass thunders bore the heavy sound

With death-note echo, mourning from their tongue,—
Broken,—heart-sinking, lumbering slow and long. 110

“ List ! Hark ! the measur’d note—the note of
death !

Some fallen hero asks a tomb beneath.

Behold, two vessels on the lake are nigh,

With drooping banners weeping through the sky !

Sad, I forebode ’tis Ripley, Forsythe, Brown—

King, Pike, or Chauncey—foremost in renown.

O let us haste and meet them at the wave,

To bear with solemn march the warrior to his grave.”

They heard in silence with their souls in grief,

And move with sorrow’s tread to meet the lifeless

chief. 120

By this, in harbour have the vessels moor’d,

Though still the guns their deep affliction pour’d.

Brown waves his hand—so full his loaded breast,

It chokes his tongue to utter the behest.

The speaking sign the mariners obey—

Deep-aw’d, Pike’s dust they to the barge convey.

At thirty second’s pause they dip the oar,

Which moves the yawl with deadness to the shore.

Brown fills the stern—bent, leaning on his sword—

Sighs heave his bosom, but no voice is heard,— 130

All drooping sad. The death-barge travels slow,

Sunk in the wave,—depress’d with leaden wo,

Sighing itself along. The waves grow dark,

Though ting’d with sable, as they bear the bark,

Groaning with sorrow’s weight : At length they reach

The gazing shore, and gather on the beach.

When Backus and his column mark'd their chief
 Stretch'd on the bier, their tears proclaim'd their grief.
 As bend the yielding willows to the plain,
 When bath'd in summer with a dash of rain— 140
 So stood they weeping with dependent head,
 As though their hearts were in their bosoms dead.

And now, the matrons resident in town,
 With trembling, hurry to the sand-beach down,
 To learn whose guardian of their hearts had fled—
 Who of the earth had made his funeral bed—
 Each apprehending with a shivering pain,
 Her soul's affection in the battle slain—
 “ My husband !—is it he !”

Exclaim'd his wife—
 And sunk upon his dust bereft of life. 150
 Her heart gave back—she fainted long away—
 Her arms like death convuls'd upon his clay.

At length, her heart faint flutter'd in her breast—
 She breath'd—short, panting with her soul oppress'd :
 “ What dizzy darkness swims before mine eyes—
 How cold—how dead my bosom-angel lies !
 It never, cannot be. Montgomery, speak !
 A quickening smile seems moving on thy cheek !
 That rose must bloom from life !—’tis trancing sleep—
 Waken, my love—my bosom trembles deep !— 160

“ Alas, thou art no more !—or my warm kiss
 Had broke thy slumber to return the bliss.
 Cold—icy-cold——

“ He's gone—my all is gone !
 My heart is rent—my hope—my life is done !

* * * * *

“ How often hath that eye made glad my soul—
 Clos’d—clos’d in death ! no more on me to roll !
 And will these hallow’d lips no more wed mine ?
 No more these arms about my neck entwine ?
 Will not these features smile the smile of joy
 To hear the prattle of our infant boy ?— 170
 Never—no never will he charm thine ear !—
 Is my Montgomery gone, and left me widow’d here ?
 O never can it be—my life—my all !
 Awake, my love !—’tis thy Clarissa’s call—
 Her arms embrace thee. O, one parting look !
 “ Cold is thy bosom—cold ”———

Dead,—fainting on his clay,
 Again she fell, and sigh’d her soul away.

The females pour a sympathetick tear,
 And raise her gently from the warrior’s bier.
 An easy carriage bears her to her home, 180
 Where she revives, and faints, by grief o’ercome.
 And when the musick of her heart she gains,
 A wild delirium siezes on her brains—
 Talks of her husband—muttering all alone—
 And each long pause is broken with a groan.

Without the accent of a breathing loud,
 In the dark coffin they the warrior shroud.

List !—the deep tone of hollow-sounding drum
 Gives notice solemn, to his grave they come,
 Fresh open’d on the hill, damp, cold, and deep, 190
 Whilst on its edge is laid the dark brown heap,
 Impressive to the heart,—to shut the scene,
 When in its womb shall sleep the first of men.

At every pausing note the musick play,
The warrior's hearts sigh broken on the way.
Sad breathes the fife—the muffled drum strikes dead—
With mourning step delay'd, the measur'd time they
tread.

His naked sword gleams icy on the pall,
Like Death's pale finger on Belshazzar's wall.

They reach the grave, and compass it around— 200
The drum no longer tones the sinking sound.
On arms revers'd, they lean their foreheads bare,
While not a breathing floats upon the air.

To four sage warriors, Backus makes the sign
To sink the coffin with the funeral line.
Soft they approach, and raise the pall and sword—
Then, through the ringlets run the doubling cord.
This done,—they raise it—and its form adjust,
Fitting the chamber ere they lower the dust—
Slow, cautious, deep, they sink it in the earth, 210
Where all must dwell who breathe of mortal birth.
This done—they cast the up-thrown pile beneath,
Which wakes the voice of hollow-sounding death,
Cold, freezing every heart—the warriors raise
Their leaning heads, and look with frenzied gaze.

What time they arch and sod the hero's bed,
Brown, sighing with his grief, this language said,
Half brightening through his tears : “ We've here en-
shrin'd

Relicks as pure as ever wrapp'd the mind,
Moulded by Deity. The Banner'd Star 220
Kindled his soul to meet the foe in war ;
Yet, though he madden'd in the strife of arms,
Peace gave his heart the sweetness of her charms.

The soldier, patriot, husband, father, friend,
In him were blended—hence, will he descend
To distant ages with a memory pure,
While the bless'd name of virtue shall endure.

“ But now, ’tis time to put away the sigh—
The grave is common to mortality.

It consecrates the heart to drop a tear, 230
When worth lies shrouded on the funeral bier ;
But grief excessive shows a failing mind—
The voice of wisdom bids us be resign'd.

“ The tomb our bodies must receive in turn,
Hence, o’er his dust let farewell vollies burn—
The drums unmuffle—let the standards float
Light to the motion of forgetful note.”

They dried their tears, and blaz'd the honour'd
rounds—

Instant new musick from the drums rebounds ;
 Their sighs are lost amid the clear notes shrill— 240
 With banners streaming they descend the hill.

Nor brier, nor nettle, mars the hallow'd spot,
Where, grav'd in earth, Pike's holy ashes rot—
But there, the sweetest flowers delight to grow,
The primrose, lily, and the drops of snow ;
At each bright morn they weep upon his tomb,
And scatter round a waste of rich perfume.

What time that Chauncey from the Harbour bore
His fleet with Pike to land upon the shore,
And conquer York—Yeo beheld his sails, 250
And back to Kingston flew before the gales.

He came at evening—shelter'd from the wind,
And thus to Prevost—confident in mind :

“ Governor supreme ! worthy the royal style !
What now I speak will cause thy brow to smile.

“ Lo, I at rising sun the foe descried,
Embark’d and dashing westward through the tide.
Perhaps at York a blow they meditate—
But Sheffie soon will them annihilate.

“ Now to my purpose should your views incline, 260
I think we’ll carry on a bold design,
Which is no other than their port to strike—
While Brown is absent, Forsythe, Ripley, Pike.
To us ’tis offer’d now their strength to break,
And rule uncheck’d the circle of the lake.

“ Prudence forewarns not to approach their fleet,
Till we shall damp its violence of heat.
Their ships enrag’d are fatal in their wrath,
Hence, for our safety, we must shun their path—
But in its weakness we can smite the town, 270
And bend its haughty standard to the crown.”

Prevost impatient listen’d while he spoke,
And thus, as though the Freedom power he’d broke :

“ The thought is gloriously conceiv’d—’tis great—
We’ll forth proceed—the village desolate.
We’ll wing us o’er the flood and snatch the prize,
And wrench the haughty Eagle from the skies.
The town will kneel—beseech of us its life—
None—none will dare t’ oppose us in the strife.
’Twill be to us a pleasant interlude— 280

“ We waste the time to navigate the flood.
Your barges man to take the troops on board,
While I to them shall speak the gladdening word.”

Yeo in fulness of his hope withdrew
T’ arrange the barges, vessels, and his crew,

Whilst Prevost bounded where his cohorts stood,
And thus with vaunting speech : " Wheel to the
flood !

Embark the navy, ready to away—
Behold, we triumph on the coming day !
Their port will be our future residence— 290
Our flag will wave upon its eminence !
As Vincent smote them at the Queenstown Rock,
And gave them slaughter for the death of Brock,
So now shall we with retribution strike—
Lo, Brown is absent on the lake with Pike !"

The Albions wheel upon the line of march—
Reaching the shore, they form a crimson arch,
Wide—bending with the flood—which shows the
same

Reflected—like the bow of heavenly name.

The ready yawls convey them to the fleet 300
With all the furniture of death complete,
Crowding the ample ships : Wolfe, Regent, Earl,
Whose cloud-aspiring masts the Cross unfurl—
And lesser names—deep sunk with mortars large,
Besides a battle-ship, the Royal George.
Walch, Haynes, and Moody, Newell—fifty more
Compose the leaders to conduct the power.
But Gray, the generous warrior, stands alone—
A gem of honour to the English throne.

How sad the Muse regrets so few to find 310
Of Albion chiefs endow'd with noble mind !
Impartial Britons !—point the man of fame,
Whom I unworthy have traduc'd his name—

His name shall be redeem'd, unspotted, bright—
A star sweet beaming through the clouds of night—
Distrust me not—it makes my bosom bleed,
To find so few deserving virtuous meed.
Their characters are so begrim'd with wrong,
They stain the honour of the epick song.

Now in their place, the ready seamen stand 320
To loose the grappling anchors at command ;
But as that Yeo was about to say :
“ The moon-bent fastenings from the deep rocks
weigh !”

The fickle breezes from the south veer'd round,
And fast in port th' impatient navy bound.

But when the morning rose with pallid beam,
That Brown return'd from o'er the crystal stream
To grave the dust of Pike—the north gales blew
With infant breath to suit the royal view. 329
They spread their sails to catch the flickering wind—
Which fill'd and bore them on their course design'd.

The sun at noon, the Harbour they descry—
The towering steeples pointing up the sky.
Th' alluring prospect animates their breast
To wrench the Eagle from her air-built nest.

Now when that Chauncey and young Adams fair,
Had fill'd with mournful sound the sorrowing air,
They cast their anchors off the Harbour deep,
In sight the passing enemy to keep.

Chauncey was first to mark them in the north, 340
Like loose clouds floating level with the earth.

“ Explode the signal guns ! Behold them rise
Successive into view, where waves and skies
Kissingly unite !”

Words were useless more,
For even now the alarming cannon roar—
The lumbering echo hurries to the fort,
Which soon outswells the navy in report.

The patriots, instant they receiv'd the sound,
Sought their bold chieftain in their baldricks bound,
From which their swords hung ready at a leap 350
To break their prison—royal heads to sweep.
Backus—Mills next, the battle lines to rule—
Then Lavalley, Aspinwall, of equal soul.
Stone left the fortress in the care of West,
To do as Brown his *will* should manifest.

“ Warriors, your promptness at the brief alarm
Bespeaks you ready in the cause to arm,
And shows the beatings of your bosoms warm.

“ With sands of gold the moments vanish—Mills,
Supported with your aids, scour plains and hills, 360
And let your voice be echo'd through the night,
For volunteers their country to requite.
Stone, to the fortress presently repair,
And keep reserv'd its ready thunders there,
Till second flame the infantry shall pour,
Then let the foe be deafen'd with their roar.
The only passage open from the lake
Is at the Island—possible to take,
Hence, Backus, thither lead your banded power,
And raise a bulwark to defend the shore.” 370

Mills mounted—plied the spur—and dashing rode
To rouse the culturers of the soil to blood—

Stone to the fort—and Backus with his men,
Whose eye of valour is an Eagle's ken.—
Lavallo the patriot, Aspinwall, and Brown,
Unite their powers to fortify the town.

Now, when the ships exploded the alarms,
Oswego rose and seiz'd upon their arms.
MacNitt the honour had to rule the van—
Barges nineteen, his active warriors man. 380

Soon, foaming o'er the waters, he descries
A squadron to defeat his enterprise.

Prevost on Newell had bestow'd command
To take, or sink them, ere they struck the land.
MacNitt, with mind not readily subdu'd,
Rapid proclaims to stretch along the flood :

“ Quicken the stroke and strong with breathing
row !

Behold, they come our strength to overthrow !
Lash into spray the bosom of the wave !
Turn yonder point, and strive the arms to save. 390
Let nothing look behind—but dash the oar—
Or make the port, or run upon the shore.”

Each word was like a coal upon their heart ;
Like wings of swallows, swift the oar-blades dart—
The Albions in pursuit—who, furious brush
The waves with foaming strokes—and driving rush,
And intercept the rear—but, with quick turn,
Dashing so fleet, the barges smoking burn
Beneath the frictive oars—haply they land—
Their vacant yawls remain with Newell's band. 400

Ten with MacNitt, by darting motion reach
The Harbour's shore and bound upon the beach.

Newell returns rejoicing in his pride,
His recent trophies gliding by his side.
With empty pomp he passes round the fleet—
Him Prevost hails as vict'ry were complete :

“ Knighthood is thine !—nine conquer'd at a blow !
This is the prelude to their overthrow !

“ A thought has flash'd upon my brain—indeed
Sudden—but yet the method will succeed. 410

Hear it, Sir James ! From this your anchors weigh,
And bear the navy to the Southern Bay—
Then will I forth with Newell, an adept,
And from Oswego barges intercept—
It cannot be but other bands from thence,
Are hastening down to give their flag defence.”

Thus spake Sir George—and thus began Sir James,
Such gaudy titles flutter round their names—
A monarch's art to fill an empty skull,
And make the vacant idiot more a fool, 420

“ Balanc'd have I the weight of your discourse—
My judgment tells me 'twill impair our force.
I fear we lose our purpose by delay,
For which your captures never would repay :
'Twill give them needful leisure to prepare
With ample bulwarks to defy us there,

“ Should I advise—at once I'd strike the shore,
Ere abler strength was added to their power.
Do you not hear their 'larum guns resound
To call their forces from the country round ? 435
Hence, would I make the sudden descent now,
Ere they by numbers could resist the blow,”

“ In this, I apprehend your judgment wrong—
Small parts deducted will make weak the strong.
The effort will succeed—each freighted boat
Will yield successive, as we onward float.
Thus, while the fleet at anchor rides at ease,
We’ll waste their strength and bend them by degrees.

“ Dread you their power ? If we indeed *must*
fight,

Let all their forces to a point unite. 440
Will not our veterans, prov’d invincible,
Their proudest efforts in submission quell ?”

Yeo observ’d him on his purpose bent,
And said no more to hinder the event.
But weigh’d and set his compass for the Bay,
While Prevost plann’d arrangements on the way.

How oft the dancing of a feather saves
The proudest nations from impending graves !
How oft the happiness of man is made
By the mere passing of a transient shade ! 450
How oft doth agony that burns the blood
Direct the soul to some substantial good !

Had not MacNitt sustain’d a partial loss,
By this, had wav’d on high the royal Cross—
But by a circumstance—a fraction—yet
The Eagle floats upon the parapet !

The regal barges being mann’d with power,
Cautious proceed along the winding shore.
Smooth on they glide, their oars in measur’d sweep,
Like flocks of sea-fowl sculling through the deep. 460

Now when Fredonia on preceding even,
Had bath'd the cheek of Pike in dew of heaven,
She fled the earth, and spent the night above,
Reclining soft on flowers perfum'd with love.

At noon the Goddess in her beauty came
With Vict'ry on her right—her left was Fame,
And stood on heaven's battlement—diamond stone,
Whose pure effulgence would make dark the sun.
To earth she bent her eyes of azure bright,
Like newborn stars that roll in seas of light, 470
And mark'd with grief the feeble arm of Brown,
Back to recoil th' invasion from the town—
The barge-boat squadron blackening up the lake—
After brief pausing, with a smile she spake :

“ Ontario calls us forth :—the time is now,
Swift to descend and circumvent the foe.
Observe what numbers darken o'er the lake,
Searching with jealous eye the brave to seek—
But empty nothing's there—yet still must we
Delude their fancy on the crystal sea, 480
Till Brown with abler means shall stand prepar'd
Against pollution of the sail to guard.

“ Behold yon silver mist that lines the north !
Thither we'll dart invisible—and forth,
Within its spongy folds the fleet involve,
That they no object may distinctly solve.”

Swift on three arrows of descending light,
They glance to earth from the empyreal height.
Soft on the bosom of the cloud they sail,—
And with their wings, by fanning of the gale, 490
They bear the volume of thin mist away,
Which by degrees obscures Ontario sea,

Surrounding objects scattering from the eye,
Save what the brain creates in vacancy.

This done—Fredonia from her bosom breathes,
And of her breath a various rainbow weaves ;
On which, like things of heaven th' empyreals ride—
Th' obscuring cloud remaining on the tide.

The Britons presently, delusive view
Barges descending with a numerous crew. 500
Prevost beholds, and in his pride exclaims :

“ Look ! they approach ! This proves my thoughts
not dreams !

Did not my wisdom their descent foresee ?
Thus we by parts will waste their strength away.

“ Newell, incline to land with balanc'd oars,
Should they attempt—to bar them from the shores,
While I a compass on the waters take,
That none may dart beyond us on the lake ;
When, thus environ'd, must their standard fall—
We strike with steel, nor trust th' uncertain ball.” 510

Newell breaks off, and glides along the shore,
While Prevost circles with an even oar,
Arching the waters deep :—like crescent moon
The shadows they surround. And Prevost soon
Thus cast his voice away : “ Despair and yield !
Supreme, I rule upon the lake and field !
Reverse your standard—strike it from the sun—
A word, a breath—and lo, your lives are done !
Hope to the winds dismiss—in vain to fly—
Make but the motion, presently you die ! 525
What, mock the gestures of my lifted sword ?
This sword is death ! Surrender at the word !

What, dare you still my rising arm to mock ?
The power is mine, your every breath to lock !
Bend to the knee ! I feel my mercy spent—
The bayonet-spear will through your hearts he sent !
What, do your standards flout at my decree ?
Rush—Albions, rush—and prove their destiny !”

The squadron forward dash'd with steel in hand,
To gain a conquest of the airy band. 530
Prevost in front, and Newell on their rear,
Leading the onset with a lifted spear.

Lo, in the time that lightning cuts the sky,
The phantoms vanish'd into vacancy !
A new position, opposite they stood,
A solid cube condens'd upon the flood.

So when the sun in his careering way
Illumes with amber light the silver spray,
Curling in wreaths from vast Niagara deep,
Whose constant thunders bellow Earth to sleep—540
Fantastick rainbows dance with lucid sheen
Mixing soft beauty with the awful scene—
The stranger marks them in their wanton play—
He moves—behold they vanish into spray.
Curious of mind, he takes a different stand,—
Another group, delighted hand in hand,
Comes leaping into life on golden feet,
Touch'd with the wonder of enchantment sweet.

Like these, elusively the shadows fled,
And on the lake a new position made. 550

Prevost in madness tore upon his hair :
“ Dash—plunge, destroy them—what direction—
where ?

Whither have they vanish'd ?

“ Newell, explain,
Wherefore have they pass'd, and nothing slain ?
To you 'twas given to bar them from the shore,—
Your loss is larger than your gain before.
Confusion, what ”——

His pride so keen was stung,
He bit to rest the censure of his tongue.

“ My fame is tarnish'd not,” Newell rejoins.
“ Bold I aver, they never press'd my lines. 560
My barges stand unalter'd in their curve—
No touch we felt to jar upon the nerve.
We thought indeed, your circle was in fault—
To us it seem'd you broke at the assault.
Their rapidness I saw——

“ Behold them now !
Too fast thy passion—smooth away thy brow.
Marshall'd in cube—deep-wedg'd in solid form,
Their falchions gleaming, daring us to storm !”

“ Can it be so ? My anger was too fast—
We'll now effect them with a leaden blast. 570
No more we'll make endeavours with the brand,
For fear they'd fly the slowness of our hand.
But they in speed must imitate the light
T' outstrip the motion of the bullet's flight.
Display the barge-line in a spacious curve,
That when I speak, each arm his death may serve.”

The watermen, as he the mandate gave,
In a broad crescent arch'd upon the wave—
And Prevost thus again : “ We'll blot their name—
They melt before us in a shower of flame. 580

With idiot gaze they look upon their fall !
Destruction waits upon their funeral !
The steel batter with flint !” Vaunting he spoke—
Forthwith the curve was wrapp’d in flame and smoke,
Through the strange element sharp sung the lead
Like hail-drops driven by the lightning dread.
But lo, the wonder !—none are seen to die !
The smoke augments the spectre imagery !
More, and more violent the flashes grow—
Near, and more near press on their shadowy foe ! 590
With seeming anger they portend the dart !
A sudden horror siezes every heart—
Palsied, they drop their arms—disorder’d break,
And fly like wild things scatter’d o’er the lake.
So when, beneath the moon’s inviting ray,
Rude boys blaspheming bent upon their play,
Heed not a thickening of the cloud of night,
Till swift it comes and smothers up the light !
Amaz’d they startle—chill’d with horror cold,
While in their bosoms with a press they hold 600
Their light-pent breathing—huddling in a crowd,
They look towards the moon and mark the cloud,
Which soon their fancies image to the form
Of some dark spirit of the midnight storm.
Their terrors thicken as they view the skies—
Like open graves appear its hollow eyes !
They shriek—and scattering in their panick fly,
Not daring to revert a backward eye :
Thus smit with sudden fear, the Albions break,
And drive like unchain’d frenzy o’er the lake. 610
Each seems to each the image of a sprite,
More hideous shapen as descends the night.

Yet still pursu'd by wonder-working spell,
They think they see the horrid things of hell !

Not otherwise, a traveller spent with toil
Through a long day beneath the sun's hot broil,
Reclines at night to lose himself in rest—
But latent fever stirring in his breast,
Propels his blood in hurry through his veins,
Which wakes the sleeping tenants of the brains— 620
Grim shapes and shadows horrible appear,
Which hold him spell-bound in the gripe of fear—
The more he labours to avoid the dream,
The more terrifick in their looks thy seem :

Like this, the misty spectres of the flood,
Pursue the foe, till frosted seems their blood,
The more they labour from the scene to fly,
More dire the shades their bosoms terrify.

What time these scenes upon the lake transpir'd,
Brown, Backus, Aspinwall, one impulse fir'd 630
To sink the trench and raise the bulwark mound—
And soon the passage with defence was bound.

Now as the moon descending in his place,
Bathes in blue ocean her empyreal face,
Mills, with battalions to the Harbour comes—
Brief, when was hush'd the musick of the drums,
Brown he salutes, and thus : “ Great was my fear,
Ere this the foe had desolated here.

“ These now, which I surrender up to thee,
Aver they'll die for Freedom valiantly, 640
Or beat th' invaders hence. Our station plan—
We'll prove our courage worthy of the van.”

Brown approbating thus : " Scarce hath the watch,
The fourth from twelve wound up,—your swift des-
patch

Merits the meed of praise. When danger crowds,
A brittle moment elevates or shrouds
The hope of nations—characters of men—
So fleet the changes of this changing scene.
Thy swift return its future fame will find ;
It proves thy country lives upon thy mind." 650

This said,—in centre of the band he rode,
And strong in faith their place defensive show'd :

" Soldiers ! I feel that none will disregard,
What each in honour valiant hath declar'd.
Fix'd be your souls upon the trial day,
That no pale thought your purpose shall dismay.
Fame is your birthright—Let deep anger's brow
Cast back defiance on th' invading foe.
Heed not their haughty port—this bulwark strong
Will be your safety 'gainst th' opposing throng. 660
The lead keep sleeping till you well can spy
The pearly white that compasses their eye.
Ere thrice your arms explode, the fort will burst,
And them reduce to elemental dust."

Brown ended his address. The band replied :
" Till death shall come the foe shall be defied !"

No more was pass'd. Brown's order they obey'd,
Led forth by Mills—a soul for battle made.
While deep in thought the village to defend,
To Backus, Brown, familiar like a friend : 670

" Prudence forbids us on these troops to rest,
Though stand they shielded with a wall'd-up breast,

They show like those that shrunk from Rensselaer—
He lost the fight by their unmanly fear,—
Hence, be it thine to stand upon reserve,
Should these prove dastard and from honour swerve,
With choice battalions, first to drive the ball,
Lavalle detach, and gallant Aspinwall—
Should those with Mills in weakness fly the storm,
My sword will strive their breaking to reform.” 680

When Brown in friendship's ear his thoughts express'd,
Backus perform'd with promptness the behest—
Lavalle display'd upon the village road,
And Aspinwall to stand—attack the crowd
Of Albion's dark array—and then combine
And brave his strength to curb th' invading line.

The whole was plann'd and ready for the fight,
As eastern clouds made manifest the light.

Gone is the visionary cloud, that lost
Forlorn upon the lake the royal host. 690
Drifting unknown, they from their wild dreams wake,
And scarce conceive what brought them on the lake.

At length, when morning partially was seen,
They rose with care depictur'd in their mien—
As Venus veil'd her gold, the last bright star,
They join'd their navy at the Southern bar.

The cheek of Prevost still retain'd its dread,
And thus to Yeo he with wildness said :

“ Hell hath disgorg'd its tenants ! Yea, I fear
That fiends in riot hold their orgies here ! 700
Death's arrows seem my bosom to transfix—
No other *this*, than the infernal Styx !

Methinks I even now behold the flames !
Had we not better cross the lake, Sir James ?”

“ Recross the lake ! renounce our purpose—how ?
I'll never more raise flag against a foe !
Away the thought—outroot it from your breast,—
Let the past night in deep oblivion rest.
Though I at first was urgent to proceed,
And gain a knighthood by the splendid deed, 710
Yet my soul stands in every thought as sure,
That we shall make the victory secure.
Admit their energies are stronger now,
Still we with ease their strength can overthrow ;
Yet oft they stand and disregard the storm,
And breast the danger in its blackest form :
York, Sheffie hath surrender'd. Late at night,
Heard I that Proctor in a panick flight
Fled from Sandusky—beaten by a boy !—
Hence, we to conquer, must our powers employ ; 720
Wipe from our royalty this darkening stain,
Or strike our flags and yield like dastards mean.”

Prevost had now his countenance acquir'd,
And thus he answer'd with new feelings fir'd :

“ The past is but a dream. By proof you know,
My heart was ever ready for the foe.
I'll order the descent !—and instant then,
Illume this darkness with the deeds of men !
We'll be the first to turn this ebbing tide—
Yea, be the stars to light the path of pride. 730
My sword will I unsheath, and impulse give
To future actions and the fame receive !

He, who is first to stay the waves of grief,
Is ever hail'd the most exalted chief.

“ Our breath consumes the moments ! Barclay
there,

On Erie's flood, may that proud honour bear !
I feel a something stirring in my breast,
Ere noon we desolate the Eagle's nest.

“ Your grappling anchors elevate away—
Renounce the waters of this wizard bay, 740
And sail and drop them in the Harbour fast,
That raining fire may on the town be cast.”

Yeo the order echo'd in his pride ;
The loosen'd navy tilts upon the tide.
In rapid time it reach'd the destin'd wave,
And Prevost signal for the action gave :

“ Behold, the object of our fame is nigh !
Prepare to seize it, or in striving, die !
Gray, draw thy falchion—lead the Lion band,
And clear the bulwark-passage of the land. 750
Haynes, Evans, Moody, Newell,—Gray assist
To storm the town and scatter them as mist.
With me, reserv'd, will be our strength combin'd
To rush their ranks, and scatter them as wind
Up-tosses to the heavens the empty dust—
Knighthood is *his*, who strikes the shore the first !”

Fill'd are th' invading barges—forth they proceed—
Gray, fearless in the van, to do the deed.
Haynes, Moody, Evans, on his rear pursue,
Whose eye unalter'd shows their valour true. 760
Next, Prevost follows with a crimson band,
And sets a signal where the front should land.

Then Yeo's deep-drove battering-guns are seen,
 To cover the descent—a thousand men,
 Their crowded numbers overshadow the lake—
 And soon the violence of armies break,

When Mills beheld them gathering on his sight,
 His heart in rapid pulses beat for fight.

“ Behold invasion darkening on the wave !
 Now—now 'tis given to prove what souls ye have !
 This, this the hour to give your memories fame— 771
 See, how they open with a harmless flame !
 No ball assails us—none,—close eye the bead,
 That every lead may make a royal bleed.
 Be not impatient—see you mark the white
 That lines the eyeball, ere you flash the light.

“ Lo, they approach ! The time of death has
 come !

Aim till truth tallies—Strike them to the tomb !”

The ready lock-springs at the word they draw—
 Flames leap with madness from the tubes of war, 780
 The Albions reel and struggle in their blood—
 Haynes, Moody—fall—are hurried in the flood.
 Two bubbles rise upon the surface soon,
 Which prov'd their hearts had beat their final tune.

“ Th' effort quick repeat !” Mills with burning
 eye—

“ Behold, disorder'd dies the enemy !
 Be in your hearts as hunters bent for deer—
 Pour but another round and we the fort shall hear !”

Encourag'd thus, again they cast the fire—
 Again the Albions tremble and expire. 790

The Fiend approach'd—and to effect his hell,
 Thunder'd aloud—(his form invisible—)
 As though an army on their rear had come
 With rushing force their being to consume !

Their hearts feel death—they shriek, they break,
 they flee,
 And leave the passage to th' invaders free !
 Their frenzy maddening as they onward fare,
 Their every eyeball smitten with despair.

“ Why dastard are ye thus ?—whence these
 alarms ?” 799

(Mills breaking at his heart.) To arms—to arms !
 What, will you leave me in the field alone ?
 Stand—wheel—rush bayonet !—every fear atone !
 Have ye not pledg'd your life against the foe ?
 This noise comes empty from yon clouded brow.
 Think, when ye stood, what names in blood sunk
 down !

Turn and retrieve your character's renown.
 Resist th' invasion—break it—or disgrace
 Will brand like infamy—the stain efface !
 A thousand, thousand deaths I'd rather die,
 Than turn, and meanly like a dastard fly. 810
 It never—cannot be !—your honour save—
 And can we ever sleep in softer grave ?
 A couch of immortality ! how soft !”——

* * * * *

Alas ! what circumstance hath still'd his tongue ?
 He falls to earth with every nerve unstrung !

Round as he wav'd his sword to stay their fear,
 The bullet enter'd opposite his ear—

Glanc'd from the casement of the brain within,
And tore its passage through the forehead skin.
His soul comes floating with the brains and gore—820
Stiff roll his eyes—they close—to wake no more !

What though thy body moulders back to clay,
Yet never, Mills ! thy name shall see decay.
Worms may devour thy flesh—thy bones may rot,
But thou shalt live till virtue is forgot.

His frightened cohorts mark'd his pouring blood,
And at the sight, dash'd wilder to the wood :

So, when a tree, dissever'd by a gust,
Smites the plough'd earth, whence rolls a cloud of
dust,

Young steeds unbroken, grazing in the vale, 830
Hear—and with crouching show their hearts to quail ;
A moment, lo, they scamper o'er the plains,
Their heads high-toss'd in air—their flowing manes
Riding the blast. A springing hare alarms,
And drives them sweeping round the neighbouring
farms.

The swain's once well-known voice is known no
more—

The more he calls, more wild they bounding leap the
hills and vallies o'er :

Thus flew the panick train ; their chief's proud
tongue

Urging their stay, but drove them pale along.

When earth receiv'd him, their excited fear 840

Trifold increas'd—they fled like hound-chas'd deer.

“ And shall his blood be lost ?” (exclaim'd

MacNitt,

Striving with strength to break their coward fit.)

“ Behold, and quicken at the sight ! O shame !
Let sudden vengeance every heart inflame !
And shall we leave his bleeding body there ?
Spurn at the thought ! On !—with the patriots
share

The glorious toil ! See, Backus mows them down !
On—let us on—and struggle for renown !”

Twice fifty hearken to his voice and stand, 850
Sham’d that they’d fled the passage of the land.
Their tongues are lock’d in silence—deep they close
To wipe the stain—the flying from their foes.
MacNitt advanc’d—but halted on the green,
For lo, approaching was the chieftain seen.

When Brown beheld the volunteers retire,
His soul indignant burnt with anger’s fire.
He rode, like meteor coursing o’er the night,
To bring them back to vindicate the fight.
He found MacNitt progress’d beyond the wood— 860
Forth he address’d the warriors as they stood :

“ My soul was bitterness to see you break
And give the foe a passage from the lake—
But *this*, oblivion hides, if now ye move
Firm to the charge, and acts of valour prove.
With quickening musick, to the field repair,
And let your flag be rais’d to honour there.”

Brown gave example—leading to the field,
Where daring Backus the contention held.

When broke the volunteers, Prevost combin’d 780
Solid his power—press’d forward fill’d with mind :

“They’d vanish, said I not?—the bayonet, charge!
Gray, lead the van, and have the town at large.
See, like loose chaff they fly!—the same I said,
When once our banner wav’d the onset dread!
March to the village with a conquering tune,
And these in front before the steel will swoon.”

The shrill-ton’d drums strike chorus to his speech—
With ported bayonets they forsake the beach—

But lo, approaching in a martial mode, 880
Where Lavalley, Aspinwall, defend the road,
They hear the sound of death’s appalling tongue,
Sweeping whole files in crimson dust along :

“The eye quicken with fire !” (Thus Aspinwall,)
“Glance—glance the silver ere you fly the ball !
They flash the air—but pour you in the lead—
We check their progress—lo, we strike them dead !
Another volley ere we give the ground—
Bleed from the heart, or through the brain-skull
wound.” 889

What time he spoke his warriors pour’d out death,
And round their brows entwin’d the laurel wreath.
The Albions falter’d, in their movement dumb—
But soon excited by the maddening drum,
Heavy with strength, they press’d the bold advance,
Who slow gave back—yet wheeling at a glance,
Oft slaughter’d on the heel. At length, they join
The flinty Backus—planted in a line,
Ready to wrestle with the foe in arms,
While a proud feeling in each bosom warms,
To hurl defiance on th’ invading throng, 900
And Backus thus supports it with his tongue :

“ How my heart flourishes—new-brac’d with nerve !
Keep the springs bent till you the eye observe.
We need no bulwarks to defend our right,
Hence, open bosom’d will we meet the fight.
Touch not to fire till opposite yon tree—
An oak, that shades the valley—Warriors ! see,
Their battle whistles o’er our heads in vain !
But lo, they come ! With blood make fat the plain !”

Scarce had the hero the commandment spoke, 910
When all the field was circumvolv’d in smoke,
Burning with fire ! Whole files of Britons die—
Evans faints backward with a death-roll’d eye,
The flames augmenting round !—yet fearless Gray,
Albion’s first honour, urges on the fray ;
And Backus rising on Columbia’s side,
With glowing voice awakens all their pride :

“ Hold, hold in glory—hold the proud defence !
Stand !—as with lightnings drive the royals hence.
See how they reel and faint before the shot ! 920
Never your deeds in time will be forgot.
See, what confusion in their ranks transpire !
Ye war like heroes of my soul’s desire !
Charge triple loads, and level at the breast,
That every ball may bleed a heart to rest !”

His falchion as he ended, flash’d with light—
His every gesture spirited the fight :

So infant lions meet with tygers’ young,
While roaming for their prey the woods among,— 929
Bristling their backs, they growl and forth engage—
The battle equal, furious burns their rage.
The old one near instructs her whelps to fight,
Advancing, bending, crouching, springing light—

Her proud example and approving eye,
Excite their energies—the tygers die :

Backus not less with valiant gestures cheer
The bosoms of the brave to smile at fear.
Th' invaders vanish from the stream of death,
Like snow-drifts scatter'd by the whirlwind's breath.

But Gray in character a quenchless brand, 940
Unites his column with the blade in hand :

“ What darkness cover us !—inglorious shame !”
(His soul excited with a furnace flame.)

“ And will ye falter, one oppos'd to ten !
On—on, ye English !—show the deeds of men !”

His voice combin'd them to renew the fray—
Desperate the strife—death sucks the life away !

To what created will the scene compare ?
Does nature fail, or is the subject bare ?
Or is the Muse exhausted by her toil ?— 950
Her strength receiv'd the weakness of a foil ?

She yields the mental strife—regains her breath—
The field of battle is the field of death,
Where Freedom stands a multitude of foes—
Where from the heart a crimson fountain flows.

At length outnumber'd, slow the brave retire
Inch after inch—at times elancing fire—
Back from the driving of the storm they hie—
But lo, they wheel—again the foe defy.
Thrice press the Albions charging in their ire, 960
And thrice with shatter'd columns they retire :

So by the spirit of the whirlwind driven,
A wave is mounted to the cheek of heaven,

Mad foaming to the shore,—the solid shore
Breaks back the billow by its moveless power.
Again the mountain swells upon the sea
To tear the basement of the rock away—
The shore unalter'd shivers it again,
And rolls it broken—howling o'er the main.—
Yet still the spirit of the storm is nigh, 970
To heave its foaming summit to the sky—
With sound of armies striving in their wrath,
The wave comes roaring through its watery path ;
The strong-ribb'd battlement, to earth fast lock'd,
Again dissolves it in its strength unshock'd :

So Gray, the spirit of the Albion host,
Thrice form'd his broken squadrons on the coast—
So Backus stood unshaken in his power,
And roll'd them backward like the unmov'd shore.

Yet Gray, unconquerable, his band unites, 980
And once again their energy excites :

“ On—royals !—on !—with steel of bayonet charge !
Close wedg'd in column let the blood stream large—
Another effort, and the day is ours—
The Stars already faint before our powers !

“ And when they darken to the English name,
Let nothing soil the brightness of our fame—
Shun—fly pollution's touch. With soothing care,
Tender bright honour to the captive fair.
No deeper stain our valour can debase, 990
Than touch in thought the snowy-bosom'd race—
The lilies of the earth——

“ With bayonets, on—
And do such deeds as match the noon-day sun !”

His heavy column thunder in their course—
The hero leading on his mettled horse,
Wielding his falchion—bending back his eyes,
To heart his band to rush upon the prize.

A drummer lad, who beat for Aspinwall,
Saw Gray approaching, urgent to intrall
The patriots with despair—he dropp'd his drum—1000
And, as strong breasted in his strength he come,
He seiz'd a weapon—at his bosom rais'd—
Instant the rifle with explosion blaz'd !

“ England ! pour on ! the youth has pierc'd my
life !

My brave young warrior thou hast broke the strife.
Take you my watch-piece—take it—a reward—
In praise, farewell ! Thou art thy country's guard !”

He gasp'd—he died. The ball had sadly tore
His stomach through and graz'd the vital core :

Thus when a lion is intent to seize 1025

A monster horse—amphibious of the seas,
He chafes his bosom till he mads with ire,
His eyeballs rolling as though lin'd with fire.

Lo, as he comes like tempest in its wrath,

An insect hornet meets him in his path—

Swift as a sunbeam darts the anger'd fly,
And strikes the centre of his mad-roll'd eye.

The lion stops and bellows with the smart,
Which fast augmenting, reaches to his heart.

His balls distorted, show his life distress'd— 1030

A sweating anguish oozes from his breast.

His tongue trails in the sand—he pants for breath—

He foams, he faints—he shivers into death :

So Gray, while passion'd with a warrior's heat,
Fell and expir'd beneath the stripling's feet.

* * * * *

The Muse must pause, and o'er a foeman's bier
Shed the sweet droppings of a parting tear—
Gray ! thou shalt flourish. An exalted pride
Distends my heart to tell how great you died !
On thy green grave may flowerets ever new 1040
Breathe their sweet breath and weep celestial dew !

Two stars of magnitude are Brock and Gray—
Never to fail while yonder orb gives day.
Against the rotten crumbling of a throne,
Like meteors bright on heaven's high hill they shone.

* * * * *

The English heard the dying voice of Gray,
And press'd where Fanning with his cannon lay—
(His wounds yet bleeding from the plains of York.)
The hero plants it fatal for the work. 1049
The match put forth, it speaks with thunder dread,
Deafening the column struggling with the dead.

Lo, Backus now upon his charger bounds,
And thus the echo of his soul resounds :

“ Stretch every nerve ! The battle is at poise !
This warring tumult is blest musick noise !
Stand ! prove your souls unconquerable, till Brown
Assails the rear, and melts their vigour down.
Behold, with volunteers he crowds the wood !
Look, soak the earth—yea—make it drunk with blood !
This hour will reach eternity ”——

His steed 1060
Dash'd like an arrow flying in its speed—

He falls—he gasps—he dies ! A singing death
Pierc'd his big heart, and roll'd him on the heath.

Backus, the moment from his saddle sprung—
Back on the ground his clattering armour rung.
Soon he perceiv'd the fatal lead had broke
His brittle thigh : yet brightens he his look !
Quick glanc'd his thoughts to future years afar,
When the rough surface of the honour'd scar
Would speak the valour of his youthful days, 1070
And he would hear the musick of his praise.

Ah, never can it be ! Pale fades thine eye—
Thy heart is sinking—fast thy pulses die !
The drops of death are cold upon thy breast—
But O, eternal shall thy name be blest !
Yet shalt thou live to see the Cross retire—
And then, like Pike, in Vict'ry's arms expire.

Meantime Fredonia, seated high in heaven,
Heard the fierce whirlwind by th' Infernal driven—
Beheld the band from their defences fly, 1080
Though twice they'd caus'd the royal name to die.

To test the secret wisdom of her Brown,
She suffer'd Hell to elevate the crown—
But when she mark'd the Britons near their prize,
Circled in dazzling rays she left the skies.

Instant the Fiend beheld her coming forth,
He dash'd the whirlwind backward to the north.
Th' affrighted band that held the bulwark, stood,
Sham'd that a panick had their hearts subdu'd.

When Brown had plac'd the warriors of MacNitt
With fighting Backus, where severe they lit 1091

Fire searching for the heart—his post retook
On rising ground, the field to overlook
To watch the changes of the battling scene—
Standing collected with unalter'd mien ;
Though something whisper'd to his soul despair,
Yet nothing outward would his eye declare,
For Gray appear'd determin'd in his will,
To gain his purpose or his blood to spill.

But when he saw the gathering of the band, 1100
That late had fled the passage of the land,
A vital thought quick glanc'd upon his soul
To form—and lead them where the waters roll,
And, by a feint to make the foe believe—
A home retreat he never could achieve.

The thought scarce pass'd him, when he wing'd his
horse—

Reaching the crowd, he thus commenc'd discourse :

“ You've done us worse than death ! Degenerate
race !

What bent your souls to darken with disgrace
The honour of our arms ? Behold yon Star ! 1110
There stand your brothers mid the flames of war,
To guard your Freedom from polluting stain,
While you like drones upon the field remain !
Blush at the deed ! Fill'd is my soul with ire—
The man that turns shall swift as flame expire !
My passion *will* no more ! On—march with me,
And soon the foe will dash into the sea.
Mark, as you value life my voice attend—
He, who dare loiter, shall to dust descend !”

His threatening language to their bosoms went, 1120
While from his eye an angry flame was sent,

Which rent their souls as lightning rends a cloud—
His voice was thunder rolling deep and loud.
They form, they stand, half courage, half through dread
Of him, the warrior, their commanding head.

He spread them large, and lead them through the
wood,
As though to block the passage of the flood,
To strike the invading enemy with awe,
That they in safety never could withdraw.

This art was done while Fanning's cannon tore 1130
The Albions down and roll'd them in their gore ;
And strength of Backus with a burning eye,
Dealt a full portion of mortality.

When Prevost mark'd his legions sink in blood,
And Brown advancing to Ontario's flood,
As though to bar him from a life's retreat—
Sudden his heart was frozen of its heat :—
His eye show'd wildness like a madman's stare—
A horror seiz'd, and fix'd his every hair !

“ Lost !—lost—forever lost ! The ruin shun ! 1140
The forest teams with death !—cut off—undone !
Leap to the barges ! In a moment, see—
We pour our blood and find eternity !”

He fled while speaking. Panick strikes the whole—
Their fears augmenting—down is every soul.
They leap their barges with despairing bound,
Leaving their dead and wounded on the ground :

As when a huge rough rock of crashing weight,
By earthquake riven from Alleghany's height,

Plunges down headlong—smiting in its course 1150
 The trees that had endur'd the whirlwind's force—
 Leaping from rock to rock,—up-whirling round,
 Rolling in fire convulsing o'er the ground :

Swift dashing as the rock the Albions fled,
 Leaving their bleeding, dying, and their dead.

CANTO XXIV.

CAPTURE OF FORT GEORGE.

ARGUMENT.

The Flags of Truce....Bombardment....The concentration of the Army at Four-Mile Creek....The Descent....The surrender of Fort George.

The scene—Sackett's Harbour, Little York, Forts George and Niagara, and in Heaven....The time from the period of Prevost's retreating from Sackett's Harbour to the end of the canto is about thirty-six hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXIV.

WHILE thus the enemy in panick fled—
Brown fill'd the upper element with lead—
His every eye he fix'd upon the air,
Lest he, by wounds, should madden with despair—
Hence, he of slaughter made a mocking show
To cloak his real weakness from the foe,
His infantry displaying through the wood,
To swell their fearful passions to the flood :
Not otherwise grim tygers fierce beset
The lion's den, till all with blood is wet— 10
The lion absent searching to supply
His crying young—their wants to satisfy—
Lo, he returns and finds his lioness
Yielding her charge to the unequal press !
He growls with anger, like the peals that break
The midnight clouds and cause the hills to shake,
Then wheels—as though to hunt the tyger's lair,
T' appal their hearts and damp them with despair—
The tygers hear his voice—turn—view his path—
Fear at the instant takes the place of wrath. 20

They leave the lion's den to guard their own—
Their bold invasion at a cast o'erthrown—
They pass the lion bristled in his rage,
As though he dar'd their numbers to engage,
But they in wildness leave him like the wind,
Thoughtless to scan the secret of his mind :

So like the lion, Brown display'd his power,
As though intent to keep them to the shore—
While in his breast he cherish'd no desire,
Equal to see them to their fleet retire.

30

The enemy withdrawn—the warrior led
Behind the mound the volunteers that fled—
Their looks—but not their tongues to him declare,
Should Albion press, they'd leave their life's blood there.
With these, the hero in his wisdom joins
The strength of Aspinwall's unshaken lines.

With soothing accent, Laval he commands :
“ Tender remove with sympathy's soft hands
The bleeding foe, and those of Freedom's name—
Our first regard the fainting warriors claim.
Cool with the fountain stream their feverish glow,
And every succour from the heart bestow.
Entomb the honour'd dead,—the holy rite,
Let all receive who pour'd their blood in fight.

40

“ On Queenstown's rocky steep, our Morris lay
Mangled and naked to the beams of day,
Where savage men and savage birds of air,
Gorg'd on his flesh and scalp'd his auburn hair !
But Freedom melts to mercy for the brave,
Hence, with due honour shroud them in the grave.
In future ages let our names descend,
Tygers in battle—but the captive's friend.”

50

When Brown had finish'd—Lavalle forth convey'd
The wounded to receive the surgeon's aid.
The dead he buried in the silent tomb,
Till life immortal on the earth shall bloom.

Soon as the panick of the foe was pass'd,
They learnt the means by which their strength was
cast,

Which caus'd a gloom to darken o'er the fleet—
Shame blank'd their pride for the disgrac'd retreat. 60
To counteract the pain severe, they bite
Their fever'd lips and knit their eyebrows tight.
Prevost, repentant, stoops his troubled head—
At length he rous'd himself and angry said :

“ Newell, delay not with a flag to Brown,
And bid him strike his starry banner down.
What, by deception shall we own us beat ?
He strikes—or madly I'll the storm repeat !”

Newell, with banner waving, skimm'd the flood—
Before the chieftain presently he stood : 70

“ Lo, I from Prevost this commandment bring,
That from yon height you bend the Eagle's wing,
Pause not—the village will be smote with fire,
And every age and character expire !
Comply, whilst now his favour you'll receive—
Vouchsafe, I pray you, to resign and live !”

Brown ey'd the herald with contemptuous look
Pausing—at length he Spartan language spoke :

“ Return to Prevost and to him make known,
That I invite him to approach the town, 80
And from yon summit wrench the Eagle down !”

Newell receiv'd the answer—and from shore
Loosen'd his yawl, and leap'd the waters o'er.

“ Most royal Prevost !—his reply was short—
These words he bade me to your ear report :

“ Return to Prevost and to him make known,
That I invite him to approach the town,
And from yon summit wrench the Eagle down ! ”

* * * * *

As when a peacock with a lofty stride
Distends his plumes like rainbow in its pride— 90
Rising in consequence at every turn—
Treating his neighbours with contemptuous spurn.
His haughty step, the blood vindictive heats
Of chanticleer, who battle meditates—
Round as he makes a consequential whirr—
He leaps and strikes his bosom with his spur—
The flaunting bird shrinks cowering at the blow,
And all the glitter of his plumes is low.

So Prevost's mettle, at the voice of Brown
Granting his *will* to wrench the Eagle down, 100
Dropp'd from the glitter of his gold to lead—
A sudden dampness vertigo'd his head.—
He strove to heave the load by passion's frown—
In vain—the pressure pull'd his feelings down.

Newell at length, receiv'd a new behest—
A dire foreboding rising in his breast :

“ We'll let the Eagle for the time remain,
Till we our wounded can relieve from pain.
An apprehension creeps upon my blood,
That Brown, avenging, hath their life subdu'd. 110
A retribution may inflame his wrath
To bathe their bodies in a gory bath.

When Proctor rioted at Raisin's shore,
 And urg'd our allies in their thirst for gore,
 At Kingston I the murder blaz'd afar,
 For which I dread retaliating war.

“ Why do we stand ? perhaps they even now,
 Pleading for mercy, feel the dagger's blow ! ”

Newell, attending to his fearful call,
 Leap'd with the banner in the tilting yawl. 120
 Brown soon his coming at a distance spied,
 And wheel'd to meet him at the water's side.

He lands, and speaks the message : “ This I bear
 To plead for those who suffer in despair.
 As thou shalt mercy to our wounded give,
 So from our hands shalt thou in turn receive.
 No—never were we known to shed thy blood—
 'Twas savage rioters at Raisin's flood.”

The name of Raisin enter'd to his heart,
 As through its centre were a driven dart : 130

So in similitude the good Fayette—
 Never the deed Columbia will forget !—
 While with drawn falchion kindling through his line,
 To die or conquer at the Brandywine,
 Fell with deep wound, unsightly to the earth,
 And stream'd his blood like holy unction forth.
 In healing,—push'd a fungus from the sore,
 Which damp'd all prospects of indulgent cure—
 'Twas grief to Washington—the sage resign'd
 Craig, his choice surgeon—who with skilful mind, 140
 Open'd the wound, which tortur'd him afresh,
 And from the bone remov'd th' unhealthy flesh :
 But young Fayette prepar'd for the event,
 Endur'd the rack—a moveless monument :

Thus Raisin's slaughter, which had torn the heart,
By softening time was gently heal'd in part—
But when the herald spake the scene to life,
It cut the vitals like the surgeon's knife—
Yet, like Fayette, unalter'd in his pain,
Brown kept the anguish of his soul in chain. 150

After short pausing in a close disguise,
He to the Briton recklessly replies,
Till the rank murder, festering at his heart,
Compell'd the hero to reveal the smart :

“ What sudden circumstance hath bent his mind ?—
It seems as fickle as the veering wind.
Methinks he treats my invitation light,
To wrench yon arrowy Eagle from her height.

“ But, irony aside : To yours I give
The same attentions that my own receive. 160
Your dead have I inhum'd with decent awe,
Such as the soldier should desire in war.

“ Alas, how guilt will crowd the mind with fear !
Before whose sight a thousand shapes appear
Murky as death—making the soul reveal
Those very actions it should close conceal !

“ Why did you touch my ear with Raisin's stream ?
It scorches on my heart like boiling flame !
'Twas savage rioters that done the deed !—
O vain excuse !—it never will succeed. 170
Did not hell Proctor urge them on the way,
And for the scalps advance the horrid pay ?
Did not this Prevost, with ungenerous soul,
A fell salute on the occasion roll ?
What, smile at murder of the deepest dye !
No wonder now that ye for mercy cry—

But where was mercy at that dreadful hour,
When martyr'd heroes sunk beneath your power ?

“ What was the language at Sandusky Fort ?

‘ Damn without mercy ! ’—were the words of Short.
When did you tomb young Morris from the light, 181
That now reciprocal you ask the rite ?

Who treacherous burst their magazines with flame ?

Those, who at Raisin urg'd our death the same !

Who deck with scalps their legislative hall ?

“ Great God !—I feel my mercy to recall !

* * * * *

“ Once Albion's name in bright effulgence stood—

'Tis written now in characters of blood !

Throw off the mask—be hypocrites no more—

Say to the world : ‘ We feed on human gore ! ’ 190

And not with low debasement thus descend

To plead the life of brother, father, friend,

When you of wife, of infant, friend, and sire,

Make bare their skulls, and then apply the fire !

“ Tyrants are dastards !—trembling at their life,
Fearing that Justice would make sharp his knife.

“ Speak to this Prevost, that my soul in wrath

Will every captive of existence scath,—

Should he, this monster-man,—but even dare

To stain with gore a fillament of hair— 200

Yea—should my heart drop blood to give command,

I pledge to heaven, that these my words shall stand !

“ But should he act, as man should do to man,

Most glad will I reciprocate the plan.—

It's pleasant to my heart, mercy to show

To the bent captive, or the wounded foe.

“ But mark my purpose well—beware thy deeds—
A freeman suffers, swift a royal bleeds !
Beware ! the Eagle sharps her talons keen,
To guard the blood of her surrender'd men ! 210

“ Herald, return and bear my offer'd peace,
If so he wills—and grace return for grace.”

Brown ended mild—but yet the Albion stood,
As though his heart were emptied of its blood.
At length, regain'd the motion of his breast,
He hasten'd to convey the chief's behest.

Waiting the messenger's return, Prevost
Stood in his trembling like a palsied ghost.

But Newell comes : “ Put off this cast of fear,
And let the aspect of thy brow be clear. 220
Our maim'd the care of valiant men receive—
Yea—every blessing in their power they give.
Our dead are decent in their graves interr'd,
According as to them were ranks conferr'd.

“ But Brown in solemn oath appeal'd to heaven,
Except reciprocal was mercy given—
By all that lives,—in presence of his God,
Swift he'd retaliate on Albion's blood !

“ He spoke abhorrent of your grand salute
For Raisin's field—yea—sunk you to the brute— 230
Mention'd the scalp of blood—the magazine—
Unburied Morris—other deeds of sin—
But these dark scenes, though burning in his mind,
Shall not have power to warp his nature kind.
And if your bosom be inclin'd for peace,
Glad he'll reciprocate sweet grace for grace.”

He ended. But so dark was Prevost's soul,
Not virtue's self his nature could control ;

Though Brown for evil had return'd him good,
 When he expected naught but blood for blood. 240
 Worse than a savage is that heart of stone,
 When good for evil does not melt it down.

Th' ungrateful Briton rising from his dread,
 With air important to inferiors said :

“ Well did I know that Brown would never dare
 Than treat our warriors with attentive care.
 His oath I disregard. An Albion life
 He durst not frown upon when bent in strife.
 I'll blaze salutes, and if it please me well,
 Resign the captur'd to the savage steel. 250

“ Yeo, weigh anchor and forsake the shore,
 And when off Kingston, let your cannon roar
 As though our flag had won. 'Twill never do,
 At our return, to state the matter true.
 What, publish a defeat ? Britannia's shame !
 Never—'twould sully her imperial name !
 Yes—we'll proclaim the conquest of the day
 By royal language, and a proud display
 Of various splendour on the coming even,
 Far to outshine the twinkling lights of heaven. 260

“ My next essay shall be the state of York—
 The fall of Plattsburg will begin the work.”

Though boasting was his tongue, he inward felt
 What baseness feels when overcharg'd with guilt.
 He seem'd to disregard the voice of Brown,
 Yet shrunk his soul to wake his sleeping frown.
 Like him a boaster with importance swells,
 As though in valour he the world excels—
 But lo, a stripling with courageous mind,
 With one keen glance reduces him to wind : 270

Yeo immediate from the bay unmoor'd,
Which fill'd with joy his mariners on board.
His keels cut smooth the bosom of the sea—
And with salute and counterfeited glee
He enter'd Kingston as the sun stood weigh'd,
Balanc'd in heaven, and in the deep display'd
His image, soften'd to admit the eye
'To gaze upon him in his brilliancy.

While this was passing, Brown prepar'd to sail—
For now inviting blew the eastern gale. 280
He gave to Tuttle's hand the town's defence,
Should Proctor madly dare to drive him hence :
Tuttle with zeal had measur'd through the day,
Full fourteen leagues to join the rumour'd fray—
Vain was his energy—too late he came
To play his cohorts 'gainst the Albion name.

Brown in the Pert ship o'er the sea-lake flies—
The evening sunbeams fading in the skies.
The stars direct him in his course at night—
York distantly appears in view at light. 290

The Pert declares his coming by salute—
He anchors—Chauncey joins him with his suit—
To whom he shows how royalty was beat,
And how he fled disorder'd to their fleet.

On joyful wind the welcome tidings fly—
Shouts swelling from the heart ascend the sky ;—
While crowding to the beach the warriors tread,
The guns through ether the achievement spread.

To Chauncey, Brown immediately begun :
“ The troops embark—rapid the minutes run. 300

Now be it ours, offensive war to wage—
 The former object must our souls engage,
 To strike the Lion at the Fort of George—
 Below Niagara land us for the charge.”

He ceas'd. And Chauncey echo'd the command,
 For barges swift to dart upon the land,
 And bear from thence the patriots to the fleet,
 In conquering arms the enemy to meet.

The bargemen hasten to the shore and bring,
 Proud to the ships, Boyd, Ripley, Forsythe, King. 319
 Soon is the navy with the warriors stow'd—
 Chauncey weighs anchor—navigates the flood.
 The amorous zephyrs kiss the canvass light—
 Their honied breaths propel him with delight.

As soft the clouds absorb the evening beams,
 And sweetly place them in the azure streams—
 The azure streams reflecting them again,
 Picture the heavens upon a silver plain,
 Below Niagara the navy moors,
 And forth the army lands upon the shores. 320

While these events were passing, Rensselaer
 Resign'd to Lewis—next in character.—
 His aged blood, exhausted by defeat,
 Requir'd the balsam of a home retreat :

Thus a proud courser of majestick size,
 With living nerve, defiance in his eyes,
 Bounds in the race with animated spring,
 And soon outstrips the racers of the ring.
 With shouting voice the multitude proclaim
 His fleetness worthy of the palm of fame :— 330

But lo, while racing in his aged day,
By unfair curbing through the burning way,
A bold competitor receives the prize—
His big heart fails—grief dims his watery eyes.
Touch'd with despair, he leaves the coursing plains,
While eating sorrow shrivels up his veins :

So Rensselaer, by treachery subdu'd,
Forsook the war-plains in desponding mood,
And all to Lewis of his grade resign'd—
Whose bosom held a jewel of a mind. 340

Now when Brown's nephew in the Lady came,
And spoke to Lewis of the deed of fame—
Conquest of York,—and notic'd then, the charge
Soon to be made against the rock of George,
Lewis to Hobart thus—Hobart, a youth,
Rever'd for all that's valuable of truth :

“ Young warrior, haste to where the barge are laid
Above the fortress,—'neath the poplar shade.
Take skilful shipwrights with your band beside,
Them to repair, and launch them in the tide. 350

“ And when you cast them in the stream above,
Them to the harbour of the ships remove :—
Swift from these waters will the troops proceed,
When Brown shall land from York,—to do the deed.

“ Now, should the battery from the Albion side,
Oppose your efforts—launching in the tide,
You'll plant your cannon—its combustion burn,
And shot for shot against the foe return.”

Lewis commanded. Straight with zealous heart,
A chosen number marches with Hobart. 360

Soon they arrive at where the boats were laid,
Fenc'd from the sun beneath the forest shade.
The hardy shipwrights enter on their toil,
To crowd the chinks through which the waves would
boil.

On the same morn of th' eventful day,
That Chauncey anchor'd in the inlet bay,
Hobart had made them of their breakings staunch,
And in the waters them began to launch,
When lo, the battery at the adverse land,
Open'd to cast them broken on the strand. 370
Hobart drives back the effort with his gun—
Swift through the lines th' alarming thunders run.
At once, the element is roll'd in fire,
And each quick instant magnifies it higher :

Thus from the rock-laid battlements of death
Complexing trains are artful plac'd beneath—
Yet, though diverg'd in labyrinthine maze,
The whole a sparkle kindles to a blaze.—
After fair notice, still the reckless foe
Dares to advance unmindful of the blow— 380
The signal waves ! The fort'd touch the fire,
And backward, leaping from the scene retire.
The smouldering match, exhausted of its length,
Excites the train with vitalizing strength—
At first, the weakest magazine explodes—
Presently th' element another loads
With flames Vesuvian. Another train
Conveys the darting fire and lights the grain
Within a deeper, larger house of hell,
Which thunders off tremendous, with a peal 390

Deafening the heavens. At once another rolls—
In lightning glimpse another splits the poles :

Like this, from fort to fort the 'larums run—
Gun, with deaf noise exploding, answers gun.
George at the signal, lightens up its walls—
Niagara opposite, lets loose the balls.
T' adjoining bulwarks magnify the sound,
Which swells like earthquakes breaking from the
ground.

From either height roll cataracts of flame,
Equal to nature in its wildest frame : 400

So when deep mines contains th' inflaming gas,
Which, by fermenting, quickens to a blaze,
A dread explosion to high heaven is cast,
Destruction flying on the reddening blast—
Thick clouds sulphureous, mountain-heights involve—
The stars shrink back—the elements dissolve—
Earth groans with labouring pangs. Fresh from the
tomb

The dead start forth, though Judgment Day had
come.

Something like this appears the conflict dire—
Contending thunders mix'd with heaven's red fire. 410

While thus the globes at each, like frenzy smite,
The deep-mouth'd cannon rock'd the steadfast height,
To Lewis, lo, a female warrior came,
Whose eye show'd valour of the purest flame.
He gaz'd her with surprise :—" Put off your fear,
That I in this wild tumult should appear.
My purpose is resolv'd—My name is Doyle—
On Queenstown Height my husband stood the broil

With rocky breast against th' o'erwhelming foe—
At every glance he laid the haughty low, 420
With Scott—expecting Strong's batalions o'er
To give him strength to paralyze their power.

“ But when his treason on the Heights was
known—

Compass'd with enemies—dark—faint—alone—
Reluctant he resign'd with bleeding soul,
Expecting a release on his parole—
This they refus'd—the tyrants—hearts of gall !
And him with scoffing march'd to Montreal !

“ This act hath stirr'd me to avenge his cause,
And seek redress for violated laws. 430

I crave the honour to assist the fight
With yonder engine planted on the right.
If not to wield its power, to heat the ball,
That Newark, opposite, in flames may fall.

“ Strive not to urge me from the scene to fly—
If heaven so wills, contentedly I die.
My husband fought them to defend his wife—
To fill his absence, I'll maintain the strife.”

“ Most wonderous woman !” Lewis feeling thus :

“ Indeed thy daring seems too perilous. 440

A marvellous sight to see a female stand,
Where the balls fly like particles of sand.
Would it be vain to urge you to withdraw
In safety from this violence of war ?

Yes. I observe a something in your eye,
That you would feel it an indignity.

“ Take thy desire—it never shall be said,
That I debarr'd thee from the wonderous deed.

May heaven protect thy valour in the fray—
Thy name will brighten till the earth's decay !" 450

With feet scarce touching of the path she wheels,
While conscious virtue in her breast she feels.
Her proud achievements all the brave admire—
Her look, her voice—their every heart inspire
To reach for fame. Fredonia the divine,
Unseen defends the matchless heroine,

Lewis beholds her with excited soul,
And these emotions from his bosom roll :

" Columbia ! safe art thou ! No longer dread
The touch polluting of a tyrant's tread— 460
Behold thy daughters, when that foe invade,
Will meet them at the beach in arms array'd !
Yea—will they brace their tender limbs in steel,
And, in th' opposer's heart their spears conceal.
Their eyes of beauty will the brave inspire
To look with smiling at a chain of fire.
Let foes approach, innumerable as the sand
That lines the ocean,—to devour the land,
Freedom ! thy daughters will the tyrants foil—
They'll shout the onset : *Liberty and Doyle !*" 470

While from his heart these sentiments he spoke,
Loud clamorous war the rocky ramparts shook.
The globes flew burning on the wings of flame,
Which Newark kindled, and the fort the same,
The blaze quick-flashing glanc'd aloft to heaven,
While brands, mad-whirling through the void were
driven.

With such precision the Columbians aim,
They cut the flag-lines and the standard maim.

The Lion drops, superb with splendour crown'd,
At which the patriots shout triumphant sound. 480

Lewis exclaims : " One heart pervades the whole !
To mark your deeds conveys to heaven my soul !
Your fiery circles singe the welkin round—
Your roar of battle shames the earthquake sound !
Cast, cast in volumes desolations forth—
Prove to the foe that Liberty has worth.
To sum your virtues weakness is my voice—
Sunder the rocks !—strike heaven with stronger
noise !"

Fill'd with the rising of his fame, he spoke—
The welkin darken'd with the clouding smoke. 490
At once a thousand engines felt the flame,
And thunder'd,—sounding through creation's frame.

The mad-drove bolts against the ramparts smite,
As though Niagara's rock they'd disunite.
Augmenting strife from brazen mouths expires,
Till day's bright orb behind the hills retires.
By parts scarce notable the ragings cease—
The star of evening brings the hour of peace.

During the turbulence which shook high heaven,
Hobart, conceal'd beneath the smoke, was driven 500
Down to the inlet, unappall'd by dread
Of solid thunders bursting o'er his head.

Lo, at this juncture Riddle gain'd the fort—
Lewis saluted, and made brief report.
Brown had despatch'd him when he struck the shore,
As her last gun Niagara ceas'd to roar.

“Chauncey has anchor’d—and from Brown I’m
sent

To bear to you his present sentiment.
You’ll rank your columns into marching form,
And meet him on the beach the foe to storm.” 510

Thus he. And Lewis thus: “Make known to
Brown,

My soul is with him. I’m directly down.
Speak to his heart that I rejoice to hear
His fame is rising in its character.”

This, from deep feeling he impressive said—
Riddle quick leaping with the message sped.

Lewis collects his warriors in a square,
To whom his voice is sweet as musick rare:

“Soldiers! this day you’ve done immortal deed,
Which names unborn in history will read. 520

Still scenes more bright in hopeful prospect lie—
At orient dawn we face them eye to eye.

We pass the waters from the beach below,
Where Brown and Ripley wait our coming now.

With them we wed our souls—join heart and hand
To plant the Eagle on the hostile land,—

Yea—ere the bird of night concludes her note,
With plated bosoms on the wave we float.

“Brave men! I scan your hope: you long once
more

T’ unfurl the Star-gemm’d banner on the shore. 530
No cowards, traitors, wait our coming forth,
But those we join through fire have prov’d their
worth.

Their souls are gold thrice crucibled with flame—
Their hearts cemented to their country’s fame—

These, these are they : King, Forsythe, Ripley,
Brown,—

Around whose brows the halo of renown
Blazes effulgent—useless to express
What rank is their's—their names their country bless.

“ But thou, MacFreely, gifted with a mind
To bend to circumstance—will stay behind,— 540
All cannot hope to move upon them there—
Some must remain to guard with jealous care
This rock-ribb'd battlement. Oft it requires
To check the impulse of our soul's desires.
Frequent to him a greater fame descends,
Who curbs his passions as his duty bends,
Than to the warrior, who in day of fight,
Has ample freedom to put forth his might.

“ Your looks show cheerfulness.———

“ Shrill musick, strike—
To join the band immortaliz'd by Pike !” 550

Loud beats the martial movement. Lewis leads—
Next Scott, to shine magnificent in deeds ;
Then Porter, with a soul to honour given,
A radiant gem—the workmanship of heaven.

The meantime Chauncey every thought employ'd,
How, by his fleet, their mounds could be destroy'd.
When plac'd had he the buoys to mark the ground,
He gave these orders to inferiors round :

“ Chiefs of the navy !—soon as streaks of day
Shall line the east and in the waters play, 560
Brown with his army will assail yon height,
And bathe the Stars in heaven's ethereal light.

“ But ere for him ’tis possible to land,
We must make desolate these works at hand.

“ Taunt, in the Julia, Mix, in Growler, on,
And strike the battery plac’d at Newark town.
Stephens, position in Ontario take,
North of the tower that lightens up the lake ;
Keep to the shore, and every part filade,
And thus the Julia and the Growler aid. 570

Brown, in the Tompkins with selected crew,
At Two-Mile Stream will give the foe his due ;
Grapple your anchors to the British side,
Ere your red flashes quicken o’er the tide.
And Brown of younger years, from Conquest roll
The bombs with judgment till you smite the soul,
Crossing your brother’s fire. And near at hand,
In Hamilton, MacPherson, sweep the land,
Smith in the Asp, and Osgood in the Scourge,
Will anchor bow to stern. At signal urge 580
Your mariners to fame, and blazing scour
The hostile beach to aid the landing power.
The buoys I’ve fix’d for every ship to cast,
That each the instant may begin the blast.

“ When Venus shall appear in yonder skies,
Then let the violence of battle rise.”

Each took his part—retir’d a several way,
And watch’d impatient for the star of day.

The same time Chauncey with his ships of might—
Oneida, Madison, and Lady, light, 590
Made to the shore, his barges either side,
To bear the warriors o’er the parting tide,

Lewis, advancing with his veteran host,
Soon joins with Brown upon the rocky coast.
With friendship's hand they each the other greet,
Like absent brothers when they joyful meet.

The troops with keen-edg'd appetite prepare
Their blood to nourish with a soldier's fare.
The juicy ox upon the coals they throw,
Which cause the gravies in abundant flow 600
Rich to stream forth, from whence quick flashes rise—
The quivering flesh sharp hissing as it fries.

The banquet o'er,—refresh'd—with voices strong,
They hymn to Washington in choral song :

“ All hail the Sage !—the sainted, sacred name
To live coeval with the starry frame—
Immortal Washington ! to thee we sing—
Thou, who defy'd the wrath of Briton's King.
Approving Heaven beheld thy battle just—
Smote by thine arm, thrones crumbled to the dust !
The blaze of Freedom round thy standard rose—
Thy flashing sword was blindness to thy foes.
Faction disarm'd fled wither'd at thy frown—
Thou snatch'd the diamond from the Albion Crown.
The Lion crouch'd beneath thy lightening eye—
The Eagle rose on wings of Liberty !—
Plac'd here sublime on Independence's Height,
Then Heaven receiv'd thee in a flood of light !

“ Sustain thy children now—give wisdom strong—
Descend, Immortal ! lead thy sons along— 620
To Fame's proud summit, lead, O, lead the way !
Bend down thy greatness from ethereal day !

“ Praises to thee by every tongue are given,
Who breathe the element of earth or heaven !”

Great Washington, sublime in glory, sat
On flowers celestial,—deep in musing thought,
Not like the grovelling of weak man confin’d,
But free, immense, unbounded as the mind.
Franklin was near attending to the song,
Which charm’d—though echo’d from a mortal tongue.

Green waving with the honey’d breeze above, 631
Orange, and spices, form a breathing grove—
A red breast warbles in the brambles sweet—
A nectar stream runs murmuring at their feet.
The lake expands its bosom to the right,
Curling its silver waters in their sight.
Blithe round the borders of the lake are seen
The kid and lambkin bounding o’er the green.
Remote, the lawns are interspers’d with hills,
Down which the streamlets glide from golden rills.
The mountains rise beyond, and gorgeous climb 641
With towering majesty the dome sublime.

Franklin to Washington : “ Hearken ! from earth,
What anthems sound expressive of thy worth !
Descend and visit them. Listen ! the note—
How sweet on silver air thy praises float !
Descend, illustrious Shade !—thine ear incline,
And to their anthem move thy tongue divine.
Our children hail thee with enraptur’d breath,
Around their brows to twine the laurel wreath.” 650

He ended with beneficence. The chief,
With spirit utterance answer’d him in brief :

“ I listen to the sound, and joyful fly
To point their souls to immortality :

But well thou know'st these praises truth exceed—
 Far from perfection is our brightest deed
 When wrapp'd in mortal robes——

“ They call me hence
 To show the path that leads to their defence.
 My brother, rise not from this odorous bower,
 Till I return from the delightful tour.” 660

These words were pass'd in less than half the
 time

That earth could speak. On heavenly wings
 sublime,

He cleaves the element ! As when on fire,
 The passion'd mind leaps forward with desire
 From earth to heaven—from heaven, through space
 afar,

The speed outglancing of each burning star—
 Flies in a moment through creation's frame,

Back the same moment on the wings of flame—

Yea, in the fleet expression of an eye

Measures immeasurable immensity : 670

Not with less speed his way he leap'd from
 heaven—

Hark ! his voice echoes mid the stars of even :

“ Faction's divisions will your Freedom cast—
 Heaven weeps in sadness for your discords past—
 Your watchword—*Unity*—your fame shall last,
 Be chain'd in one, as gold-bright stars that live,
 And each from each an holy light receive !”

He pass'd to heaven. Fredonia, with her spear,
 That puts to shame the jewels of the sphere.

Inscribes in capitals, mid stars that dance 680
 To seraph musick on the blue expanse :
COLUMBIA SHALL PREVAIL !

as light, they shine,

Bearing the signet of the hand divine !

* * * * * * * *

A wonder chains the soul. Each up-turn'd eye
 Is lost in rapture gazing at the sky—
 At length, o'erpower'd by passing scenes in heaven,
 To sleep relaxing are their bosoms given.

Thus Milton, musing on his couch at night
 Of happy Eden, blooming in delight—
 At length falls slumbering in his blissful train 690
 Of rich ideas that 'habit in his brain—

Lo, the sweet musick of a serenade,
 Touches his ear, and makes the vision fade.

A sacred thrill to every sense is given—
 He thinks the musick is the voice of heaven.
 The dancing shadows of the full-orb'd moon,
 Climbing majestick to her midnight noon,
 Seem the divine inhabitants above,
 Rob'd in the soft habiliments of love.

The concert fails—the fibres of the soul, 700
 Outstretch'd beyond the effort of control,
 Relax—and slumbers silent-footed creep,
 And wrap his senses in the down of sleep :

Columbians thus with scenes of heaven oppress'd,
 Sunk down exhausted in the arms of rest.

Now, as the star, that leads the dance of day,
 Peeps o'er the mountains east with coral ray—
 And the sweet nightingale concludes her note,
 The fleet of vessels from their moorings float—

As Chauncey bade, the ships their stations take, 710
And the still morning with explosions break—
The royal bulwarks answer from the shore,
And each at each conflicting vollies pour.

Now at the time, the fleet for action woke,
But ere their thunders on the welkin broke,
The early musick rattled from the drums—
Shrill to the 'larum of the ear it comes—
The troops attended to the martial sound,
And rose and stood in phalanx on the ground.
'The wonderous night they cherish'd as a dream— 720
And each to other told the marvellous theme.

Brown in the centre on his charger rode,
And thus the purpose of his bosom flow'd :

“ Ye sons of valiant sires ! behold, once more
We wave our standards on the royal shore.
We bend no look upon our path behind,
Till Albion's flag shall cease to ride the wind :

“ Scott, to thy guidance the advance I give—
Forsythe, support him and forever live.

Boyd, for thy fame, I render you command 730
Of Pike's, made widow'd by the treacherous band.
Reserv'd in rear of Scott, conduct them forth—
'Their souls' bright mettle is unsullid worth.
MacClure, you'll flank their wings upon the shore
With those of Albany and Baltimore.

“ When Chauncey's navy shall disturb the night,
We crowd the beach with nimble footstep light.
Oneida, Madison, and Lady, fair,
Will to yon point t' embark the troops, repair—

Others in barges will the oar apply 740
T' assault the foe with streamers waving high.
Lewis, and Ripley, and myself—on board
The Madison will sail—our aid afford
To strengthen Boyd's reserve——

“Hearken ! the sound
Of battering war reverberates around !
The ships of Chauncey 'gainst their bulwark now,
Drive forth to break and rout the cover'd foe.

“No more. By tens the tilting vessels crowd—
Hard case your bosoms for the onset proud.
Perry hath conquer'd on the lake above !— 750
An equal valour let the land strength prove !”

As swarming bees in merry month of May,
Hang round the hive on emigrating day,
Waiting the signal of the queen to move,
To seek a lodge in some sweet sugar grove ;—
Behold, she rises on her quivering wings—
The keen-vex'd air with clamorous buzzing rings,
Her thousands darken on her course behind,
And float redundant on the hollow wind :

Thus the battalions to the navy hie, 760
As twilight mantles in the orient sky.

Now when the enemy, who held the fort,
Heard the new thunderings of the ships' report,
Vincent, the general, from his slumbers broke,
And thus abruptly to his cohorts spoke :
(He'd left the battlements of Queenstown rock,
To fill in part the vacancy of Brock.)

“Whence this alarm ? And never will they tire,
And cease to blaze the fulminating fire ?

Is it reality, they dare intend 760

With desperate arm our fortified powers to bend ?

I'd thought the late past day at dusky even,

We'd sent sufficient of their souls to heaven—

But no—not satisfied—ere dawn of light,

They come audacious, and provoke the fight !

And let them come !—We'll show them Queenstown
blaze !

Their sightless vision fix'd at heaven shall gaze !

“ Myers, lead forth like meteor from a cloud,

And in the ravine your battalions crowd.

Behind the rocks them artfully dispose, 780

That not a file upon the shore may close.

Keep in your silence till you strike them down,

Nor fear the terror of the arm of Brown.

That pass alone can they the shores assail—

This their last life—Their efforts countervail.

“ I keep you waiting—vain for me to teach—

Let none unroyal violate the beach.”

The Britons heard, and leap'd with flying speed

To do as veterans—gain their sovereign's meed.

Myers, worthy of honour—(The Muse with pride, 790

Delights to publish though on Albion's side,)

Imparts his courage, passing through the shade

Of waning night, that none should feel dismay'd.

Cautious he leads them down the craggy steep,

O'er whose brown rocks the infant fountains weep ;

On the rude cliffs the wint'ry cedars live,

And life exuberant from the tears receive.

At times, young eagles, in their nests on high,

Scream to the winds that whistle mournfully.

Down this ravine the English ranks descend, 800
The rocky pass with valour to defend.
They crouch secure behind the jutting rocks,
T' avoid the violent—concussive shocks
Bursting from Chauncey's fleet, which flaming dash,
And the rude battlements in atoms crash—
But Myers, deliberate, visits every part,
And shows his warriors how to touch the heart.

Now Scott approaching with a conqueror's mien
Is by the royals from their ambush seen,
And Myers bespeaks his band: "They strike the shade,
Which by the cedars in the deep is made, 811
Ere that ye wake the slumber of the lead,
Then scorch their being through the heart or head.

"Invincibles! remember Queenstown Height—
How pale they shrunk and yielded up the fight!
I now conjure you to resist the shock,
And stand, and consecrate the death of Brock!
Of British chiefs, he stood the rarest flower—
He fell lamented, e'en by Freedom's power.
A generous enemy will weep the brave, 820
Though in the strife he'd open'd them the grave.
A coward ever will the world detest—
Yea, hold him hateful as a loathsome beast—
Hence, ever stand invincible, or die,
To sleep with honour where the valiant lie.

"Behold, their barges touch the quivering shade!
Aim where the centre of their life is laid!"

Ere the full echo of his voice was done,
A flinty sparkle quicken'd every gun.

The sound reverberating filled the glen, 830
And the deep caverns roll'd it back again.
Mad sung the lead at the Columbian powers,
But still they press'd impetuous to the shores.

“ Offspring of Liberty ! make bare the breast !”
Thus Scott the rising of his soul express'd,—
“ The smile of heaven pours light upon our path—
Roll on like thunder when it rolls in wrath.
What passing wonders on preceding even,
Burst into view, and sham'd the stars of heaven !
The courts celestial notice us above— 840
Yea—in the promise of high heaven we move !
The fight, the fame, the victory is ours—
An unseen Deity befriends our powers !”

Rich from his soul each jewel word was said,
Which made the eye start forward from the head.
The oarsmen felt it as they bent the blade,
And wing'd the barges to the rocky glade,
Whence Albion stream'd the fire : Around each
prow

High toss the waves,—foaming like wreaths of snow ;
Mad chafing to the stern they ebbing curl, 850
And round the half-seen keels tumultuous whirl.

While thus the barges dash'd with rapidness,
Of Scott, a bullet rent his bosom's dress.
Glancing his heart's best rib !—the singing death
Flew burning on to search for vital breath—
Touching the hero, stood the fair Hobart,
It drank his blood !—it graz'd along his heart,
Fracturing his bosom's bone—in fatal line,
Cruel it drove and flatten'd on the spine—

Small on his breast the stain of crimson shows— 860
But large, and frothing from his mouth it flows—
He points to heaven, and bids his band be true—
And soon death bathes him in his icy dew :

So when with hasty stroke a hardy swain
Sweeps with the scythe the verdure of the plain,
A tender lily falls and seems to die,
By quivering as it fades—with agony.

Scarce was the youth laid cold upon his bier,
When the advancement to the rocks drew near.
Scott, in his zeal—th' abundance of his soul, 870
Reckless of flames, which, sheeted, round him roll,
Leaps from the dashing pinnace—wades for shore,
While thousands aim to steep his breast in gore !

His imitating warriors flam'd with pride,
Spring from the barges—plunge into the tide—
Each eager, striving others to excel,
Which stirs the waters to a whitening swell.
But Hindman rushing,—of artillery band,—
Is first whose foot is honour'd with the land—
Others pour round him, battling as they form, 880
Their looks outscowling the descending storm :

Thus, like the gathering from Ontario's deep,
A cloud collects o'er Catskill's rocky steep—
At first, it grumbles with a feeble note,
While fire-charg'd folds around its borders float,
Scowling, and deepening, murky in their path,
And, as they mingle, magnify their wrath.
At length, the clouds thick congregate in one,
Whilst thunders thundering increasing groan—

Rolling the summit of the mount in fire, 890
Like Nature suffering on her funeral pyre :

Like this the warriors gather in their might,
While each augmenting swells the growing fight—
Scott pours his mandate forth : “ On—conquering
men !

On—charge impetuous through the rocky glen !
With pointed steel rush solid on the foe—
Let wasting death be seen in every blow !”

As when the winds collected under heaven,—
From either pole to the equator driven,
Meet in contention at the Amazon— 900
A sudden darkness fastens on the sun ;
From whirling eddies waterspouts arise,
Which lift the ocean to the blackening skies ;
The winds conflicting summon all their force,
And thunder up the stream to waste its course.
Destruction sweeps behind with deafening roar,
While the red tempests dash on either shore
The mighty flood—the bedded rocks are dry—
The loosen’d whirlwinds o’er the Andes fly—
And herds, and flocks, and man,—without a moan, 910
Die—forests crash—earth heaves a suffering groan :

Not this unlike—as, strong as forcing fire,
Scott thunders up the ravine !—foes expire,
Or fly like chaff in whirlwinds ! Myers weds the
field,

Glu’d in his blood, while hundreds fainting yield.

King, the firm patriot, bleeds upon the ground,
His thigh expos’d—blood gushing from the wound.
But yet untam’d, he wields his dripping sword,
Cheering his band by action and by word.

Forsythe pursues the routed through the wood, 920
And few in safety reach'd its solitude.

Meantime to disembark his warriors, Boyd
The every effort of his soul employ'd,
For such the lake was in commotion toss'd,
Too weak the winds to bear him on the coast.
At length, by th' impatient spirit of his band,
The vessels brave the storm—they reach the land.

Instant they form in column on the shore :
“ On to the Fort, and down the royal power !”

Boyd spoke—and is obey'd. Solid they tread 930
The dusty path with bayonets glimmering dread.
Scott joins his veterans to the General's band,
And takes his place as second in command.

The meantime Vincent, from the fort beheld
The various movements which the day reveal'd—
Saw Scott invade the shore, reckless of all
The bold exertions, pouring fire and ball,
Of valiant Myers. But when his legions fled,
To Manners, next in character, he said,
With frenzy in his eye : “ The shore is lost ! 940
Veterans—Invincibles—the Albion boast !
They bear upon the fort ! Touch the slow fire !
And while it burns let all that breathes retire !”

Hurried he fled. Manners the match-fire plies,
And, like an arrow, from the danger flies.
In crowds, the Britons wedge the narrow gate,
T' escape the soon explosion of their fate :

Thus were those patriots, who, by dastard power
Of Hull were yielded in a treacherous hour,

Convey'd, heart-anguish'd o'er the distant sea, 950
 Fetter'd with chains of iron cruelty—
 From thence, conducted to the walls of death,
 Dripping cold dew on Dartmoor's wizard heath.
 Once in the circuit of the sun of heaven,
 To them the breathing of the air is given—
 But lo, the keeper of the dungeon, Short—
 (Brother to him who bled at Croghan's fort,)
 To glut his vengeance for his brother's fall,
 Display'd his hellish band to flame the ball,
 And strike them to the earth : The order given—
 Swift through their breasts the burning leads were
 driven— 961

Back shrunk the patriots to a wedge close bound,
 While numbers falling, gasp'd upon the ground ;
 The smothering press augmenting at the door,
 Made their feet slippery with their brothers' gore !
 A frenzied horror glaring from their eye,
 Betray'd the soul in speechless agony !

Like them, the Britons crowd to shun the fort,
 And fly the ruin ready to report—
 They fly—but not in safety is their flight— 970
 Numbers surrender to the victors' might.
 Manners, to Riddle yields upon the road,
 To whom he kindness of his nature show'd.
 Newark, the fort, the country far and wide,
 Submit to terms.—Reduc'd is Albion's pride.

Lo, Hindman, Stockton, foremost in the strife,
 Rush in—and at the peril of their life—
 With soul-devotedness,—quick-handed snatch,
 Scorching the magazine, the fatal match !

A fraction of a moment, and the spark 980
Had rent the fort and dropp'd them in the dark !

Now Scott and Boyd the parapet arise,
And down the standard hateful to their eyes ;
Exulting mounts upon triumphant wings
The Bird of Jove !—whilst loud the welkin rings
With shouts of victory from tongue to tongue—
Redoubling thunders the proud theme prolong !

In joys sublime the victors spend the even—
But when the early stars are high in heaven,
Of grateful slumber they partake the feast,
Till morn shall blush with beauty in the east.

CANTO XXV.

COURT OF ST. JAMES'S, &c.

ARGUMENT.

The Royal Convocation....Brown takes possession of Fort Erie....

Drummond arrives at Little York....Sheffie joins the Army....

Riall encamps upon the Chippewa.

Scene—England, Fort George, Little York, Chippewa, and Fort Erie....The time is thirty-five days.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXV.

IN the same hour of victory, that George
Its flag surrender'd to the patriot charge,
Shelby enchain'd the Lion in his might,
And plac'd the Eagle on her native height.

And now the Fiend t' advance his hellish schemes,
Having conducted Proctor from the Thames,
Leaps at a bound th' Atlantick ocean o'er,
To seek fresh armies to invade the shore ;—
But ere he ventures to the Palace hall,
He casts his form in manner magical : 10

His wings he sloughs away, as snakes their skin,
Smoothing with art his thunder scars of sin.
A heavy blade he girds about his waist,
While badges of command his shoulders grac'd.
His age he represents in manhood's bloom—
Proud o'er his helmet nods a crimson plume,—
Like those at fashion's toilet, he anoints
With aromatics his elastick joints,
By which in part, he overcomes the scent
Of sulphur fumes—his native element.— 20

Assumes the very size, the look, the speech,
Of treacherous Elliot, ere he quits the beach.

Now as the sun's last farewell leaves the sky,
Stately he moves t' effect his embassy.

Soon he arrives before the palace gates,
And thus deceptive to the ward relates :

“ Behold, I come a herald to the king,
Late from the west, intelligence to bring.
My name is Elliot,—nor perhaps am I
Known as a stranger to his majesty.”

30

Forth to the king, the warder makes report,
Thron'd in the centre of his peers at court—
Gibbs, Pakenham, and Riall, Lambert, Keen—
Beckwith, and Cockburn, with a serpent's mien—
The Drummonds, Cochrane, smile upon the right—
Ross, Brooks, and Parker*—a Britannick knight—
Thornton, the gallant warrior—Gobbins, Lane,—
Late from the field of Waterloo and Spain—
And other chieftains of inferior name ;—
Their decorations render back the flame
Of golden lamps, which from the dome depend,
And round the hall a starry brilliance send,
Exposing all their princely toys to view—
The stars, the garters, and the ribands blue.

40

The ready porter, by the king's command,
Returns—and with a fashionable hand
Conducts the counterfeited Fiend to court,
Where little men chace butterflies for sport.

Scarce he the palace enter'd, when he fell
With flexile knee to aid his purpose well.

50

* Sir Peter Parker.

He look'd disorder'd with his soul struck dumb,
As though the tinsel had his nerves o'ercome.
He strove to greet the monarch—but his tongue
Denied its office to the courtly throng.

Him soon the king reliev'd : " Our subject, rise !
This modest blush is mark of wisdom wise.
This deep embarrassment of thine give o'er,
And let thy knee no longer kiss the floor.
From western wilds, your feelings must be strange,
When sudden introduc'd to splendid change : 60
Yes, for a time, the thoughts will scatter hence,
On first beholding such magnificence.

" T' exalt thy name, shall honours be conferr'd—
With Our own hand We gird thee with a sword.
The Knight of Raisin, We create thee now—
Your deeds have wove this garland for your brow.

" Our ear impatient for the tidings waits,
For lo, We've heard Our cause debilitates."

The monarch thus. And thus th' Invisible :
" Dread Sire ! thy bounties other kings excel ! 70
Could but my tongue find language for my heart—
But not the power of nature, or of art,
Could with the feelings of my breast accord
To render thanks for honours you've conferr'd !

" Most true, I've aided Proctor in the strife,
And urg'd the savages in waste of life—
Yea—have I smil'd to see them choke in gore
Those ancient traitors to thy royal power !

" Though I, unhappy, in the States was bred—
I soon by instinct from their borders fled— 80
Fled from confusion, where the *low* are free,
To kneel adoring to thy Sovereignty !

“ But O, now deign to bend thy gracious ear,
And thou thy triumphs from the west shalt hear :

“ At the next solstice, when at Raisin’s shore,
We gain’d the field and sprinkled it with gore,
Shelby, with thousands of Kentuckians strong,
Pass’d Erie’s ocean—follow’d us along,
Full to the Thames—but there, severe we stood—
Breasted the fight, and melted them in blood. 90
Proctor contended like a lion bold—
The deaths his falchion gave, were manifold.
Rout, rout ensu’d—wings, centre—all entire—
Swift we pursu’d them like a cloud of fire.

“ Though rent in piecemeal were their ranks,
complete,
And the Republick found a dead defeat,
Yet won it was, most grievous to our loss—
Tecumseh fell defending England’s Cross !
Kentucky’s monster, Johnson, in the strife,
Bereft the warrior of his potent life. 100
Thy crown has gain’d a diamond by the fight—
Full equal that, when Proctor put to flight
Croghan, a wasp, that held Sandusky Fort,
Of which thy messengers have made report.

“ While these events at Erie’s lake transpir’d,
Which rais’d thy standard to its height desir’d,
Around Ontario, the gloomy Brown
Display’d his strength to pull your glory down.—
The different towns at which he made his charge,
Were Queenstown, Kingston, Little York, and
George— 110

But at the former village and the last,
Vincent subdu’d his standards at a blast.

Sheffie, at York exploding magazine,
 Smote them with death, appalling to be seen.
 Pike fell—whose name the stoutest heart appall'd—
 A storm in fight, like heaven with fire inthrall'd.

“ But far the proudest deed remains untold,
 Achiev'd by Prevost—never yet controll'd—
 Distrust me not, that I the truth make large—
 Twelve ships of battle yielded to his barge ! 120
 Yet paus'd he not, but rush'd upon their town,
 And swept the whole, defended by their Brown !
 These deeds make dark what Nelson ever done—
 The loftiest captain of the English throne—
 Outshine the victories of Hillyar, Brook—
 Redeeming all that Perry from us took
 On Erie's flood—some crazy vessels there—
 The whole Republick rings with the affair—
 The same would be to take a royal hare.

“ I feel that I must pause : 'Twould waste the
 night, 130
 Should I attempt thy honours to recite.”

He ended. Thus the king : “ It gives Us joy
 To hear you tell how We Our foes destroy.
 But now relate, how Henry holds his course
 To bribe New-Albion to admit Our force.”

His manner show'd concern : The Fiend began :
 “ Dread Sovereign ! name him not—a treacherous
 man !

Lo, by the influence of the tempting gold,
 He every purpose to betray them sold.”—

“ Sold !—not possible ! What, New-Albion gone ?
 Our hopes are blasted—lost—forever done !

Disaster crowns disaster ! Why did We
Send such a serpent-traitor o'er the sea ?
Our faithful friends will smother up their face—
This, this defeats Us—cover'd with disgrace !”

His passion chok'd the passage of his breath :
“ Too rapid are thy fears—’twill prove their death !
No—not a friend that offer'd Us their hand,
Of whom is Strong, the bulwark of the land,
Believes your Majesty would send a spy 150
To alienate their hearts from Liberty—
But they behold it as a luring art,
Contriv'd by Madison of murderous heart,
That their affections might from thee withdraw,
And league with him to prosecute the war :
Hence, they more keen his purposes deride,
And far more stable in their faith abide.

“ At my departure with the rapid wind,
Convention of the States employ'd their mind.
Perhaps the moment now, while yet I speak, 160
A fatal blow to Liberty they strike.
Lo, this Convention will divide the chain,
Which long hath barr'd thee from thy rightful reign—
When sunder'd is the link, with ease thy hand
Will sway the royal sceptre o'er the land—
A land so vast, its very lakes would float
The British Isle as some inferior moat.—
As they themselves the savages subdu'd,
By arming these to shed the others' blood,
So one part aiding, you'll the other cast, 170
And then, with Alfred will thy name be class'd :”

The Fiend was silent. Thus rejoin'd the King :
“ Sweet sounds thy voice as musick's softest string.

Their civil broils will break their union chain,
And soon We'll rule them colonies again !
Never, no more for China they rebel—
Hard on their neck will We impress Our heel.

“ But ere you came, intelligence We heard
Which more alarm'd Us than the lifted sword—
'Twas a deep plan invented by Monroe, 180
To class and draw an army from the plough !
Should this become perfected into law,
Then, not too soon would We Our flag withdraw—
Instruct Our ministers conven'd at Ghent,
To sign their proffer'd peace and be content,
And stay hostilities. All—all is lost—
Yea—all the victories that now We boast !
Tell Us, Sir Knight, if aught that thou hast heard
Of this We speak—a double-edged sword !”

Thus he. And thus the counterfeited Fiend : 190
“ Monroe breathes war—in every look—a Fiend.
His scheme at first intimidated all—
For in its passage we foredoom'd our fall—
But while despairing—providential fate !—
To save our cause, arose an advocate—
His name was suited to the task—'twas King—
Or Scott, or Byron will his praises sing :
For, by his eloquent—alarming voice,
He prov'd the plan the veriest tyrant's choice—
Proclaim'd it conscript—murder—cruelty, 200
That man in arms should for his country die !
That sons should cause their mothers' hearts to break,
Compell'd to battle for their Freedom's sake !
Self immolation—horrid scenes of death—
Spectres—whose residence is hell beneath—

Were all brought forth in eloquence, a storm
Which blank'd the nation to approve the form.

“ This effort at conscription, royal Sire !
Has added fuel to the factious fire—
Aids their Convention presently to meet 210
To break the league their bondage to complete.
Yea—Maryland—a Sovereign-loving State,
Has render'd thanks to Briton's advocate !
Hence, cast away those cares from off thy brow—
Before thy throne, as colonies they'll bow.

“ King of the Anchor'd Isle ! thy friends thus far,
Have strove their might to benefit the war,
But all their means are not sufficient strong,
To bear their measures with success along :
They give thee thanks for ample sums of gold, 220
Scarce in the power of numbers to be told—
But now, they crave you in their utmost need,
Forth to despatch an army to their aid.
They pray your Highness to assail Castine,
And take possession of the state of Maine,
That, should the President attempt to seize
Strong, for his love of British monarchies,
They might,—supported with the English force,
Divide the Union and resist his course :

“ This from the States :—From Canada I bear 230
The voice of Prevost to your royal ear,—
He pleads you'll send him large divisions o'er.
T' invade the nation with o'erwhelming power.

“ Having thy foot upon the tyrant's neck,
Who made the earth a Golgotha—a wreck—
And chain'd him to a Rock, where the deep howl
Of reeling ocean breaks upon his soul—

Now, that this monster of the earth is low,
With strength unbroken, thou canst smite the foe—
Advance the Cross resplendent to the sky, 240
And strangle Freedom in its infancy !

“ Boston, though once thy most ungovern'd child,
Illum'd her capitol till Ocean smil'd,
And to the height of heaven her fire-trains sent,
In proud rejoicings for this grand event—
Knowing that now no obstacle debars
Their ancient Monarch to advance their cause !

“ Here my commission ends,—which brief I've told,
That you with wisdom may your plans unfold.”

His Highness smil'd, though pleasure mov'd his
breast, 250

And this effusion to the Fiend express'd :

“ Elliot, thy words bear musick in their strain—
A gladness dances through my every vein.
Your name with laurell'd honours will increase—
You've steep'd Our bosom in the wine of bliss !

“ Ye nobles, now attend, whilst We express
The plan We've laid their Freedom to efface :

“ Drummond, 'tis thine, with fifty ships to weigh,
And on the lakes, your conquerors display—
In twice ten vessels, Hardy, make Castine, 260
And spread your forces through the State of Maine :
Of all New Albion, We create you now,
Our faithful viceroy, when to Us they bow.
Employ smooth friendship—no suspicion wake,
Till their divisions shall the Union break,
Then, with the bayonet, at their bosoms rush,
And, at a blow, their Independence crush.

No more with them shall Liberty be known—
Their stubborn joints shall humble to the throne !
Their Freedom shall be dust beneath Our feet ! 270
Their subjugation shall be made complete !
Does not the horse unrein'd at random fly,
Snuffing the wind—defiance in his eye—
But with the curb we make him fear to move,
Save in the manner that Our wills approve :
Thus will We curb their wild licentiousness,
Till they, as subject, shall Our Crown confess.

“ What moles—how blind in feuds to disunite,
By which, with ease, We conquer in the fight.
They flattering think We nurse them in Our heart, 280
And so We do, for poison to impart.
By civil broils We'll sever one by one,
Till We shall reign—their Liberties undone !

“ The time that Hardy holds New Albion there,
Strength must be brought against the South to bear :

“ Cockburn, new-grac'd with honours from thy
king,
From the Bermudas at return of spring,
Against Virginia, move with fire and sword—
Beckwith, and Ross, will sail your fleet on board.

“ And noble Pakenham with Cochrane, sail 290
With Spain-proud veterans to the same fair Isle.
Keene, Gibbs, and Lambert, will your chiefs compose
To sack Orleans, and every outlet close
To western governments. Drummond, pursue,
Routing the foe till you the north subdue ;
By which We'll hold them in the Lion's grasp,
Till the young Hydra shall convulsive gasp,

Strangling in death ! Then, glorious shall We reign
From shore to shore, and sweep the earth's domain !”

Seated, the Monarch his commands express'd, 300
And each withdrew with royal favours grac'd,
Ready at day to cleave the ocean west.

At length, the silver gates of light unfold,
And sweet-ey'd Morn, array'd in spotless gold,
Comes dancing forth with all her laughing train
Of Joys and Loves—the deities that reign
In heaven's delicious hour—filling the round
Of full creation with inspiring sound.

The regal multitude embark their ships,
And plough with crooked keels the curling deeps. 310
Drummond proceeds—half savage in his soul,
To gain the lakes and overcome the whole,
York and the Mountain State. Hardy, serene,
Directs his compass for the port Castine.
Cochrane, and Packenham, with thousands vast,
For the Bermudas cleave the watery waste.
Ross, Warren, Beckworth, Cockburn, and the rest,
Cut the green ocean, sailing south by west.

The Fiend, in shape of Elliot, bade farewell,
And then resum'd his lineaments of hell— 320
Hied to the mountain, like a passing cloud,
To give commissions to his Stygian crowd.

Now at the time, the royal-mantled power
Gather'd in troops to leave the Albion shore,
The mist of morning floating soft in heaven,
At conquer'd George,—renerv'd for action given,

Columbians rose—Brown form'd in marching train,
And hasty led them o'er the dew-sown plain.

Soon they in sight of Erie's fort advance,
Where in the breeze the English standards dance. 330
Th' opposing walls, Scott, Ripley, Boyd, surround—
Morters explode, and bursting bombs rebound.
The fortified soon at the command of Buck,—
Who held the monarch's name—the Lion struck.
The Eagle rises in her pride of state,
While Freedom Stars the heavens illuminate.

In ready barges, Stockton bears the foe
Across the lake, and lands at Buffaloe.

Scarce Stockton pass'd the wave, when lo, in sight,
A yawl shines o'er the liquid mirror light, 340
In which, through space unknown, two chiefs appear,
And Brown to Ripley broach'd their character :

“ What boat comes leaping o'er the lake afar ?
Some message,—I presume from Shelby's war.
Since Perry plac'd his name in brilliance high,
Brightening through ages till eternity,
Nothing relating to the army west,
Hath reach'd my ear to give me interest.”

This scarce was utter'd, when they made the shore—
Campbell, and Wood—hearts finish'd to the core—350
Campbell, at Mississinewa with flame,
Had made the wildness of the savage tame ;
Wood held affections to each patriot dear,
Skill'd in the art the bulwark mound to rear.

A salutation having pass'd with each,
Campbell began with animated speech :

“ Behold, to you I glorious tidings bear,
Which gives my heart new pleasure to declare.

“ Shelby, immortal, hath sublim'd the Thames,
Crowning with quenchless light a host of names ! 360
Foremost of whom, the Johnsons stand enroll'd—
Their deeds are worthy to be grav'd in gold.
The foe hath felt a retribution just—
The humbled Lion laps the bleeding dust !”

He paus'd. This answer was the voice of Brown :
“ I've heard with ravishment thy great renown !
The deeds of Shelby nothing can surpass—
His name is written nor in stone nor brass,
Which time corrodes insensible to dust—
But in the heasts of all the brave and just ! 370
Nor will the Johnson Character decay
While virtue warms life's animated clay.

“ You'll now remain and aid our efforts here—
We'll strive to move in Shelby's proud career.
Campbell, thy name is number'd with the good,
Take thou th' Eleventh Regiment—And Wood,
This fort establish new.——

“ Rumour hath said,
That peace in Europe whelms our Freedom dead ;
That England now with all her strength will come,
And, at a blow our Liberties consume— 380
But something whispers me like sainted faith,
That we our efforts will make good in death.
To meet this cloud that's gathering from the east,
Here we'll abide, till numbers are increas'd.”

As Brown to each commission'd had assign'd,
They take their stations resolute in mind—

Wood shows his judgment by his skilful lines,
And every chief commends his just designs.
Brown moves from battery to bastion round
With silent tongue, but speaking eye profound. 390
A glance suffices to express his mind,
As on he passes by the work design'd ;
Though not unfrequent where the labour smokes,
A smile approving brightens in his looks :

So active beavers with prudential care,
When autumn comes and strips the forest bare,
Like brothers in affliction, harmonize
To raise a shelter from inclement skies :
Part, with their teeth, young alders fell to earth,
While others to the stream convey them forth, 400
And span them o'er the flood. Others, at hand,
Bury the spoils against them in the sand—
Part gather leaves and autumn's yellow grass
To dam the hurrying water in its pass—
While others, timber for the sills provide,
Which firm they fix superior to the tide—
All without tumult ply their different parts—
A unity of hands, a unity of hearts.
The elder beaver, wise through lapse of years,
Directs the labour and the labourer cheers : 410

Equal excitement stimulates the free,
To trench and wall against the enemy—
And, like the beaver honour'd with command,
Brown eyes the work—encourages the band.

While thus for thirty suns they held their toil,
Warriors assembled to defend the soil :
The veteran Swift, whose locks were hoary white,
Had nobly fought the Revolution fight.

And Gaines, Virginia's son, in song to dwell,
For his defending of the fort so well. 420
MacNiel, and Harrison, Jessup, Leavensworth—
And Crocker, Ketchum,—valiant from their birth.
Brady, and Gibson, whose proud bosoms glow'd
To do such deeds as Time could ne'er corrode.
These names and others for the cause as one,
Unite to do the purposes of Brown.

But who approaches by himself alone ?
'Tis he, whose heart is like a marble stone,
When burns the strife—but when the flame is o'er,
Forgiving mercy softens every pore— 430
Miller !—no other could it be. At Tip'canoe,
The savage backward from his presence flew—
Fix'd at Magagaw like a tower he stood,
And made Earth's bosom red with hostile blood ;
But Hull, the traitor, yielded up the brave—
Since which dark period, in a dungeon grave
He'd been immur'd—remote from man and heaven—
But he for Barclay in exchange was given.

Brown clasps the warrior—binds him to his breast—
And after pausing—his full soul express'd : 440

“ My friend—my brother—in the field of fame !—
Thy country speaks thy honour with acclaim !
What happy fortune gives thee to my heart ?
My tongue is slow my feelings to impart !
Oft hath my bosom felt a widowhood,
To think the sufferings of thy solitude.
To thy command the Twenty-First I give—
Thy worth alone would cause its name to live.”

Thus he. And Miller then : “ Frequent I’ve
heard,
Though deep endungeon’d, of thy potent sword, 450
Yes, by their whisperings with a pausing check,
I glean’d thy deeds, though prison’d at Quebec,—
Where thither we were borne in triumph down,
When Hull disgraceful knelt before the crown.
Brock was a soldier generous and humane—
I partial wept to hear the warrior slain ;
But when that we to others were consign’d,
Scarce one possess’d a nobleness of mind.
On as we pass’d with torture at our heart,
They sharp’d unfeeling the transfixing dart. 460
But what severe ran burning through our blood,
Was as we sigh’d our sorrows on the road
Through Montreal—to strike our nation’s air !
It seem’d each note would cut my bosom bare !
I cannot speak the pain !—We’ll stay the theme—
But it shall edge my sword with death’s pale gleam !”
This said. He hied him to his post assign’d,
No feeling earthly, habiting his mind.

While thus defensive stands the strength of Brown,
Drummond arrives to tread the nation down— 470
Enters the Lawrence with his streamers proud—
And ships on ships in gloomy prospect crowd,
Like clouds that sweep successive over heaven,
When by the violence of tempests driven.
They blaze their thunders as they pass Quebec—
And still ascend, till shallow waters check

Their farther progress up the narrowing flood.—
 Swift they debark a thronging multitude,
 Crowding the path with vengeance in their eye,
 Like red clouds kindling in the morning sky. 480

Drummond consults at Kingston with Prevost,
 The manner to invade the Freedom coast.
 By which consult, Drummond, to gain renown,
 Is first to conquer the unconquer'd Brown.

From Kingston, Yeo bears him up the lake,
 And lands at York, the *free* to overtake.

On the next morn, the sun ascending bright,
 Sheffie arriv'd at York in meagre plight—
 His head dishevelled—naked to the air—
 And beard obscene, and eye with hollow glare. 490
 Long had he stray'd bewilder'd through the wood,
 To fly the shadow of the scalp of blood.
 The want of food reduc'd him to his mind,
 As clouds, thin wasted, leave no shade behind.

In this low misery, he Drummond found—
 Riall, and other characters around :

“ Drummond ! I'm famish'd—sinking with the
 dead !

My royal brother, quick provide me bread !—
 Give with the bread the purple draught divine—
 My soul is fainting—O restore with wine ! 500
 Death knocks upon my heart ”——

“ What wretch are you,
 Who thus unblushingly for favours sue ?

Is this the cast of beggars o'er the flood
To claim relationship with royal blood ?
Begone—nor dare thy starving suit to urge,
Or thou shalt feel the smarting of the scourge !”

“ I call'd thee brother—not allied by blood,
But by my title, equally as good.
Thou must remember when we fought in Spain—
The same ship bore us o'er the tossing main. 510
You, Sheffie must remember—sure you must,
Though bare, and starving, and begrimm'd with dust !”

Drummond observ'd him with a closer eye,
And scann'd his features through his poverty :

“ And do I view in such debasing plight,
My proud associate in the field of fight ?
You must have fled the dungeon. Forth declare !
They must have starv'd thee with dishonour'd fare.
Speak—tell me all—But stay—th' attendants bring
Wines of rich flavour—viands nourishing.” 520

The starving Sheffie with devouring look,
Void of a choice, the readiest cheer partook ;
For biting hunger throws restraint aside,
Scorning the pimps of fashionable pride.

At length, his violence of hunger stay'd,
To Drummond, he this deep deception said :

“ Yeo, heart-contracting cruelty I've seen
From those unmerciful, half savage men.
To arms o'erpowering, I was forc'd to yield—
Down from my horse they dragg'd me o'er the field.
My sword was lost as on the earth I fell—
My helmet—as they drew me by the heel.

Five days they perish'd me—far worse than we
Ever reduc'd their sailors on the sea.

“ Thus wretched were my sufferings, till the sun
Five tedious circles round the heavens had run,
When lo, a larum sounded in the night—
Amidst the tumult I made good my flight.
In safety soon I pass'd beyond the crowd—
But found myself bewilder'd in a wood 540
Vast in extent. Three days I drank the flood,
Sickening in hope for vitalizing food.
Fainting, I felt that death would soon o'erwhelm
My failing life—but on the bark of elm
I stay'd my ebbing blood. At length, despair
Fix'd on my heart, as wolves forsake their lair
To howl at midnight ! 'neath a sheltering rock,
I laid me down—Adieu to life I took—
I felt Death's hand against my breast to knock !

“ But lo, as Venus deck'd the eastern sphere, 550
I heard the welcome voice of chanticleer !
I started at the sound—for well I knew
A shelter was at hand, which thrill'd me through.

“ I gain'd the cottage gate as dawn'd the light—
How beat my heart with transport exquisite !
But fate pursu'd me still—In twilight dark,
Two wolf-like dogs commenc'd a surly bark,
And sprang to seize me in their pointed teeth !
Backward I flew—and strong appear'd my breath—
For though exhausted with fatigue and pain, 560
The pressing danger call'd my strength again.

“ Once more I wander'd, weary and forlorn—
The spark of life just brightening to be gone.

The path obscure, with fainting, slow I trod,
 And soon I found me on the open road.
 I heard the rumbling of a drum remote,
 And stood, and hearken'd breathless to the note,
 Cautious I follow'd whence the echo came,
 To learn, or friend, or enemy, the name.
 A dance of joys came rushing on my mind, 570
 To mark the Cross exalted in the wind !

“ I now, in part, my history have told,—
 But O, my sorrows have been manifold !”

He ceas'd. And Drummond with impassion'd
 heat :

“ I'll grind them fine—yea—dust beneath my feet !
 Insulting to Nobility ! O tell—
 Swift—brief declare, where darkening they conceal,
 That I at once their power may overcome,
 And every village with a fire consume !”

Sheffie with hasty accent : “ Broke by despair, 580
 My mind bewilder'd, scarce can tell you where—
 At Little York———

“ But who approaches nigh ?
 Vincent ! minute thy *will* to satisfy.”

Scarce these expressions said, when Vincent came,
 By future actions to enlarge his name.
 To Drummond's ear he open'd the defeat
 Of George surrendering 'neath the Eagle's height ;
 And then describ'd the character of Brown,
 Sweeping from Erie's fort their banner down.

Drummond stood kindling as he gave the word, 590
 And in his passion seiz'd upon his sword :

“ And who is Brown you character so high ?
His strength before us will be infancy !

“ Riall, proceed with your division forth,
And search this Brown and rout him from the north ;
Holt, Holland, Wallbeck, Eldridge, Woodville, Keith—
The Marquis, Dyott, Gordon, Plenterleath—
Names battle-proof—will second your design
To break their ranks, or fort to undermine,
And when I measures ample shall devise, 600
Forth I shall move to lead the enterprize.”

Riall, the instant of the order, rose,
And mounted with an air that valour shows—
Marshall'd his legions—wheel'd them to the west,
And march'd with triumph looming in his breast.

He held his progress, till the radiant sun,
Had thrice effulgent o'er creation run ;
But on the fourth—thron'd in meridian high,
Darting his golden arrows from the sky,
He reach'd the Chippewa—its northern bank— 610
Halted in line, by wheeling each his rank.
They pitch their campment and its front defend,
T' observe the ground ere farther they ascend.

The meantime Riddle with a jealous eye,
Wide scour'd the land invasion to descry.
As fleet he cours'd along Niagara's flood,
He kenn'd th' approaching of the Albion blood.
He clomb a hill—there saw them trench the field—
And then, for Erie swift his charger steel'd.

Leaving the wind, regain'd he soon the fort— 620
Enter'd—to Brown deliver'd the report :

“ Lo, as I scouted by Niagara's tide,
Distant a cloud of heavy dust I spied,
Thickening and blackening as I urg'd my way—
Veiling from earth the blazing noon of day.
Gaining the summit of a hill, mine eyes
Beheld a scene that aw'd me with surprise.
Broad o'er the plains, beyond my utmost ken,
As thick as moving swarms were Albion men !
They seem'd like clouds red lowering in the sky, 630
Dipp'd in the crimson of the solar dye.

“ As they advanc'd—back I retreated slow,
Tracing minute each motion of the foe.
At length, upon the Chippewa they stood,
Rough in their arms—a threatening multitude.
Though far remote—yet aided by my glass,
I saw them run their lines along the grass.
The earth they wounded as I rein'd my steed
To bear to you th' intelligence with speed,
Pregnant with lowering war—ere on the earth, 640
From leaden urns night pour'd its darkness forth.”

Brown sat in silence at the news he brought,
His brows close kni—immers'd in pondering thought :

So sits a stately lion in his den,
When from afar he hears the cry of men,
And dogs, half wolf, come dashing through the wood
To drench the earth with his unconquer'd blood.
His whelps and lioness beside him stand
To hear his voice and move at his command.

He weighs what plan will answer him the best— 650
His tongue is silent, while his labouring breast
Deep rolls from thought to thought—whether to out
And meet the hunters—his assailants rout,
Or on defensive, in his cave to stand,—
Muster his strength to overcome the band—
By turns he starts,—depress'd his shaggy brows,
While his deep eye a lowering meteor shows :

So Brown sat pondering with his head declin'd—
At length, abruptly he reveal'd his mind :

“ To Ripley's ear in secrecy, alone, 660
Make the advancing of the English known.
Bid him the troops to sleep upon their arms,
And sentries double, for the night alarms.”

Brief the commission—Riddle wheel'd—retir'd,
And gave the order as the chief desir'd.

Brown held his seat unmov'd within his tent—
His every thought upon the subject bent,
While the wax tapers by their lengthening wick,
With doubtful glimmerings the pavilion streak.

While musing thus, behold, in vision came 670
Fredonia—clad in the immortal name
Of Washington, the wise, the great, the good,
With whom, none mortal bear similitude—
She took the fashion of his lofty height—
Her brows encompass'd with celestial light—
Her eye reveal'd the passion of his breast,
When kings the terror of his arm confess'd.

The soul of Brown was overcome with awe,
When deeply wrapp'd in aching thought he saw
'The vision'd Form !—he startled with his fear— 680
His eye roll'd wild—erect, like quills his hair
Stood on his head ! But soon his joints relax,
And all his sinew'd strength melts down like wax :

“ Fear not, my son !—be not thy soul dismay'd—
Firm on the virtue of thy heart be stay'd,
'Tis for my country from the bless'd abodes,
I've bent my flight, where all enjoy as Gods
Divine beatitude ! Yea—thee I love,
Though in the element of heaven above.

“ With sympathy of heart I felt thy pain, 690
Whether to lead thine arms upon the plain,
Or stand upon defence : But doubt no more—
Cautious proceed and meet them with thy power.
But I'm restrain'd the future scenes to tell,
That thou, unguided may'st thy mind reveal.
For ardent battle be thy soul prepar'd.
And immortality is thy reward.”

She spoke, and vanish'd in a flood of gold,
Pure as the beams that seraphim unfold—
Not like those rays that from the mirror fly, 700
Whose dazzling glance strikes blindness on the eye—
But soft, luxurious as the brow of even—
Drawing the gaze of mortal up to heaven.

“ Translated Chief !—of honour'd names the first,
That ever wore the cumbering robes of dust !
How sweet the musick utterance of thy tongue—
Sweet as an angel's in the midst of song !

I feel unworthy to be call'd thy son,
Wonder of earth !—transcendent Washington !—
A name that Heaven delights to dwell upon !” 710

Brown could no more—his every nerve was spent—
With soul o'erpower'd he sunk in languishment :

So when Elijah, while the seraph choir
Fill'd heaven with anthems—on the wings of fire
Mounted sublime above the stars on high,
That zone the footstool of the Deity—
Elisha mark'd his marvellous ascent,
Which held his soul in bless'd astonishment.
But when fair angels turn'd the gate aside,
O'erpower'd with heaven,—he fainted—partial
died ! 720

CANTO XXVI.

BATTLE OF CHIPPEWA.

ARGUMENT.

Brown marches from Fort Erie to Street's Creek....Skirmishings between the Advance Guard of either Army....The Battle on the Plains of Chippewa.

The scene is laid at the above-mentioned places....The time is about thirty-six hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXVI.

A DOUBTFUL twilight lines the hills with gray—
But soon the Morning brightens into day,—
A virgin smiling with the eye of love,
Thus sweet she blushes, clad in vestments wove
Of silver clouds, by angel forms on high,
In chambers hung with heavenly tapestry.

When day effulgent quicken'd in the skies,
The patriots rose for martial exercise—
But when the tidings struck upon their ear,
Of Riall, fortified with thousands near, 10
They felt as standing on a precipice,
Which caus'd a freezing of their blood, like ice,
Till Brown in centre of the columns rode,
And this proud language on their hearts bestow'd :

“ Look every eye at heaven !—its beams invite
Our banners to unfold to meet the fight !
Be men, be warriors, equal to your birth,
And fear no foe that treads upon the earth.
What though in thronging multitudes they come,
With bold intent to smite us to the tomb, 20

Yet ever keep in memory, ye brave,
Where kings are rulers, man is but a slave.
And what's a slave ? an animal, the worst,
That creeps the earth—a thing supremely curst !
But Freedom is your boon ! For this, ye toil—
For Independence of your birth-right soil—
Not slavish hirelings, train'd to massacre,
But Freemen, battling for the character,—
Far from the thralldom of a slave to live,
And to your children,—pure the blessing give 30
The tree of Liberty, of golden fruit—
Vigorous,—in bloom—unshaken at its root !

“ Have ye not faith to overcome in war,
Those who for Kings unsheath the scimitar ?
I feel your thoughts !—to wield the sword with
power—
On heaven's own breath the Eagle's wing shall
tower !”

As when fierce Sirius in his drought comes forth,
And drinks the vital moisture of the earth,
The trees, exhausted of the limpid springs,
Hang down their heads with mournful sorrowings—40
A shower descends—rich with the sweets of heaven !
To every plant a quickening life is given—
The trees from languor, in their verdure rise,
And wave their heads in honour to the skies :

So rose the patriots from their downcast look,
When Brown expressive of his feelings spoke,
And fill'd their ears with musick. Soon again,
His voice is heard in a commanding strain :

“ How my soul glories to behold you now,
Fix'd in resolve to make their standards bow ; 50

And on the tablet of remembrance live,
While from yon orb the earth shall light receive !

“ Gaines, to your care the fortress is resign’d—
Watch every pass with jealousy of mind.
Morgan, with rifles will our rear defend
From lurking scouts as we the path descend.
Scott, in the van, your bold battalions lead—
Towson, in centre, with your brass proceed.
Ripley, whose sword was bar’d with Covington,
Guide your division to the combat on. 60
Hindman, move next—Porter, your volunteers
Advance, to give them life beyond their years.
Swift, with a brow that tells of wintry age,
Lead to the field their standards to engage.

“ Now let the drums the marching musick strike !
Warriors, be mindful of the name of Pike !”

Each with impatience heard. The whistling fife,
And maddening drum, excite the soul to strife.
They step the beat with bosoms kindling fire,
Lifted above mortality’s desire. 70
Bright on their burnish’d steels the beams of day
Glance, wheel, and flash with vividness away—
And, as the streamers in the breeze unfold,
They sweetly lace them with the threads of gold.

As Venus glitter’d on her eastern throne,
Rial to Gordon made his movements known :

“ By what have I of the Columbians heard,
They wield like veterans a destroying sword.
Stubborn the truth—their manner in the fight
Too often on our tongues hath sounded light, 80

Hence, I with caution shall their lines assail,
That when we strike, our bayonets may prevail.

“ This to accomplish, instant you’ll repair
To the next stream of rapid character ;
Bulwarks erect, where o’er it spans an arch—
No hostile banner suffer there to march ;
For should the pass our enemies command,
’Twould for a time compel us to a stand.”

Gordon, swift wheeling with his train departs,
All like himself possess’d of valiant hearts. 90
And as the sun sprinkles with gold the wood,
They gain the bridge that overspans the flood.
With trench and mound they fortify its bank,
Should Brown approach his columns to disrank.

When stood the sun in zenith of his height,
The Cross its upper folds half wav’d in sight
Of Riddle’s band—in royal arrogance,
As they proceeded in the bold advance.
And soon by Scott at distance were descried
The new-pil’d works, which him a pass denied. 100

When Scott severe, th’ obstructing foe beheld—
The banners and the plumes—the rest conceal’d,
Crocker, and Towson, he commanded forth—
Warriors whose bosoms held a gem of worth :

“ Your cannon, Towson, plant on yonder ridge
With cedars shaded o’er,—and clear the bridge.
Crocker, in secret pass the stream above,
Ready the compass of your heart to prove.
At favour’d moment with the steel descend,
When Towson from its height their flag shall bend.”

Scarce his tongue's echo on the air had died,
When forward wheel'd the heroes in their pride—
Towson his cannon planted on the ridge,
Which, by its height, o'erlook'd th' opposing bridge,
And on the foe such conflagration cast,
That soon precipitate he fled the blast.

But Gordon drew his sword—the flight suppress'd :
“ And hold you nothing valiant in your breast ?
Whence was this paleness ?—where ? The bridge
set fires !

He, who shall shrink, with infamy expires !”

Threat'ning he spoke, and back in anger strode—
His cohort follows to the scene of blood.
Reckless of Towson's thunders from the ridge,
With lighted brands they rush upon the bridge !
In vain his deep explosions thin his foes—
Others advancing the battalion close.

The arch is lost in flame—but in its stead,
A bridge remains compos'd of numbers dead.

By this, unknown, had Crocker pass'd the stream,
And at their life elanc'd the sheeted flame ; 130
Full on their rear, as they retreat commenc'd,
And to the foe his courage evidenc'd.

Gordon his charger rein'd—to Harvey thus,
A chief of mounted warriors valorous :

“ Charge—wall them with steel ! Let your fal-
chion gleam
And show its lightning edge ! From o'er the stream,
No succour can relieve them ! Strike them down—
Their standard bent subjected to the crown.”

Scarce Harvey waited the concluding word,
When forth his squadron to the charge he spurr'd, 140
Each bending o'er the field a threatening sword—
Their numbers hem the few—the patriot few,
And strive with falchion point to pierce them through.
They strive in vain!—In martial square firm lock'd,
The Spartan band resist the charge unshock'd.
Like ridge of steel the Albions wall them round—
Republick warriors,—kingly, press the ground.
Crocker, no longer able to withstand

The pressing weight, proclaims with lifted brand :

“ Break down the circle—with the bayonet, break !
Stand with the soul erect ! The effort make ! 151
Shelter in yonder cottage ! Charge or die—
Think not of yielding, till the heart is dry !”

He scarce had finish'd, when the foe was broke,
So full of death was the impetuous stroke !

Thus, when the natives from Ohio came
T' explore Kentucky in pursuit of game,
They lit in circle round the grass with fire,
To cause their hunt, converging to retire—
Bears, wolves, and panthers compass'd with their
death, 160

Snuff'd at the blaze, and blew it with their breath.
As back reluctant, by the flames repell'd,
Their bristling backs their desperate hearts reveal'd—
'Twas death to linger—driven to despair,
They pierc'd the flames, and gain'd the open air :

So Crocker's band, determin'd ne'er to yield,
Cut through—and gain the freedom of the field,
Arms dripping blood, they to the cottage hie,
While tramping on their rear the enemy !

Shelter'd—fire bathes the foe ! Th' imperial
pride 170

Sinks to the earth with slaughter satisfied.
They break and scatter from the wasting scene,
Leaving subdu'd their stoutest-hearted men.

Crocker returns rejoicing in his fame,
For loud, and far, was echo'd forth his name.

The arch the patriots presently rebuild,
And in due order camp upon the field.
Each in position govern'd by his rank—
And soon their bulwarks line the streamlet's bank.

The meantime Gordon with his band repass'd 180
The Chippewa, with meddling thought harrass'd.
With heavy brow he enter'd Riall's tent,
And circumstantial told the late event.

“ Freedom advances like a hurrying flame !
Lo, I return, compell'd to leave the stream !
But ere they won the field, 'twas mark'd with blood—
The spanning arch, that leap'd the narrow flood,
Was, in despite of death with kindled brand
Set fire !—but there no longer could we stand.
Back I withdrew. The foe by valour led 190
Pursu'd with violence to strike us dead.

Harvey impetuous charg'd—but they at length
Sunder'd his lines—sought shelter for their strength,
Then smote his ranks in turn—And, bleeding thus,
Defeated, we return calamitous.

“ Strong must our swords be drawn. *This* they'd
assail'd—

Yea—this encampment, had our courage fail'd,

And not the arch consum'd but fled the stream—
 Their thrusting steel had wak'd us in our dream."

"What, conquer'd us while dreaming?" Riall
 cries, 200

"Never Britannia from Columbia flies!
 I'll pass the Chippewa at dawn's first gleam,
 And prove to Brown, our banners are supreme!
 What, in the dreaming hour assaulted thus,
 By those of yesterday? preposterous!
 Never—no, never will arrive the hour,
 Albion will shrink to meet array'd their power.—
 When wheels of nature backward shall revolve,
 Then may Britannia on the field dissolve—
 When the sun rises from the mountains west, 210
 Then may the Lion be by them depress'd.

"Holland! this order circulate around—
 At the fourth watch to form upon the ground—
 Lo, ere another sun retires to rest,
 We draw the blood from out the Eagle's breast!"

His gallant aid receiv'd the mandate,—rode
 To each battalion—his intentions show'd.

And now the shadows silent-footed creep
 Slow to the east,—while down the heavenly steep
 The sun descending spreads his yellow hair, 220
 Waving with gold, delicious through the air.
 Ocean receives him—and the Stars from urns,
 Pour down their light rejoicing in their turns.

This charge Brown, Austin, gave: "With wake-
 ful eyes,
 See all secur'd against a night surprise.

Let guards increas'd upon the lines appear,
While no loud whisper strikes the Night's damp ear.
The countersign is Pike—(to heaven transferr'd,)
In softest breathings pass the secret word.
See every warrior rests upon his arms, 230
Ready to rise at notice of alarms.

When morn's bright virgin* shall the east salute,
Let all be waken'd in their silence mute—
Harness'd for battle by their standards form,
At night's departure on the foe to storm."

Th' instructions given, forth leap'd the youth-
ful aid,
And spoke the orders as the chief had said—
The outward guards are strengthen'd round the camp,
Their hearkening ear inclin'd, should foeman's tramp
Approach in night—to catch the rustling sound, 240
And spread the 'larum through the campment round.

And now, as chanticler with high note shrill,
Salutes the day-star lovely on her hill,
The Albions rise and pass the murmuring stream,
As golden hair-threads on the mountains gleam
And glitter on the earth. Each hostile van
Begins the war with man oppos'd to man.
As press the royals, so the *free* retire,
Blazing at intervals death's withering fire.

Now five times twenty with o'erpowering weight,
Crowd against fifty in command of Treat,—
Yet stands the hero as with laurel crown'd,
And nerves his band to consecrate the ground :

* Morning Star.

“ Stand fast—unwinkingly at death !” He said,
And many a foe was check’d with burning lead.
Blood dripples from their veins which mads them
forth,

To bring the files of Treat upon the earth.
A swift ball glancing through the waste air free,
A patriot warrior brought upon his knee.
The wound produc’d alarm ! Disgraceful scene—
Forgot they all they had the hearts of men.
Treat strove to stay their fears—his efforts vain—
They flew like wild deer frightened o’er the plain.

Thus, bent on plunder, wasps in thousands come
To drive the bees from their domestick home—
They send detachment in advance to spy
The lines and bulwarks of their enemy.
The queen inform’d of the invading host
To storm her hive—her substance to exhaust,
Enrols her life guard—boldly they repair 270
T’ assail the van and cause them to forbear.
They meet—the queen strews death along her path—
Yet toil the wasps in violence of wrath.
At length, her second on the earth is laid—
A damping chillness on their hearts invade—
The queen in vain endeavours to excite
Their freezing bosoms to sustain the fight.
They leave their royal mistress on the plain,
Flying with wildness to their cells again :

So when the guards their second chief beheld 280
Bleeding—a coward frost their blood-veins chill’d.
They fled their leader while he rais’d his arm,
Wielding his brand to scatter their alarm.

Time offers no delay. The Albions crowd—
Deep o'er the field, their weapons pealing loud.
Treat marks the pressing danger—and with haste
Stoops—and the wounded clasping round his waist,
Raises—and bears him staggering from the plains,
While trickling gore the trodden path distains.

The outposts skirmish'd till the climbing sun,
Stood in the firmament of heaven at noon,
But now, to Riall, Brown's position known,
Impatient to behold the Star-flag down,
He, Gordon thus commanded : "Forth away—
Your veteran warriors will begin the fray.
In yonder forest, circle, till you gain
Their rear,—then strike and dash them o'er the plain.

"Slow with the army, solid shall I move
To keep their thoughts from entering in the grove,
Till I your volley on their left shall hear, 300
Then, while distress shall in their ranks appear,
Bold on their front will I a charge commence,
And make their arms like infants in defence."

Gordon nodded his plume—his wonted mood,
And led his column to th' embowering wood,
Waving on Albion's right, while Riall, slow,
Mov'd—beating musick for deceptive show,
Till at the signal he should strike the blow—
While no deep shadow passes o'er his mind,
The numbers soon to be to death consign'd. 310

During the movement, in their armour bright,
The brave all anxious waited for the fight.

Soon gratified are they—The jealous Brown
Beheld the crimson legion of the crown
Advance with Gordon secret through the wood,
From a rock eminence, on which he stood :

Thus on a mountain cliff an eagle stands,
To mark his quarry, while his wing expands
Ready to pounce from off his airy tower,
Certain, his prey to fasten in his power. 325
Broad he extends his eye with piercing beam,
Through plain, o'er mountain, and the passing
stream—

And not the motion of a quivering leaf,
Escapes his notice from the rocky reef :

So Brown upon an eminence beheld
The foe's design, though partially conceal'd.

Thus to his chiefs around : “ The hour has come
To deck your brows with an immortal plume—
And prove you worthy of your sires at home,
Whose memories flourish ! Time allows no more—
For look, the royals on the left wing pour !

“ Now Porter, test the character of York—
Approach the ambush, and begin the work.
Through yon deep valley, heedful guide your train—
Let not the tremble of a plume be seen,
Till unexpected you ascend the brow,
Which part conceals them from our prospect now,—
And if it's possible, their rear you'll gain,
Ere with alarm you fill their hearts with pain.

“ Young Spencer, haste, and bid the outguards slow,
Back to recede before the advancing foe,

That Riall may receive his overthrow :—
When Porter's onset sounds with clamorous din,
With Riall's self will we the fight begin."

Few were his words—No more his chiefs require,
Within whose bosoms dwelt the sacred fire,
Which loom'd their ancestors to raise on high
The Eagle banner, gemm'd with Liberty.

Spencer dash'd forward to the scouts afar,
And to the centre bade them to withdraw, 350
And with bold art allure the Riall force,
By frequent volleys to pursue their course.

Porter, the meantime, soft conducts his men
Along the vale—no plume, nor standard seen
By Gordon's infantry, whose bosoms beat
With proud expectance Freedom to defeat.

While in this hope, lo, Porter climbs the brow
Of the concealing hill, and makes their blood to flow !

Thus while a band of hunters scour the woods
O'er hill and dale—along the truant floods— 360
In a deep dell, at length, they glad descry
A grazing herd, and plan their destiny.

With feet of down the woody slope they bend,
And o'er the beetling rocks with care descend—
Hope nestles in their bosoms—hearts beat strong,
As soft and slow they feel their way along.—

Lo, in the act to sight upon the deer,
A den of serpents at their feet appear,
Their blood congeals, they stand, they shake, they
stare,

While the quick horror shivers every hair— 370

But thought returning, with a scream they fly,
The serpents leaping in their enmity !

So Gordon's host, when Porter rose, and hurl'd
A flame that numbers buried from the world,
A random volley pour'd upon the air,
And shrieking, fled with feelings of despair—
Porter pursu'd them to the open plain,
Leaving his path made gory with the slain.

But Gordon soon was frenzy to its height—
Mildness prov'd vain his legions to excite— 380
To join in column and maintain the fight :

“ Destroy the dastard—let his name be dead,
Who dares beyond me !—bow to earth his head !
Raise—raise the flag !—the ranks consolidate,
And show resistance with o'erpowering weight.”

As broken waves behind a rock are stay'd,
So round their chief they gather in brigade,
And bending forward with their hearts in glow
Their flag to rescue from an overthrow.

On Porter now the balls with quick-fire sing— 390
Two shiver at a glance the hand of King—
(His wound yet open where his thigh was rent,
When George's banner from its height was bent.)
The arteries sunder'd of his wrist in twain—
Through loss of blood he faints upon the plain.

Never the drops of Freedom stream alone—
A lead obliquely passing, split the bone
Of Gordon's better leg from heel to knee,
And cleft his foot, and pierc'd his charger free.
The war-horse felt the sting—and toss'd his head—400
Rear'd—and with fury bounded o'er the dead—

Deep in the dust his wounded rider cast—
His foaming nostril show'd his life was pass'd.
But while his power remain'd to keep his breath,
He flew—then fell and yielded up to death.

Again the Albions from resistance fly—
And Porter follows in his chivalry.

The meantime Riall, his division hard
Pursu'd the trail of the Columbian guard,
Which slow gave back, as Brown by Spencer said,
Toward the centre of his bulwark dread :

Not otherwise a fox by hounds pursu'd,
To guard her burrow, leaves the chosen wood,
Where lie her young, embower'd in solitude—
Swift as she winds eccentric o'er the heath,
She with deep art conducts them to the teeth
Of druling wolves beneath a rocky steep,
Where oft she'd pass'd them growling in their sleep ;
Lo, in the act to lead them to the cave,
Where the gaunt wolves with empty hunger rave, 420
Ready to seize and be at once their grave—
They at a distance hear a shriek—and stand—
Renounce the chace, their safety to command :

So even thus, the guard receded back,
Riall t' allure the bulwark to attack,
Where each stood ready in their arms for death,
Prepar'd their falchions in his breast to sheath—
But when the brave with Porter, on their right,
Met Gordon's host and put them to the flight,
With heart in check he listen'd to the sound— 430
Abrupt these orders from his tongue rebound :

“ Hearken ! what peal comes thundering from the right ?

Stand in your place !—Behold, a reddening light
Gordon involves !—Wheel on the centre flag !—Ad-
vance !

From this disaster yield deliverance.
Exchange the left and right ! reverse the line—
Hark ! the strife thickens ! Riveted, combine
To do, or die in battle ! Each reveal
That his heart’s valour is a plate of steel !”

A moment paus’d his host—then, chang’d their
form, 460

And forth advanc’d to quench the fiery storm,
Kindled to violence, the heart to sear,
While constant thunders roll’d along the sphere.

They reach’d the distant wood as Gordon bled,
And his battalion from the combat fled.

On Porter now, the whole their strength unite—
Redoubling peals proclaim the rising fight—
Yet still the *free* th’ unequal strife maintain,
Like planted pillars that defy the main.

Back Spencer cours’d the field—and thus to
Brown :

450

“ The guards approach, alluring Riall on.
Yea, as the mandate to my ear you gave,
They battle and retreat with bosoms brave ;
And, as you scann’d the tempting of the foe,
Solid they come with darkness on their brow !”

“ And let them come !” Brown with a glow replies,—
A deathless spirit pouring from his eyes.

“ Let thousands come—let thunders rock the pole,
The sight, the sound, will elevate the soul !

Do not your bosoms beat like harmony, 460
 To hear of their approach ? They come to die
 Beneath the Stars' effulgency ! The volunteers
 Have swept the hills ! whose names, like gems the
 spheres,

Will deck their country's brow with radiant light—

“ Stand without whisper, till I speak the fight.
 Shrink not in thought—yea, rather press the ground,
 And stain it deep with crimson,—raise a mound—
 An altar worthy Liberty——

“ List—Hark !

What peal comes thundering from the forest dark ?

* * * * *

“ Riall hath chang'd position on the field— 470
 His arms engag'd, the battle-din hath swell'd.

“ Scott, wheel thy warriors rapid o'er the bridge,
 And, like a flame upon a mountain ridge,
 Burning to heaven, join action with the foe—
 Bring him to battle on the plains below.

Towson, proceed upon his right extreme—
 On yonder batteries let your cannon flame,
 And smother them of fire. With honour crown'd,
 Miller, and Ripley, stand upon the ground,
 Holding your veterans in reserve, till I 480
 Shall give you notice, or to live or die.”

Scott heard the summons—presently he wheel'd
 In files, his warriors to the martial field.
 Towson's position was the right of Scott,
 To wing the globes with riving lightnings hot.
 Miller, and Ripley, in a solid band
 Reserv'd—upon the plains of Chipp'wa stand.

Scott, brief his column halted on the field,
To different chiefs their stations he reveal'd.

“ Leavensworth, thy place of action is the right—
There wilt thou hold the honour of the fight. 491
Campbell, thy cohorts to the centre move,
And do such deeds as ages will approve.
Jessup, let Porter have thy swift defence,
Whose name is rising to magnificence.
The moment will no more——

“ Hark ! to the sound—
Porter must give—or fail upon the ground !”

The chiefs immediate to their posts withdraw,
Their brows o'ercast with gathering clouds of war.

When Riall heard their deep approaching tread, 500
To hark—he turn'd instinctively his head—
At once, he saw the Eagle sweep along,
Defended with a ridge of bayonets strong.
His dexter wing he to the Marquis gave,
To war with Porter and his strength outbrave.
This done—he wheel'd his army on the plains—

Instant the battle in its fury reigns !
Reverberating thunders sound afar—
Scott burns a comet, through the ranks of war
Rejoicing in his course ! And Riall stands 510
A rock in ocean 'gainst the Freedom bands.
The strife increasing, dust is seen to rise
Like clouds,—while flames are mounting to the skies :
Thus when th' effulgent orb through Cancer moves
Drinking the moisture—perishing the groves,
Which cloth'd with verdure Carolina's plains,
But now turn'd sallow from long-absent rains—

Where travellers late had pass'd away the night,
Smother'd from air, beneath the ashes white
Lurk'd seeds of hidden fire. Behold, at noon, 520
When pois'd in even scales abides the sun,
The northern whirlwinds dash the sparkles round,
Kindling the stubble—flickering o'er the ground—
Touching the pines, the flames in wreaths ascend,
And with the outrag'd elements contend—
The smoke convolving, the creation blinds,
The tumult rising with the maddening winds.
Broad-wandering over heaven, the cinders roll
With noise like far-off thunders round the pole :
Thus dire the scene. Nor this, nor that will
yield, 530
Whilst Havock grimm'd with blood stalks dreadful o'er
the field.

Lo, Campbell, fainting on the dust is laid—
Through his thigh artery the rent is made,
Drawing the vital current from his breast,
Which, with quick throbbing flutters into rest.
His aids alighted when they saw their chief
Weltering in blood, to minister relief—
To bear him backward from the growing strife—
To give him to those hands that oft redeem to life.

The dying hero bade them to withdraw : 540
“ Think not of me—but urge the pressing war !
Speak not of surgery. My head lies soft,
To mark the beaming of the Stars aloft !
Humble the foe—Here, with a smile I die—
Cherubick boon !—O, glorious luxury !”

His sword drops from his hand—opens—shuts his
eyes—

Opens them again—they close—he dies——

A beam of heaven descended to the earth,
And to his spirit gave celestial birth—
His body cover'd with the battle, while 550
His lips in death were fasten'd on a smile.

Yet nature calls for the abundant tear—
Malvina mourns her fallen husband dear.
But O, fair mourner ! think upon his bed—
He sleeps in glory with the mighty dead !
Yea, on a bed more soft his brow is laid,
Than yet for bridal bliss was ever made—
Perfum'd and blushing with a waste of flowers,
Rich as the bed of love in Eve's delicious bowers !
Thy husband's head lies far more soft than this— 560
He died with honour in a trance of bliss !

MacNiell his station in the war supplied—
And play'd oblique like, flanking on their side.
Holland regardless felt a stinging lead,
While half his royal ranks were either broke or dead.

With equal valour, Leavensworth the right
Maintains—thickening the rising tumult of the fight.
Though openly expos'd to batteries' aim,
He stands soul-centred in the midst of flame.

Now sinks the gallant Harrison in blood, 570
Who bold the thunders' violence withstood.
His knee is fractur'd with an iron globe,
Yet still his bosom feels no failing throb.

Thus Leavensworth : “ Soft bear him from the field !”

“ No :” he exclaims, “ so long as I can wield
This blade in face of heaven, I’ll nerve my men,
And with mine eyes enjoy the glorious scene !
None to my aidance shall forsake his post,
If Death should seize me with his hand of frost !”

This said, he wav’d his gleaming steel sublime :
“ Heroes ! strike home ! eclipse the deeds of time !”

Thrill’d with his voice and animating look,
As though a spirit out of heaven had spoke,
The right division cloth’d themselves with flames,
And made the earth look pale with royal names !

Scott shone a burning meteor on the field,
As though his breast a deity conceal’d—
And Riall, lowering in the height of storm,
Commanded when to stand, and when to charge in
form.

Jessup had gain’d the field upon the left, 590
As Porter’s cohorts were of strength bereft—
His presence gave them life ! Against the wing,
Which now the Marquis held, the death-leads sing,
Cutting the air. Porter, and volunteers,
With Jessup, stand and conflagrate the spheres.
The regal standard flickers to a fall—
The wing recedes—blood streaming prodigal.

Riall, perceiving that his right was press’d,
To Eldridge, near him, utter’d this behest—
Eldridge, a heart of valour : “ Lo, they bring 600
Death on our right ! Support it slaughtering !”

This said, he wheel'd. And Eldridge, at the
word,

His band advanc'd, the wing to aid afford.

But Jessup him through darkening smoke descried,
And thus to Ketchum, fighting by his side :

"Mark—mark, approaching, yonder ridge of steel
To hold their flag from falling ! Make them feel
Thy bayonets, edg'd with fire ! Check their design,
And I alone will strive to brave the line."

Ketchum, not waiting for a sand to run— 610
Led against Eldridge and the fight begun,
And check'd his progress, three oppos'd to one !

The Marquis soon found Jessup's ranks decreas'd,
And forth the utmost of his wrath releas'd—
De Witt, and Palmer, Brimhall, Ketchum, Reed—
And generous Barron—for their country bleed—
They bleed, and faint—yet live ! When years shall
come,

Silvering their heads with blossoms for the tomb—
Their children's children will their scars behold,
And, smiling in their tears, their deeds unfold ! 620

Jessup observes the wasting of the field—
His patriot band to death's commission yield—
Yea, and his soul in agony of pain,
Sees all his efforts at resistance vain—
Yet firm he stands, immoveable, an oak,
Round which the thunder-balls had harmless broke.

Thought strikes him and he speaks : " Warriors !
at glance,
Point arms to heaven !—in solid cube, advance—
Yon proud height attain !"

They the word receiv'd,
As though his voice immortal they believ'd! 630

Jessup conducts them to the rising ground,
Whilst Albion pours a flaming tempest round !
Silent they move, like spirits on a cloud,
Mid flashing lightnings and deep thunders loud.

Half seen through fire, at length they reach the
height

And play the column—pour impetuous fight !

So restive tygers, hamper'd in a cage,
Insulted by the rabble—hot with rage,
Grind fire from their teeth—loosen—break the bars,
And bathe in smoking blood their foaming jaws : 650

Not otherwise, mad Jessup and his train,
Surcharg'd with ire, drives death along the plain.
The Marquis, wounded, from the field withdraws—
Soon shrink his legions backward from the cause.
Jessup crowds their rear—Ketchum joins pursuit,
Whose sword had made the tongue of Eldridge mute.

Riall perceives the day to him is lost,
Unless by effort he could bind his host—
He dashes through the lines, wielding his brand,
Striving, effective, to excite his band : 650

“ Put faith upon the bayonet ! Plunge the blade !
Bind—lock—press on—and never be dismay’d !
Deal not with fire—On pointed steel rely—
And let the soul wish nothing but to die !”

The Albions caught his spirit—and arose,
Bristling in steel with Liberty to close.
Death grip'd in hand, reckless of life, they pour
Against the blazing field—raining a shower,

Like heaven on Sodom for its lewd excess,
Or like a fire that scaths the wilderness !” 660

Now Towson, having still'd the batteries' tongue,
Levels his engines on the rushing throng
And withers them of life—while with dead aim,
A thousand war-tubes flash dissolving flame—
Columbia stands a burning hill of fire—
The Albions falter—from the scene retire !
But not in safety they descend the hill—
Fierce on their rear red death pursues them still !
Scott sweeps away the field ! They gasp, they die—
Fire hisses in their blood as back they fly.
They dash the Chippewa in broken plight—
Gore floating on its surface—swell'd in height,
Oppress'd—and groaning with the battle's weight ! 673

CANTO XXVII.

RIALL'S RETREAT FROM THE
CHIPPEWA, &c.

ARGUMENT.

Riall driven from his position on the Chippewa....Death of General Swift.

The scene—Little York, Street's Creek, and on the banks of the Chippewa....The time is three days.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXVII.

As when fair summer smiles,—the struggling wind,
Long in the chambers of the north confin'd—
At changing of the moon its prison breaks—
Beneath its violence the forest shakes,
Thence, down the mountain roars the thundering gust,
Darkening the earth—cumbering the fields with dust—
The corn, the flowers, the honey-suckle groves,
Where village swains and damsels sigh'd their loves—
All, all are swept in ruins o'er the heath—
The landscape round is overwhelm'd with death. 10
Here lies a flower just opening into bloom,
And there, an oak up-rooted in its doom :

Such is the scene the field of battle shows,
Where youth, and age, and bosom friends, and foes—
And broken cannon—carriages, and steeds—
Divided bayonets,—swords like shatter'd reeds,
Lie in confusion, scatter'd here and there,
While groans are heard convulsive on the air.

The Albions fled, the brave with generous care,
From off the field the bleeding warriors bear, 20

Distinction none—to friend or foe is given—
The wounds of honour make the valiant even.

Back to their tents the patriot ranks return,
As heaven's bright jewelry begins to burn.

When Riall, gain'd th' expression of his tongue,
His chiefs around with sad disaster stung—
To Holland thus,—his aid : “ With tighten'd rein,
Thy charger spur, and leap it o'er the plain—
Hasten to York—solicit Drummond there,
Succour to send our losses to repair. 30
Our foes increase like budding leaves in spring—
Or is their strength as David with his sling?
Request five thousand to defend the king.
Here, on defensive must our arms remain,
Till fresh battalions join us on the plain.
But why to thee, do I our weakness state,
Thou know'st too well our ranks are desolate.

“ But stay——What gouts are these your robes
distain ?

Some wound is open !—feel you not the pain ?
Dismount—some other must away with speed— 40
Thou art too feeble to perform the deed.

“ You, with the order, Plunderleath, advance,
And strive the camp to reach ere morning's glance
Tinges the mountains——

“ Holland, thou art pale !

Alas, I fear me that thy pulses fail !”

He show'd anxiety. Holland replies :

“ Indeed your questions waken my surprise.
True, in the fight I felt a bullet's sting,
But nothing worthy of this wondering,

I feel my strength and can the office "———

Lo, . 50

His utterance fails him ! From his knee below,
The artery breaking pours a sanguine flow !
He trembles with his weakness,—and in swoon
Faints like a lily in the sun at noon—
They ease him down—and Plenderleath resumes
The vacant saddle—while his passion looms
To bear the message forth—he bounds away,
As heaven's bright tapers in the arch display
Their coral bashfulness, and night's fair queen,
In robes of silver on the hills is seen. 60

Swift round its axle winds the spinning earth—
The Sun effulgent gives unclouded birth
To infant Morn,—smiles mantling o'er her face,
Divine as nature in her loveliness.

Day scarce had chas'd the stars, when Plenderleath
York enter'd—failing was his horse for breath.
The drums had beat—their place the warriors held,
Their armour burnish'd—ready for the field ;
Drummond, he sought—who scarce his wrath sup-
press'd,

While to his ear his mission he address'd : 70

“ Behold the *free*—an overwhelming band,
As thick as locust on the Africk land,
Or diamond beams, or sands upon the shore,
Or stars that sprinkle the creation o'er,
Have press'd upon our arms ! But Riall stood,
And for a time made thin the multitude.
It seem'd the more he smote with bayonet thrust,
The more they gather'd like thick clouds of dust.—

At length exhausted by the carnage wrack,
Compell'd he was to wave his standards back. 80

“ Now, ere he issues to the field again,
You he requests his numbers to sustain.—
Earnest he pleads that you'll detach them forth,
Brown to subdue from regions of the north.”

He spoke with heavy accent. Drummond then :
“ Brother,* lead on your noble-breasted men—
Those special legions—favourites of the king,
Whose triumphs far through utmost Europe ring.
Pause not, I urge you, till you end the way—
Scarce for things needful, your advance delay. 90

“ To George shall I remove—and there remain,
Till I shall hear from Riall's arms again.
Should I unite him at the present hour
With the deep squadrons that compose my power,
It might through numbers in a crowded press,
Produce confusion to our own distress.”

His brother listen'd the command to fill—
Mounted, and led his legions up the hill.
With haughty step the musick they repeat,
The swift notes whirling with a hurried beat. 100

What time the earth two revolutions made,
Revolving silent through night's ebon shade—
And its fair bosom turning to the sphere,
That bends the knee of pagan worshipper—
An emblem of th' Eternal Character—
The conquering army of the Chippewa,
Rested—their tumult passions to allay.

* Col. Drummond.

But as the sun its race began the third,
They rose—stood column'd—this from Brown was
heard :

“ Offspring of Liberty ! for two long days, 110
We've quieted our blood. But now fresh bays
Invite us to the field. It now remains
For us to scour the Lion from the plains.
My bosom thanks receive for actions past—
'Till time shall cease, the Chippewa will last !
Yet deeds of equal brilliancy appear
To light our path to fame's illustrious sphere.
Not without energy will valour shine—
A meteor else in darkness to decline !
Prepare for arduous toils—for sleepless nights— 120
'Tis honour—equal justice—ocean rights,
Which binds us to our arms—hence, rise as one,
And vict'ry will reward our unison.
Yea, England's banner in the dust must yield,
When we, cemented, enter on the field.
Her proudest veterans bow their stubborn knee,
To those in heart determin'd to be free.

“ Now listen to my purpose : Ripley, move
Your bold division to yon waving grove
Upon our left extreme :—no flag display, 130
Till you shall reach the flowing Chippewa,
One league superior from the British bounds,
Where now their thoughts are bent upon their
wounds—

There bridge the stream, while Hindman, with his
brass,

With globes embowell'd, will defend the pass.

“ The arch completed, cross in solid rank,
And press with rapid movement on their flank,
While at the moment I their front assail—
Use spear and falchion, and we proud prevail.”

His orders finish'd—Presently withdrew 140
Ripley's battalions with excitement new,
To brighten in their fame. The stout pi'neers
Down with the wood, where any interferes
To pass the cannon o'er the secret road.
Brief is the time that finds them at the flood.--
Hindman implants upon an eminence
His brazen engines ready for defence,
Should enemies approach the work to mar,
With fire th' imprison'd ruins to unbar.

Full soon the patriots by redoubling blow, 150
Cause the tall pines upon the earth to bow ;
With these they span the stream, and o'er them spread
A solid passway for the troops to tread.

Drummond by this, had reach'd the Chippewa
With ample numbers to sustain the fray.
Him, Riall greeted with a smile--and thus
His views describ'd with feelings prosperous :

“ Glad beats my heart t' embrace you at this hour,
For thou wilt raise the sinking of my power.
The foe incens'd with anger smites with death— 160
A furnace kindled by a whirlwind's breath ;
But now supported by your bands at length,
No shield can guard them--they must bow their
strength.

When night shall smother out this hateful day,
With silent march I'll ford the Chippewa,

And wind the path upon their rear unknown,
And let the combat at a blow be won.

Drummond rejoins "My sword, to draw in might,
Against a foe was ever my delight :

Does not the wolf, the leopard, tyger, prey 170
On lambs,—when absent is the orb of day ?
So with myself—when darkness veils the sun,
I feel a madness through my veins to run."

* * * * * * * *

While thus they convers'd, lo, a shepherd swain,
Of royal bearing, tript it o'er the plain.
Tidings his looks express'd. With hurrying breath,
To Riall, Drummond, he announc'd their death :

"Why stand conversing this momentous hour ?
And know ye not, that the Columbian power
Is planning a descent ! On as I drove 180
My herds to graze the Chippewa above,
I kenn'd within the foliage of the wood—
At times in sight, at times in solitude,
The starry banner waving in the air,
Ready to pass and on your lines to bear—
Yea, as I mark'd them from a rocky ridge,
The pines were laid the Chippewa to bridge !"

Riall stood fix'd—disaster in his look—
At length abrupt his struggling passion broke :

"And do they thus audaciously aspire ? 190
Drummond, be ready to emit the fire !
Walbeck, with flying guns—scarce orders wait—
Attack the arch and sweep it desolate.
A veteran cohort to your aid I'll send,
That they before thee in the dust may bend,

Plant, that your brass when they with flames explode,
Shall break their columns as the bridge they crowd."

Walbeck receiv'd in hurry the behest—
He flew with flying cannon, to arrest
The farther progress of the patriots' toil.— 200
Arriv'd—he strives the rising work to spoil ;—
But Hindman, levelling with guns of fire,
Appals his courage while his troops expire.—
Walbeck to Riall in disorder flies,
A wild expression lurking in his eyes.

So when a traveller passing through a vale,
Darken'd with jutting rocks, which many a tale
Had render'd hideous—how that walking shades
Of recent dead men in the lonesome glades
Were often seen to haunt the deep, dark wood, 210
And show their marble bosoms damp with blood !
The traveller meets a spirit on his way,
All ghastly, muffled in his robes of clay—
He thinks he hears its creeping death-note tread
Sound like the step that passes o'er the dead !
Alarm'd, he dashes by the hollow wind,
Fearing to cast a doubtful look behind—
He rushes to a cottage—bars the door,
His heart's blood thickening icy at its core,
His up-rais'd hair, quick breath, and pale-shrunk
cheeks, 220

Express his horror ere a thought he speaks :

Thus Walbeck bore disaster in his look—
Relax'd by fear his joints like palsy shook.

At length, to Riall he : " Defend—guard—save
Thy banner from the dust !—like ocean's wave

They come ! They've cross'd !—they come with
numbers strong,

Sweeping the plains—driving our strength along !”

“ And let them drive along !” Riall rejoins :

“ Like waves of ocean we'll consume their lines,
Or roll them backward as the madd'd storm 230
Rolls back the ocean in tumultuous form—
Yea—strike them into nothingness——

“ Behold !

See, on the front the banner'd Stars unfold !

Thus, *thus* assail'd,—we never can withstand

Th' impetuous onset of the charging band !

Their steels are bent on slaughter ! Forth retreat—

Give back to Queenstown and escape defeat !

Behold, they come in violence of wrath,—

Their numbers thicken as they beat the path !”

Thus Riall, prudent of retreating, spoke, 240
But Drummond gloomy in his darkness broke :

“ Retreat ! No Briton lisp that word aloud !—

Let Brown—let Ripley in deep millions crowd,

We'll bear their joints to earth ! Riall, no more

Think those cold thoughts—but hold upon your
power,

We'll meet, and break the shock !—Stand and
employ

Our arms invincible ! We crush—destroy—

Yea, quench their Stars with blood ! Like rocks our
men,

We'll plant and wall ourselves with bayonets keen.

Shame to retreat ! The order countermand— 250

And bid the army flood with fire the land !”

While thus their sentiments they held diverse,
The Freedom power advanc'd in solid force—
Ripley, a desert blast the river down,
To smite their flank—their front, the hero Brown.
Behold, Fredonia with a touch unseen,
Heighten'd his form—half deified his mein,
Causing his eye a withering fire to dart,
Which like death's arrow pierc'd their every heart !

Thus plundering wolves when driven to their cave,
Excite their blood the lion's strength to brave—
Each flames the other's rage—they snap their teeth,
And stand determin'd to effect his death—
But when the potent monarch of the wood
Comes storming onward in tempestuous mood—
Lashing his tail against his dark brown sides—
Loose in the wind his mane disorder'd rides—
His red eye rolling in a sea of fire,
While at each step he swells his passion higher.
His opening jaws reveal his foaming tongue— 270
Earth shakes beneath him as he bounds along—
The wolves become as water,—in despair
They break—vexing with dying scream the passing air :

Not otherwise the legions of the crown,
Their works abandon at the sight of Brown—
Like broken waves along the Queenstown road,
With consternation in their looks they crowd.

The patriots mount the walls—the foe retir'd—
A victory gain'd without a life expir'd.

Soon as the tumult of the charge was o'er, 280
And each was plac'd according to his power,

The venerable Swift saluted Brown,
To do some deed to give his years renown :

“ Lo, heaven thus far hath smil'd upon our arms —
But now, the subject that thy breast alarms,
Well doth my mind forebode : You strong desire
To learn the path on which our foes retire.
By your assenting, I a band will guide,
And hunt them out, and make you satisfied.”

A kind solicitude Brown's answer show'd : 290
“ I cannot yield that thou should's trace the road,
Holding the enemy. Thy silver brow
Is rich excuse for not advancing now.
I need thy precept and experience sage,—
This arduous duty ill becomes thine age.
Riddle I'll order on the Queenstown road—
I think them there or in its neighbourhood.”

To him the aged thus : “ No joy I feel,
When foes are present but in works of steel ;
Then hath the din of arms a musick shrill— 300
It makes my nerves with young emotions thrill,
As when with Green the Eutaw field we won—
And York, and Monmouth plains, with Washington :
What swell'd my breast in those illustrious days,
Still round my heart with sweet remembrance plays.
When sword to sword our enemies we meet,
My pulses quicken with a rising heat.
Though that these scatter'd locks are blanch'd with age,
Strong is my heart th' oppressors to engage.

“ Admit in arms I render up my life, 310
What exit nobler than to ward the knife

Aim'd by a tyrant to assail our heart,
And break our chain of unity apart.
My fall would not be vain—were I to yield
This waning life while battling on the field—
These gray hairs, dipp'd in blood, would impulse give
To every heart to do the deeds that live !—

“ Few are the hours of my abiding here—
What signifies a day, a month, a year,
To such as me, whom Age doth undermine— 320
This sword I girded not for mere design ;
But with the motive Shelby in the west
Assum'd his blade, our bondage to arrest.”

Brown saw the veteran's energy of mind,
Not to be bent from what it cool design'd.

“ Yes—thou art aged—but thy soul is great—
Thine ancient heart yet holds its youthful heat.
To aid thy enterprise, choose Riddle, Treat.
Time suffers not more largely to reply—
For swift and pressing is the emergency.” 330

The aged warrior with young impulse wheel'd,
Marshall'd his files and led them o'er the field.
The wounded soldier's friend,* his rear pursu'd,
Whose nerve elastick never was subdu'd,
But like the temper'd steel when forceful bent,
Recoil'd with power, augmented by restraint.

When Riall lost his momentary fear,
A guard he plac'd with Harvey on his rear

* Treat.

Brown to observe—brief were his orders pass'd,
Whether encamp'd, or moving slow, or fast. 340

Harvey commanded Willhite from the rank,
To scout with caution on the river bank—
And should he mark the Eagle sweep the air,
To give th' alarm, and he'd support him there.

Willhite from Harvey with his band withdrew—
His soul devoted to the royal view—
And, on the centre of his heart, a spot
Seem'd to declare that he was hell begot.

His caution was in vain. The patriots near,
By Swift conducted, clos'd upon his rear ! 350

The crimes of Willhite sentence him to die—
And hence he pleads his life imploringly.

“Sage warrior ! spare—O, shelter me with life—
Lo, in my blood you'll slay a son and wife !
I stand beneath them as a crutch for bread—
They die of famine if you strike me dead !
Indulge—O show me favour for their sake—
Their tongues will praise thee till their life-cords break,
And saint thee when in heaven”——

“What mean you thus,
Pleading for life”—the aged tremulous. 360

“What fill'd thy bosom with these fears ? This sword,
To him who yields, protection doth afford—
We to the kneeling warrior mercy show,
Hence, cast this paleness backward from thy brow.”

This kindness said—he wheel'd his charger round,
To form his warriors solid on the ground—
The first rank kneeling, while the next remains
Firm to resist the horse upon the plains.

To Willhite, now the Fiend with softness came
To fill his heart with an infernal flame— 370
His borrow'd likeness was an aged man,—
His beard descending o'er his breast a span.
A staff upheld his steps—slow he drew near,
And thus instill'd his poison through his ear :
(No eye beheld th' infernal form but his,
The better to effect his wickedness.)

“ What, pause you at his life ? And art thou man,
And yet so blind as not his views to scan ?
Discard the thought that he intends to save
Your lamp of being from the dead, damp grave. 380
As wine of choicest flavour is your blood—
They'll banquet on your heart as rarest food !
Be not deceiv'd by language mild and clear—
The sky without a cloud speaks tempests near.
This Swift, bald headed, with a tongue as mild,
As though his heart were soft as infant child,
Murder'd your father in a peaceful hour—
The time Cornwallis yielded to their power—
Since which, they've shouted Freedom from our lord—
Th' anointed king—by monarchies ador'd.— 390
When he shall presently to camp return,
Then you, for Raisin's cruelties will burn !

“ Your death-tube elevate, and stream the fire—
Search his warm life, and safe shall you retire ;
I'll forth conduct you to a cave at hand—
Hence, fear no danger from pursuing band.”

On mischief bent, Willhite receiv'd the gun,
While rankling murder through his bosom run.

Too small his sockets to retain his eyes—
His hair like infant snakes terrific rise— 400
Thus hideous, lo, he drew it to his face,
Bending his eye the murderous lead to trace.
With fatal aim upon the chief it bears—
He springs the lock—the flame an instant glares—
The driven death-shot glance the bony spine,
'Tearing the muscles that compose the chine—
Through convoluted bowels burst their way,
And rush from 'neath the stomach into day !

As when a lion at a cooling stream,
Shades by a palm tree from the solar beam, 410
A crouching hunter from a thicket near,
With reckless arm lets fly a well-aim'd spear—
Hot, hissing from the wound descends the tide
Adown the surface of his brindled hide—
The lion rising terrible in might—
His passions burning to a frenzied height,
Leaps in the covert at his secret foe—
Seizes his throat and fangs him at a blow :

So aged Swift, when he perceiv'd the wound,
Short-wheel'd his charger on th' assassin round, 420
And blaz'd his holster'd arms as back he flew—
Th' avenging lead transfix'd his vitals through—
Shrieking he perishes—hard cramp'd his eyes—
Blood from his nostril foams—to hell his spirit flies.

During the skirmish, Harvey heard the sound,
And urg'd his warriors to the murderous ground.

The bleeding veteran marks them through the wood :

“ Warriors ! prepare a sacrifice of blood !

Follow my sprinkling gore as on I lead—

And let quick darkness seize them for the deed !” 430

The generous Treat delays with tender word :

“ Failing of life, O sheath thy lifted sword !

Thy blood is wasting ! I the charge will guide,

Till thou shalt say the deed is satisfied—

Perhaps not fatal is thy gushing tide !”

Swift answers : “ Never will I leave the ground,

While life remains to wield this falchion round.

“ Give every arm its nerve ! Smite—slay the
power !

Let me rejoice in this my dying hour !”

His voice—his vital drops touch every soul— 440

Death-striking flames against the foe they roll.

The Albions bleeding from the scene retire,

Hid in the flashes of the circling fire.

Where rage inflam'd the war the veteran stood—

But heating of his heart more copious pour'd his blood.

His features blanch'd, exhausted in the strife—

Yet lingering at its fountain dwelt his life.

His aids dismount, and tenderly assay

To bear him backward from the field away,

He waves his pallid hand : “ Here let me yield 450

My last,—last slumber on the battle field !

'This is a death-bed I rejoice to find—

My breath expires—but heaven delights my mind !”

His tongue was sweet in death. He clos'd his eye—

A chariot stoop'd from heaven and wing'd his soul on
high :

Not otherwise an oak with honours crown'd,
For rolling years had spread its foliage round—
When the rude tempest whistled from the north,
And snow, and hail in blustering storm drove forth,
Beneath its sheltering arms the tender flock 460
Slept in their peace, nor fear'd the howling shock
Which thunder'd round its head. The hardy swain,
For years had call'd it, pride of all the plain—
While thus renown'd—a wheelwright came by stealth,
Beneath the moon's pale beams—for sake of wealth—
(O curs'd effects of gold !) and cleft it round—
It fell—its glories wither'd on the ground !

So Swift liv'd honour'd till his latest hour,
And fell at length by treachery's murderous power.

Treat bears the fallen warrior to the camp— 470
The virtues of the dead the army damp
With grief's cold dew. To mark his white locks red,
Matted in blood—their cheeks with frost o'erspread !

Cold in the grave they sink his pale remains—
The western sunbeams glimmering on the plains—
While o'er his breast the broken earth they roll,
Brown thus commences to relieve his soul :

“ Dark is the tomb. Here solemn we enshrine
The mortal casket of a gem divine.
When in the west fair Liberty arose, 480
He drew his brand and sheath'd it in her foes,
With Washington, Montgomery, Putnam, Green,
And other worthies of that glorious scene.

He join'd his country's Star with silver brow,
In righteous war for Independence now.
He falls lamented in the holy cause—
His name will live while virtue has applause.

“ This narrow dwelling-house—the deep, damp
grave,
Receives alike, the coward and the brave—
But mark—the memory of the dastard mind 490
Is wrote in dust and scatter'd to the wind—
The valiant lives through life—he never dies
While stars shall burn or sun illume the skies !

“ Such fame, O Swift ! will bright descend to thee,—
Till Time shall moulder in Eternity !

“ Here in thy sleep shall no wild dreams invade
To mar thy bosom, 'neath the willow's shade.
No more shall Disappointment's barbed sting
Transpierce thy heart, and sighs afflictive bring.—
Hush'd is the serpent hiss of Slander's tongue— 500
And Malice enters not the dead among.
Pale Envy ceases inward to consume
With hell-pent fires, when worth descends the tomb.
Yea, thou hast dried in dust Affliction's tears—
Fled to th' eternal world rich crown'd with harvest
years !

“ Place two gray stones against his feet and head,
To mark the spot where sleeps the warrior dead,
That when the traveller shall pass this stream,
That he may say : ‘ There rests an honour'd name !’
Yea, future heroes will assemble here, 510
And damp his grave with many a patriot tear !”

He ceas'd : For grief weigh'd heavy on his soul—
A frequent tear-drop from his eyelids stole,
But he half veil'd the sorrow with his hand,
While they fulfill'd in silence his command.
They round the grave and sod it o'er with green,
And leave with heaven the treasur'd dust within. 517

CANTO XXVIII.

BATTLE OF NIAGARA.

ARGUMENT.

Riall retreats to the Heights of the Niagara....Brown, having despatched Riddle to spy out the enemy, marches to the left bank of the Chippewa at its junction with the Niagara...Scott, being sent in pursuit of Riddle, falls in and engages with the whole of Riall's Army....Riddle, having been extricated from a dangerous situation, joins Scott in height of action....Night coming on, Riall withdraws his Forces.

The scene is laid at the above-mentioned places....The time is three days—commencing on the evening of the burial of General Swift.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXVIII.

THE meantime Riall rapidly pursu'd
The path to Queenstown with his soul subdu'd.
As day withdrew from heaven he clomb the Height—
Niagara—pavilion'd for the night—
Near where the Bridgewater its current pours,
And the dread Cataract with thunder roars.

As Night descended on her sable plumes,
And veil'd the earth in unessential glooms,
Drummond—though valiant—yet at heart a fiend,
Whose lurid eyes a pestilence portend, 10
Saluted Riall thus : “ No more I feel
To wall ourselves at Queenstown. This proud hill
Will yield us ample strength. I mark'd the site,
While closing day was fading into night.
Here we by works defensive can remain—
And in the teeth of all our foes maintain
Our flag from falling, should they dare advance
Their haughty standards, bent on violence.
By morrow's sun—my mind foretells me thus,
My senior brother will unite with us ; 20

He bade me notify as late I've said,
That he this day would to the Fort proceed."

Amidst their converse—Loring, Drummond's aid,
Approach'd with foaming, and this statement made :

" With arrow's speed I've flew from Drummond
here,

To bear from him this message to your ear—
That ere the vanishing of morrow's light,
At fort of George his squadrons would unite—
From thence, o'erwhelming he'd create your force,
And scatter Freedom to the Lawrence's source, 30
Where Packenham will meet us with his train,
And thus Columbia strangle with a chain."

Thus Riall to the messenger : " Withdraw,
And urge the general to the scene of war.
We need our utmost now. The foe in fight,
Is like the bursting of a storm at night.

" Here on this Height my brazen tubes shall I
Defend with bulwarks, and assault defy.
But scarce so great their frenzy can I deem
That they'll advance against the quenchless stream 40
Which we shall pour with sure destruction down,
And wrap in bloody shrouds the pride of Brown.

" Drummond, proceed and draw the lines at length,
And let the walls be solid in their strength.
The deep-tongu'd engines plant upon the right—
By turns, the warriors labour through the night."

Loring by this was bounding o'er the plain,
'To urge the general to approach the scene.
Drummond proceeded with his science band
To mark th' embankments to defend the land.— 50

Ere soften'd twilight streak'd the eastern hill,
The Heights were bulwark'd with superior skill.

And now appears a doubtfulness of day—
The birds of heaven begin their amorous lay—
First twittering on the boughs they tune their throats—
And clear, and sweeter they advance their notes—
But soon transported,—with melodious strains,
They wake to life the vallies, hills, and plains.

As virgin gold is seen upon the skies,
The patriot warriors from their tents arise— 60
Convok'd in column by the drums' deep roll,
Brown in the centre with collected soul
Gives to his tongue his thoughts: "Once more, the day
Invites us forth, our standards to display
To reach th' immortal prize! The generous Treat
Beheld the dust as they the Queenstown beat.

"Riddle, your scout with wary footstep lead,
And learn where proud the royal tents are spread.

"When with the breeze you mark their banners play,
Then at the junction of the Chippewa 70
Bear me swift notice. Presently shall I
Thither remove for the emergency—

There can the army from the village* draw
With easy transport means to hold the war.

"Strike the pavilions! Rank by tens in file,
And let the musick be the quickening style."

Riddle proceeded with his scout to trace,
Where wav'd the banner of the Albion race.

* Schlosser.

The warriors struck their tents and fill'd the reins—
The sturdy horses ready in their chains 80
Onward to move. The musick strikes the march—
By sections wheeling, in due form they arch
In lines of beauty that delight the eye—
The sunbeams glancing on the musketry.
The bayonets pointing up to heaven appear
Like petrifications, form'd of liquid tear
That weeps from crystal rocks, as pure, serene,
As drops of that bright shower, where first was seen
The bow of promise lovely in the sky—
New from the forming hands of Deity. 90

They reach the junction of the flowing streams,
As the tir'd sun emits his farewell beams.
On a light arch the Chippewa they pass—
The flood beneath them a reflecting glass,
In which, in proud array their standards shine,
Like something pencill'd by a hand divine.

They pile their arms to wound and trench the land,
Jealous the foe's inbreaking to withstand.
Along the Chippewa the lines commence—
Drops oozing from their brows by toils intense. 100

A day of clouds succeeds—and night returns,
Pouring thick darkness from her leaden urns.
A dungy vapour from the lake afar,
Smothers the brilliancy of every star,
Which makes them glimmer in a sickly mood,
Though clogg'd in travelling through a path of blood.

Lo, in the deepness of the midnight hour,
To Riall's tent approach'd the Stygian Power.

He seem'd an ancient man for truth rever'd,
With eye of thoughtfulness and reverend beard. 110

The hoary counterfeit drew near his bed,
And in faint whisper like a dream he said :

“ Chief of proud majesty ! impartial hear
A voice that pours instruction in your ear—
Truth dwells upon my tongue—by years made sage—
Treasure the councils of considerate age :

“ The Freedom Star, at close of yesterday,
Shone at the junction of the Chippewa.
From us their flag is parted by the stream—
I saw them labouring by the twilight gleam. 120
Plac'd are their outward guards eight furlongs hence,
Unknown that you defend this eminence.

“ And now, to thee their standards must resign,
If thou wilt show an artful discipline :

“ Brief at the instance of returning day,
In line oblique, your every rank display,
That each swift lead more sure its death may deal—
This done :—a scout advance to fire and wheel,
T' excite them into war,—and then recede,
T' allure them here, beneath these Heights to bleed. 130

“ Mark these my words, and not imprudent deem
This midnight vision but a passing dream.”

The Fiend thus artful to his fancy spoke,
And vanish'd backward in a wreath of smoke.

The low-hung vapours settle to the earth—
The dancing stars in beauteous robes shine forth.
Proud in their spheres, careering planets roll,
While borealis flickers round the pole.

The village cock with early clarion shrill,
Greets Venus lovely on her chosen hill ; 140
Her sisters fade—but she, as twilight gleams,
More sweetly sparkles in the rippling streams.
With simple beauty she bedecks the sky,
Till heaven's gold orb illuminates on high.

When mimic rainbows in the dew-drops shone,
The musick rous'd the legions of the throne.
Riall deep weigh'd what he in night had dream'd—
A spy of royalty the vision seem'd.
Brief he determin'd when it pass'd his view,
The offer'd plan of midnight to pursue— 150
He thought the whole proceeded from his brain,
Dreaming the method of the field to gain.

He call'd his chiefs—by sending Plenderleath :—
Drummond, and Holbrook, Harvey, Walbeck, Keith—
They at the summons given—right valorous
Approach'd—and Riall his intentions thus :

“ Leaders, invincible, of England's troop !
'Tis ours this day to make the Eagle stoop
To Albion's Lion with his shaggy mane,
Whose lightning eye will smite her on the plain. 160

“ Harvey, proceed with four times fifty bold,
Till you their forward standards shall behold—
Approach—allure them with a skirmish fight,
Till we can reach them with our arms of might.

“ Holbrook, with Fencibles the batteries hold,
Ready their wrath in thunder to unfold.
But lock them deep in silence till they show,
Ere you emit their volum'd flames below.

“ Drummond, your falchion draw upon the right,
And there the tempest of thy soul excite. 170

Your left, throw back—your dexter wing, advance,
 That every ball oblique with death may glance.
 Walbeck, the left of Drummond is your place—
 Let each his name with royal honours grace.”

When Riall finish'd his instructions few,
 The chiefs immediate to their posts withdrew :
 Harvey proceeded to begin the war,
 And then alluring to the Height withdraw.
 Holbrook the cannon guarded—Drummond then,
 Strong on the right, obliquely play'd his men. 180

Meantime, their wounded the Columbians bore
 Across the stream with easy-motion'd oar.—
 And from the village, barges in return,
 Receiv'd supplies which cause the blood to burn
 With vitalizing flame—as oil sustains
 The lamp, or flowers revive from softening rains.
 Furnish'd with ample means the field to tread,
 Brown, to the leaders of the army said :

“ Four dial circles is the sun's descent
 From heaven's meridian to the occident, 190
 Yet, I of Riddle's band have nothing heard,
 Hence my fears tell me something has occur'd—
 Lost in the wilderness, or perhaps the foe
 Hath hemm'd him round and he a captive now.

“ Scott, your battalions on the Queenstown lead,
 And let no object pass in ambush hid.
 And should you meet the Lion in your way,
 Send me brief notice—and commence the fray.”

Scott heard the summons with a look serene,
 And leap'd his charger—bounded o'er the green— 200

Headed his column with a brilliant eye,
Bright as their armour in effulgency :

As late the Boston Bard from visions rose—
(In night it rain'd, and as it fell it froze,)
The forest trees with ice were silver'd o'er,
And every shrub a various beauty bore—
But when the sun had topp'd the southeast hill,
The scene enchanting made his bosom thrill.
Innumerable gems of liquid diamonds bright,
Of purest radiance trembled with delight— 210
He gaz'd with wonder pouring from his eyes,
His soul entranc'd with nameless ecstasies.
Back from his mind the thoughts of earth were driven—
It seem'd a fancy-work design'd by heaven :

Thus Scott's battalions shone upon the field,
Like that which late the poet's eye beheld.

When Scott had pass'd the Chippewa, he stay'd
His warrior-chiefs,—and these instructions said :

“ Pentland, with infantry in front proceed,
And let your name be mark'd with signal deed. 220
Harris, on either wing with icy brands,
Your horsemen move to scout the royal bands—
And, should you meet the standards of the foe,
Begin the onset and your bearing show.
Forth we, directed by your arms shall wheel
And prove the harden'd temper of our steel.”

Pentland, and Harris, listen'd to their chief,
And in the van their warriors fil'd in brief—
Scott, with slow movement on their rear pursu'd,
His prospect cover'd by the hiding wood. 230

Soon Pentland, Harris, open'd on the view
Of Harvey's line,—who, at the sight withdrew—
Pentland hard press'd them with pursuing heat,
While back they hied as with unwilling feet.

At length, they stood upon advantage ground,
And Harvey wheeling, pour'd the battling sound.

Pentland, as willing, thus : “ The flames return !
But aim the heart before the sparkles burn.”

The horse and infantry in line display—
And each incens'd, maintain an equal fray. 240
The skirmish for a time with spirit burns,
Till Harvey, wounded, to his place returns.

While Pentland, Harris, this contention held,
From Scott their waving standards were conceal'd
By intervening wood. Hurrying his path,
His eye observ'd them in the midst of wrath.
To halt he wav'd his sword. His warriors stand
Firm in their place at motion of his hand.

“ See Pentland, Harris, glory in the fight !
Behold the Albions planted on the Height ! 250
They seem like darkness settled on the hill,
When trooping ghosts around its borders smile !

“ Through scenes of fire, to fame's proud summit
climb !

There let each name be register'd sublime !
Let every heart be cas'd with granite rock—
Yea—wall it round to meet th' opposing shock.

“ Jessup, your warriors to the right lead forth,
And like a reaper, harvest them to earth.
And, Leavensworth, the left belongs to thee,
Strengthen'd by Towson with artillery. 260

Defend the centre, Brady and MacNiell,
And show the binding of your hearts is steel.

“ Be thoughts of life remote—no faltering eye—
Be only thoughtful of the victory !
In column follow to the field away—
I wield my sword a deathless band display,
And as you open fire !

“ What though their power
Looks like the promise of a thunder shower,
Yet will we meet the tempest with a smile,
And with a bath of flame melt down the hill.” 270

His voice partook of a celestial sound,
For lo, Fredonia bore the echo round !
His warriors seem'd translated from the earth,
Scorning the sinews of their mortal birth.

Scott onward led them with their souls renew'd
Beyond the borders of the veiling wood.
Riall beheld—to Holbrook, gave the sign,
Who bade the matches kindle through the line—
His cannon pour'd their thunder voice like heaven,
When quake the mountains and the hills are riven. 280
Scott plac'd a smile of gladness on his mien,
As when a rainbow in a storm is seen :

“ Hark to the organ note ! Let each repair,
The heart in musick, to his post in war !”

The column caught his daring, and display'd,
As he the manner of attack had laid,
While from the Height a raining fire was hurl'd,
As when Gomorrah melted from the world.

The meantime Riall pass'd his lines along,
And, as he pass'd, this echo'd from his tongue : 290

“Royals ! behold the gathering of the foe !
Stand in proud attitude and blood shall flow !
It seems that something must have turn'd their brain,
Or never thus they'd ventur'd on the plain.
Their recent victories will cost them death—
It makes them reckless of the battle's breath—
See how their standards in the air they loom,
But at explosion will their pride deplume ;
Yea, when our engines shall receive the fire,
This haughty port of Freedom will expire. 300

“Hark !—Holbrook's enginery begins to burn !
But see, they stand and back the flames return !
In vain for them upon the Height to bear,
And hence, their cannon foolishness declare !
Look ! they approach :—but slaughter is their
doom—

Sparkle the flint !—consign them to the tomb !”

Lo, as the order from his tongue came forth,
A sudden fire seem'd burning on the earth—
Smoke rolling, thunder breaking. Drummond fierce,
Look'd though his heart were madden'd with a curse.
Columbians stand like spirits on a cloud, 301
While heaven's artillery breaks beneath them loud.

Scott turning to his aid in brief began—
Jones—small of limb—but mental was the man :
“Bound to the Chippewa with leaping speed—
And tell to Brown his utmost strength we need.
Th' unequal balance of the war you know—
And how the streams of blood begin to flow.”

Jones, without answer, on his courser flew,
Swift as an arrow when its race is new. 320

The rapid motion suck'd away his breath,
Hence, oft he check'd the rein, of air to breathe ;
And though in fleetness he outstrips the wind,
Yet on his path he lingers in his mind.

While these events transpir'd, with winkless eye,
Riddle advanc'd the Albion flag to spy—
When soft the sun departed in the west,
Close in a thicket grove he sunk to rest—
But when at dawn the stars began to fade,
He rose—and cautiously the woods survey'd. 330

Now as the sun had turn'd his chariot west,
He kenn'd a royal troop in crimson dress'd,
Reddening the woods ! He whisper'd to his band :

“ Mark you the enemy ! In silence stand.
Secret we'll pass them in a circle round,
And make them cast their weapons on the ground—
From whom the place of their retreat we'll learn,
And then to Brown with hasty march return.”

His views made manifest,—they trail the wood,
While their hearts beat with stimulating blood. 340
With eyes reverted on the foe they move,
Conceal'd beneath the covert of the grove.

Soft as they wind an intervening hill,
Absorb'd in mind their purpose to fulfil,
Three strangers hastening through a glen they spy,
Who with concernment in their looks draw nigh.
The senior thus to Riddle : “ Lo, for thee,
Our bosoms throb with deep anxiety.
We saw thy movement in the forest back,
And hasten'd to persuade you to retrack. 350

We grieve at the defeat of Freedom's blood—
 To you this thicket is a dangerous wood.
 The English cohorts—an o'erwhelming throng,
 Are trench'd on yonder Heights with bulwarks strong.
 And these you've late discover'd in the vale,
 Are but the van to cause your heart to fail.

“ Our souls are with thee—yea—we long to join
 The Star that beams with Liberty divine—
 But O, 'tis more than we can dare to hope,
 That thou in infancy with age can cope. 360
 Their strength comes darkening on !—each passing
 day,

Ranks crowd on ranks thy powers to disarray.

“ When Hull with treachery to Brock resign'd,
 Thrice eighty of our brothers were consign'd
 To death of infamy !—But I forebode,
 A phoenix spirit will avenge their blood !

“ By Hull deceiv'd, with weighing caution now,
 We raise our arm to make our tyrants bow.
 Our hearts throb'd lightning when his voice came
 forth,

Inviting us to join with Freedom's birth. 370
 In secret places weapons were conceal'd,
 At his advance to aid him in the field.

“ The day is rolling on—the hour will come,
 When we shall strike for Liberty at home—
 Each tongue triumphant will her anthems sing,
 And shout on high deliverance from a king—
 The reign of kings is hastening to decay—
 Thy conscript fathers first illum'd the way !
 Wide o'er the silver lakes the light will spread,
 Till royal gems shall in its flames be hid, 380

Where thy Montgomery fell, a tomb shall rise,
As the first martyr of our Liberties !

“ But time admits us to enlarge no more,
For see—the foe is moving on with power.
Now pledging each his faith, our hands we’ll join—
May vict’ry’s garland round thy brows entwine !”

Riddle with hallow’d feeling gave his hand—
Bade them farewell : “ Ye Patriots of the land !
Deep from my heart my holiest thoughts receive,
And could I more, I that with joy would give !” 390

This answer said, the strangers bow’d—withdrew—
And Riddle wheeling to his band in few :

“ Wink at the danger with unclouded eye—
Follow in silence, and we pass them by—
With hurried footsteps make the Chippewa—
And bear to Brown the tidings of the day—
Where Riall stands defended on the Height,
And how by friendship we were sav’d defeat.”

These accents brief pronounc’d, he led them slow,
With feet of down to shun the scouting foe. 400
The strangers bade him to the left recede—
Along the glen with cedars overspread :
The streamlet gliding to the Chippewa,
From wandering kept him from the path astray.

* * * * *

“ Hark !—Stand !” They listen with attentive
ear—

“ What sudden vollies on the right we hear ?
The lines have met ! the battle has begun !—

“ The message bearing to the chief is done,
Th’ augmenting peals reverberate around—
It seems I feel the shaking of the ground !” 410

'The cannon's voice will guide us to the fray—
Brown must be there—forsook the Chippewa.'

With feet of deer, directed by the sound,
They sweep the woods to join the war profound :

Thus, when an eagle on a cedar high,
To call her young begins the well-known cry—
Shrill as the echoes round the welkin float,
Her new-fledg'd offspring listen to the note—
They spread their pinions—through the air rejoice,
Their compass guided by their parent's voice : 420

The band of Riddle, as young eagles thus,
Hied through the wood with feelings emulous—
The battle's din was like their parent's cry,
Urging their path with impulse rapidly.

From the thick covering of the forest, lo,
Sudden they pass where large the death-streams flow !

So when creation shall dissolve with heat,
While thousand whirlwinds on the mountains beat—
And globes of fire with besom vengeance driven,
Like comets burning through the waste of heaven—
The sleeping dead upon their pillow'd dust, 430
Shall hear the summons and their chambers burst—
Break from the calmness of the tomb and rise
Amid the throes of nature's agonies—

Yet shall the righteous mark the dreadful scene,
And not a fear be cast upon their mein.

Not this unlike, from out the solitude,
Form'd by an untrod wilderness of wood—
The hero band are usher'd to the field,
Where death in even scales the battle held. 440

* * * * *

“ Forever foremost with the valiant found !
While thousands fail, thy name will be renown'd !
Advance thy warriors to the left extreme,
Whose deeds are worthy of the poet's theme.”

Scott spoke their virtue—Riddle, not a word,
But as he pass'd he bow'd to him his sword.
To far extreme of Leavensworth he strode,
And soon the blood in a new channel flow'd.

Now the wide field is overspread with fire,
While bosoms wounded with a throb expire. 450
From weapons bayonet-pointed ceaseless flash
The vaulting flames, while cannon thunders crash,
Pausing at intervals—like those which break
The prisoning clouds, and cause the heavens to shake.

Ten chiefs of royal character are laid
Prone on the earth, involv'd in death's deep shade :
Burk, Fenwick, Cadwell, Huffman, Martin, Dunn—
And Blair, and Baker, Henley, Epherson.

Columbians slumber on the beds of death,
Their brows encircled with a warrior's wreath. 460
Simnal, and Skinner, Hopkinton, and Burns—
Their memories treasur'd in immortal urns.

A lead glancing MacNiell fractures the bone
That walls the brain—insensible—a stone—
He drops to earth ! His aids dismount and bear
Their dying leader to the surgeon's care—
Who raise the skull compressing of the brain,
And soon the hero from his trance regain.

Now Brady through his hip receives a wound,
By which he falls and stains with blood the ground.

His soldiers aid him, and he mounts again— 471

His soul indignant, scorns to leave the pain.

Of chiefs depriv'd, the centre ranks withdraw,

Unable longer to withstand the war—

But Crawford, Sawyer, in their years of life,

With these expressions bind them to the strife :

“ Never—O, never—never thus retire—

But rather bare the bosom and expire !

Combine in column—we'll conduct you forth

To do proud deeds with those of Leavensworth :” 480

As when a flock is scatter'd o'er the plain

By ruffian wolves, which half their friends had slain,

Two youthful shepherds call them to the fold—

They hear their voices, sweeter than the gold

That trembles on the harp—bleating they bound,

And herd together at th' inviting sound :

So the brave youths unite the scatter'd bands,

And lead them forth to where the field demands—

The left of Leavensworth—their powers revive—

And many a foe the moment ceas'd to live. 490

Now Leavensworth, the pressing strife beheld,

And to inflame his warriors on the field,

He thus from rank to rank : “ Live—live, or die !

And let *this* day all other days outvie !

Let triple lightnings in their fury glare—

Let thunders burst and break along the air—

Let whirlwinds sweep the earth—let nature reel—

Yea, let the gripe of death creation feel—

Never shrink backward—never wink an eye—

We gain the fight, or gain eternity ! 500

His soul came forth. Hot plays the chafing
blood—

To heaven they kindle like a blazing wood.
As night descends, more dread the fiery stream
Touches the features with a ghastly gleam,
Like spectres riding on the clouds of fire,
Seen as the flashes quicken and expire.

Scott on the summit of a hill had stood
To mark the field. He gives command to Wood,
Ever at hand : “ To Leavensworth declare,
That he advance against the right wing there, 510
And break it back. No longer thus contend
With doubtful lead, but on the steel depend !”

Wood plied the spur and bounded to the chief,—
And spoke the mandate with an accent brief :

“ I bear the word as Scott te me hath said—
The wing charge back, nor trust th’ uncertain lead.”

“ Warrior, return and to the chieftain say,
I’ll strive the desperate order to obey.
Though half my strength is melting in the dust,
I’ll lead the onset—die in arms the first ! 520

“ Hush, hush the fire ! We now our souls must
prove,

Firm through the dreadful walks of death to move !
Sole on the sharpen’d steel our hopes rely—
On like a desert blast and rush the enemy !”

Ere he had ended was the fire suppress’d—
Each held his arms supported on his breast.
They move against the field with angry blade—
And as they move they cast a dubious shade,

Deep like the darkness that precedes a storm,
Threatening the earth with ruin to deform. 530

Meantime with loosen'd rein the gallant Wood
To Scott return'd: "The field is drunk with blood!
Though half his strength is weltering in the fray,
The daring chief is moving on his way!"

"His loss is more severe——"

"Fly, and return,
And bid the hero let the battle burn—
Skim the red earth—the order countermand—
Rescue from death the fame-eternal band!"

Wood leaps an arrow in its burning glance,
And thus to Leavensworth in proud advance; 540

"The general bids thee to implant thy bands—
Repeat the fire—The order countermands!"

Th' obeying warrior halted at the word,
And a full volley on their centre pour'd.
The moment's pause admitted them to breathe,
Hence, to the foe they larger flame bequeath.
So when on melting coals is fuel thrown,
It cools the ardour of their burning down—
But the combustibles ere long revive
(Kindling intense beneath) the flames and live— 550
The momentary cause that damp'd the fire,
Adds to the blaze intensity of ire:
Such the effect--the pausing of the *free*,
Pour'd deeper volleys on the enemy.

The meantime Drummond foaming, in his might,
Became like frenzy to maintain the fight—

Along the field he cast a blackening look,
And thus enrag'd his failing host bespoke :

“ What, shall we kneel our joints upon the earth
To those, who know no royalty of birth ? 560
Who wear no gilded star upon their breast,
To show a Monarch has their actions grac'd !
Shall such as these our banners overcome ?
For shame—ye English !—plunge them to the tomb !
Did I you English call ?—the name you've lost—
Your hearts are frozen with a coward frost.
What, conquer will ye not, with thousands strong,
A race of yesterday—in battle young ?

“ Ye are not men ! The field of thunder fly !
Go to the loom—the female distaff ply— 570
Enrobe your women in the works of steel,
For they more valiant will your deeds excel !

“ Britons ! prove worthy of your names—revive—
Never like dastards from the battle give !
Let flames be seen as hell—yea, fierce as death—
Rise, rush, smite, smother them with burning breath,
And let their bodies bleach upon the heath ;—
Uncase the hidden heart ! slaughter make good,
And let my soul be satisfied with blood !”

Impassion'd with his hell he raving said, 580
While his swell'd eyeballs started from his head.
His legions rose—impetuous, a stream
Bursting its banks. With violence of flame,
Tinging the edges of the clouds of heaven,—
So vast a torrent of mad fire is driven,
Intent to sweep the Patriots from the field—
Yet still unshaken they the combat held !

Thus Ætna blazing equal for a time,
Waxing nor wanning in its power sublime,

Till that a spark found passage through a rock, 590
Which long had sav'd the mountain from a shock,—
Deep sunk beneath were beds of nitre stow'd—
Sulphur and iron ready to explode—
The sparkle animates the fiery mass—
The mountain thunders from the place it was :
The flames ascending to the height of heaven,
Palsy the earth with dire convulsions riven.
So had the Albions with unyielding pride,
Pour'd the red liquid in a flooding tide,
But Drummond's voice was as the quickening spark,
Maddening their blood to strike the fatal mark. 601

Like rock-hewn images the Patriots stand,
Defying death at Levensworth's command.
Buried in flames they back return the lead,
And many a foe is number'd with the dead.
But Drummond still advancing with a press—
Thus Levensworth to Wood in sore distress :
“ To Scott rebound—and him O brief inform,
How wastes my strength ! how direful is the storm !
I fear that we must give ! It wrings my heart 610
To think the thought—But see what lives depart !”

A hasty meteor streaming down the skies,
Wood to the general without breathing flies :
“ So dire the smothering flames our arms scarce
live—

And Levensworth forebodes that he must give !”

Scott drank the icy word—his goading heel
Plied to the tender fibre—bar'd his steel,
While flying with the fury of the wind,
The time it leaves the hurried clouds behind,

His presence like divinity of soul, 620
Thrill'd every bosom and inspir'd the whole !

“ Give fire to the heart ! O 'tis sweet to die !—
Who dies this day will reach eternity !

Lo, Brown approaches with a veteran band—

Here will I pour my blood upon the land !

Die, die with me, and glorify the scene—

Forget your birth was that of mortal men !”

Instant he clos'd, behold he flash'd his brand,
Which seem'd as fire that kindled in his hand.

The warriors felt his influence not of earth, 630
And pour'd to heaven their adorations forth.

The air is thick as dropping rain, with ball—
Both friend and enemy unsightly fall.

The vaulting flames whole ranks successive kill,
While streams of blood run smoking down the hill.

As when a storm comes scowling o'er the earth,
Mustering its anger as it passes forth ;
Slow it proceeds on murky wings along,
An awful silence muffled on its tongue.

At length, it pours its ruins on the height 640

Of Laurel Ridge—the mountain braves its might—

The balls of thunder break upon the rocks,

While fiery fragments fasten on the oaks,

And kindle them sublime,—mad whirlwinds swell—

Yet fix'd, the mountain stands immoveable :

The Patriots thus th' unequal strife maintain,
Though death comes forward in a fiery rain,
Scathing the earth—dread thunders roll on high,
Whilst whirling clouds are toss'd through vacancy.

The soul of Riall shrunk to mark the slain— 650
And thus to Plenderleath,—his heart in pain :

“ To Drummond hasten in the midst of war,
And bid him column'd from the strife withdraw.
The foe his ranks with numbers must have swell'd—
'Tis waste of life !—Command him from the field.”

Rapid the mandate Plenderleath convey'd—
The summons wrathful Drummond sour obey'd,
Backward he led his army from the scene,
O'er horse and rider slain,—and dead, and dying men.
As slow he mov'd so hush'd the work of death, 660
For Scott's immortal band were failing of their breath.

How awful is the pause ! The war's red light,
Glaring the elements is roll'd in night.
Strange silence reigns, save dread Niagara's sound,
Which heavy roars with solemn din profound.
The bosom-breaking groans of dying men
At times upon the gale are heard between.
Ghosts flit in darkness deep, all rob'd in white,
Travelling with paleness o'er the field of fight. 669

CANTO XXIX.

BATTLE OF NIAGARA CON-
TINUED.

ARGUMENT.

Scott is reinforced by Brown,—Riall by General Drummond....The Battle is renewed with great violence....Jessup attacks the British Reserve....Capture of General Riall....Ripley and Miller assail and carry the Heights.

The scene is laid at the mouth of the Chippewa, and at the Heights of the Niagara....The time is about six hours—commencing with the beginning of the Action.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXIX.

WHEN clos'd the armies in contention dire,
Their blood-veins burning as though streams of fire,
The peals redoubling from the cannon's tongue,
Wide through the elements convulsive rung,
Mix'd with a flame like that to lightning given,
When thunders shake the firmament of heaven.

Brown at the Chippewa, listening profound,
Soon heard the war reverberate around—
And judg'd that Riall with unbroken power,
Was near the Heights of the Niagara shore. 10
His features brighten'd as the action grew—
And thus to Ripley, he began in few :

“ 'Tis Scott !—I know his cannon by their tongue—
Hasten thy warriors in their strength along.
From Heights Niagara the tumult breaks—
How the strife thickens !—how the concave shakes !
I with my flying aids will onward bound,
For Scott, perchance, may meet a fatal wound.”

This said, he waited not,—but touch'd the goad—
His mettled courser dash'd upon the road— 20

Dix, Austin, and MacRee, and Spencer young,
With equal speed devour'd the path along.

* * * * *

Who meets and stays the chief?—the aid of
Scott—

Jones—whom he sent, when first the war grew hot.

“ Express I left the field. The battle now
Pours on our ranks a torrent overflow.
On Heights Niagara oblique they stand,
And like a furnace conflagrate the land.”

Jones spoke with rapidness. Quick-thoughted
Brown,

Him answer'd brief : “ To Chippewa glance on— 30
Bid Porter to advance ere night grows dark,
And Hindman, ready with his flying park.”

He stay'd to add no more—but onward flew,
And reach'd the field as Drummond's strength with-
drew—

Jones to the Chippewa his charger press'd,
And gave to Porter's ear the chief's behest.

When Brown approaching was by Scott beheld,
A gladdening musick every fibre thrill'd :

Thus when a vessel by a tempest shock,
Is dash'd in fragments on a pointed rock, 40
The mariners apply the means at hand,
To ride the billows to the distant land.
Numbers in panick seize upon an oar,
And never with their life are heard of more.
The mate, with every effort in his reach,
Lash'd to a spar, gains slowly on the beach—

At length, exhausted, struggling with the flood,
 He feels death's palsy stiffening up his blood,
 Lo, in the act of yielding to his fate—
 Vanish'd his every hope, disconsolate— 50
 His captain hastens with the boat-of-life,
 And swift redeems him from the billowy strife !
 O'erpower'd with feeling, long his tongue denies
 To give expression to his ecstasies :

Such feelings came to Scott, when he beheld
 The chief advancing through the glimmering field.

“ My soul was sinking in the dust of earth—
 But O, thy presence gives my hope new birth !
 I need not history the battle now,—
 By the deep groans you may the sadness know. 60
 The field was cloth'd with fire ! Full half my
 strength

Are shrouded cold in bloody robes their length.
 Burns, Simnal, Skinner, Hopkinton, are made
 Like wither'd lilies, on their biers low laid.
 Others their blood like water on the earth,
 In rich abundance for the cause pour'd forth.
 The wounds of Brady ask for time to heal—
 With skull in fractures is the bold MacNiell.
 Fain would my tongue of Leavensworth recite,
 And Jessup's deeds—fame covers them as light. 70
 Of Crawford, Sawyer, silence would be crime—
 For youths so young, their efforts were sublime ;
 The centre column, by its leaders slain,
 Was broke in fragments, scatter'd o'er the plain—
 But lo, like shepherds when the wolves are near,
 They brought them back,—dissolv'd their every fear.

“ The half I cannot note—Who can relate
Distinctive characters, where all are great ?”

He ended. Brady with a flush rejoins :

“ Too shallow is my wound to leave the lines. 80
So long as I retain my bosom’s heat,
From off the field I never will retreat.”

His eye convey’d his meaning by its look,
And Brown his thoughts of admiration broke :

“ My tongue deceives me :—Lo, I thought to
speak

The language of my heart—but O, how weak !

Yes, I a something in my bosom feel—

But I that something never can reveal.

My tongue limps awkward to express my soul,—

Feelings I *feel*, beyond me to control.— 90

“ Round every temple will the laurel bloom,
Celestial plants will flourish on their tomb.

None can have eminence—all—all are first—

Those pass’d with life are wrapp’d in envious dust !

E’en could I speak their fame, th’ important hour

Forbids their eulogy. The royal power

By the deep echo of their drums afar,

In strength are gathering to provoke the war.

“ Spencer, away upon the wing of flight,

And bear these orders through the shades of night :

“ Porter, whose mind is steel combin’d with gold,

On left of Scott, will his position hold. 102

And Hindman, Towson, will the centre take—

Their guns’ explosion will the silence break.

On right of Scott will Miller, Ripley, form,

And mark with jealousy the rising storm—

For should the foe on Scott, or Porter bear,
Intent to crush their lofty character,
They in deep column will the Height assail,
And pierce the engines of their life with steel." 110

Spencer impatiently receiv'd the word—
Wheel'd—and his charger to the office spurr'd.

While these preparatory plans were laid,
Ripley his cohorts on the path had stay'd.
Soon Porter join'd him with his volunteers,
To shine like stars that decorate the spheres—
Ritchie, and Hindman,—names to never die,
Drew in the centre their artillery.

Now Ripley turning to his ready aid—
The swift MacDonald,—this commission said : 120

" Outleap the wind, and seek the ear of Brown—
Inform the chief we wait for our renown."

MacDonald rein'd his courser and retir'd,
Sweeping his way with lightning sparkle fir'd.
In half the distance he young Spencer meets,
Who him with friendly salutation greets :

" Whither away so fast ? Is Ripley on ?
I bear to him the purposes of Brown."

" He is,"—(replied MacDonald—accent brief,)
" This saves my farther progress to the chief. 130
Repeat what part is ours—no time to stay—
Time flies on lightning wings. The orders say !"

" Silent receive them : On the left of Scott,
Porter will marshal to elance the shot.

With Towson, Hindman will his park unite,
And take the centre and begin the fight.
Ripley will stand upon the right extreme,
Ready to answer when the guns shall flame—
And jealous watch, as circumstance shall call
To drive the bayonet, or let fly the ball. 140

“ These the instructions to the Ripley line—
Brother, farewell,—that’s yours, this course is mine.”

Nodding in compliment they wheel’d away—
Spencer to Brown—where Ripley’s troops array
With Porter’s, Hindman’s—back MacDonald sped,
And gave what Spencer on the path had said.

The different chiefs, when they the summons heard,
Took their positions without passing word.

Meanwhile, from fort of George, Drummond his
arms
Led forth in squadrons like successive swarms. 140
Vincent, with strength reserv’d, remain’d behind,
The host to succour with victorious mind.

As Drummond rose the hill with royal band,
Riall approach’d and offer’d him his hand.

“ A new sensation in my breast I feel,
To greet you here, clad in the works of steel !
Never such strife was seen since earth began—
At first I doubted that their strength was man.
Nothing my mind can liken to this even,
Save Michael’s battle on the plains of heaven. 150
The more we slew, more strong they seem’d to rise,
While dire the conflict kindled to the skies.
Your brother fought them with a lion’s wrath—
His smiting falchion carv’d a slaughtering path.

“ But sad my bosom heaves to speak the truth—
Shaw, Amherst, Aimwell,—Barrington the youth,
Yielded their lives—and Darnely, Hoffman, Stone—
Buckhamstead, Odin, Epherson, Mahone.

“ So numerous were the slain, at edge of night,
I thought it prudent to withdraw the fight— 160
And Loring speaking your approach at hand,
Made me more ready to recede the land,
That we together might a plan devise,
To strike their towering standards from the skies.
But I must warn you of the fiery Scott—
Steel-ribb’d his heart, impervious to the shot.”

Thus he. And Drummond then : “ The thought
was wise

To drain the blood of all our enemies !
My bosom long hath panted for this hour,
To wrench the Eagle from her rock-cliff tower. 170
Speak not of Michael in the fight of heaven,
For lo, they presently to death are given.
Yea—brief the number’d minutes which they live—
And scarce I mercy to their prayers will give.

“ This Brown once conquer’d, and his forces dead,
We’ll cross the lakes—their shores triumphant tread—
Ransack the villages—their dwellings burn,
And all the country into ruin turn.

“ Riall, in rest, stand you upon reserve—
Your deeds this day the royal gifts deserve, 180
For thou hast fought them with superior nerve.
Now I invincible will onward rush,
And at a blow these Michael warriors crush—
Yea—this day’s scene shall never be forgot—
But first, I’ll sacrifice the blood of Scott,

" Behold, their cannon lightens up the hill !
 On, England ! on—and show your power to kill !"
 As when from bleak November's squally cloud,
 The winds with violence come rushing loud,
 Levelling the stately forest in its path— 190
 Shaking the hills like earthquake in its wrath :
 The arms of Drummond raise an equal sound,
 Moving to battle o'er the solid ground.
 Loud groans the earth beneath their labouring feet—
 Sudden they open with a dreadful sheet,
 Broad as the blazing of an ocean fire,
 When clouds emit their thunderbolts of ire !

Like Egypt's pyramids the Patriots stand,
 Strong in their strength—unconquerable band !
 Porter inflames the breast of volunteers— 200
 The noise of Scott breaks deafening on the spheres—
 The brass of Albion quicken into flame—
 Hindman, and Towson, light the field the same.
 Ripley, and Miller, consecrate the right—
 No mortal tongue the tumult can recite.

* * * * *

O Muse ! sustain me but for one brief hour—
 Give to my thoughts the strength of Homer's power—
 My nerves convulsive start beyond control—
 Through my pent heart the blood-streams cease to
 roll.

My breast heaves agoniz'd. Mine eye is set 210
 Firm in my head—I'm bath'd in gory sweat.
 My mind illumine with ethereal light,
 To paint the horrors of this dreadful night !

* * * * *

As when two comets with an aspect drear,
Roll to engagement through the hemisphere,
Each at the other with destruction driven,
While flames augmenting, singe the cope of heaven ;
Behold, they strike ! ten thousand lightnings fly—
Ten thousand thunders burst along the sky—
With fear the planets start !—The earth and sun, 220
Loosen'd—from sphere to sphere delirious run.
Creation's axle trembles with the jar—
Ten thousand spirits shriek upon the air.
Stars melt away before the blinding sight—
Chaos returns on wings of smothering night :

The strife not this unlike. Ghosts crowd the
field—

The warriors stand, as though on heaven they held !
Brown looks like something spiritual in form,
As on from rank to rank he swells the storm,
Wielding his blade of fire—kindling the whole, 230
To pour the blast in violence of soul :

“ Eternity is thine ! Death's agent band !
Firm on the centre of your glory stand—
Stand like the monuments of ancient time,
Surpass the proudest of their deed sublime.
Loosen your souls and magnify the scene—
Be more like deities than breathing men !”

A spirit's voice could nothing more inflame,
Touching the heart !—they rise beyond their fame.
Like fire devouring through a grove they move, 240
Or frenzied meteors scorching heaven above !

So vast the strife it humbled Drummond's pride,
And to his aid with hurried breath he cried :

“ To Riall cleave the way with swallow’s speed—
A thousand Britons in the slaughter bleed !
Command him instant with reserve to down,
Or we may fail to seize upon this Brown.”

Loring nods his plume—and, reining in his horse,
Plies a sharp goad—he burns upon his course—
Like wind leaps up the hill—his charger’s feet 250
Scarce touch the ground, they dart away so fleet.

Now when the battle in its rage began,
Jessup, who oft in danger led the van,
Conceal’d in darkness, with his warriors stood,
Close on the borders of a hiding wood,
In which reserv’d were Riall and his train,
Ready at signal, Drummond to sustain.

The path that reach’d them, Jessup, with an eye
Brightening in fire to seize the enemy,
Searches impatient to assail their rear, 260
And crop a laurel in the midnight drear :

So when at dusk, a shepherd pens his flocks
Beneath a ledge of Alleghany’s rocks—
But through his hurry in a storm of hail,
Forgets to fasten the superior rail—
Behold, a panther comes in hungry hour,
To seek an entrance and the flock devour.
He compasses the fold, then backward wheels,
And jealous every part successive feels—
And not unfrequent shakes the loosen’d bar, 270
That soon must fall and give them to despair :

Thus Jessup seeks the passage of the wood,
To gain the foe, where Riall waiting stood—

Frequent the path he traverses in haste,
Unknown—so thick the darkness of the waste.
At length confirm'd, he strikes upon the road,
Which streams a tide of pleasure through his blood :

As when an anxious traveller, faint with toil,
After long absence from his native soil,
Gains in close distance, at the hour of night, 280
His home-sought village, glowing with delight,
Giddy with joy, he wanders from the road,
That would have led him to his sweet abode—
Heedless he travels till he gains a brake,
Where soon the strangeness opens the mistake,—
He stands, he ponders—traces back the path,
Now press'd with grief—and now half vex'd with
wrath.

His tumult passions lead him more astray—
He turns his back upon the village way.
At length, his feelings calm'd, he views the star, 290
That shines unchangeable in heaven, afar,
And learns the compass where his heart is plac'd—
He wheels his course—Lo, thirty footsteps pac'd,
He strikes upon a trace, where, when a boy,
He oft had sported in his pastime joy !
The weariness at once forsakes his limbs—
His soul delicious in a transport swims :

So Jessup, when he found the secret course,
That wound upon the rear of Riall's force,
Felt his soul swimming in a blissful sea, 300
Like the spent trav'ler in his ecstasy.

He publishes his purpose : “ Hearts, unite,
And immortality rewards the night !

Behold, the enemy engag'd severe,
Hath left this passage to our progress clear,—
Which, cautious trac'd, will lead to his reserve,
Where ye can prove the iron of your nerve.
The battle on the left absorbs his mind—
He little dreams of dangers from behind.
While Scott exalts his character with Brown, 310
Shall we not strive to match them in renown ?”

His warriors felt their pride. Life's currents flow
Rapid through every breast to strike the blow.
They feel their way with muffled footstep round,
Veil'd in the deepness of the night profound.

At length, they stand in column on the rear—
And Jessup's voice again demands their ear :

“ Success thus far, our purposes hath crown'd—
Soon shall their hot blood curdle on the ground.
Ketchum, with stillness to the left incline, 320
While I direct proceed against their line.
Should you discover guards,—detachments out—
You'll then—but why direct you in the scout ?
See the hard flint be loos'd from every gun—
We'll place success upon the steel alone.

“ To him who yields, a kind protection give—
The captive soldier, generous let him live.
More rich, more verdant to the victor band,
The laurel blooms, when twin'd with Mercy's hand !

“ Be firm—be resolute—with footstep slow— 330
Still as Ohio's wave,—deep plunge the blow !”

Like spirits walking o'er their graves, they move,
While a damp silence settles from above.

No breathing organ stirs—bent on the strife,
 It seems the pausing of the wheels of life.
 They gain their distance cover'd by the wood,
 And plunge their bayonets—soak the earth with blood.
 The foe confounded, not a weapon wields—
 And one detachment on another yields.—
 Those in their daring who resistance show, 340
 Receive their deaths at one decisive blow.

Although his captives far his strength exceed,
 Th' immortal Jessup suffers none to bleed :
 The laws of battle would have crush'd their life
 In the wild moment of the midnight strife—
 But mercy tempers the Columbian's heart
 To spare the vanquish'd from the lifted dart.

But Jessup !—where, O where is Raisin's shore ?
 The fall of Pike ? Miami's stream of gore ?—

I will not wake thy memory severe— 350
 I mark thine eye to glisten with a tear.
 Yea—far more verdant to the victor band,
The laurel blooms, when twin'd with mercy's hand.

While Jessup thus.—Ketchum with down-soft
 tread,
 Feels his dark way to do some signal deed.
 He stands—he listens to a swift-horse tramp—
 'Tis Loring dashing to the Riall camp.—
 “ Halt in your place ! Hark ! that echoing sound !
 Lo, it may lead where Riall may be found !
 Listen ! lie close—he came upon this course !— 360
 I mark his shadow—see !—hath rein'd his horse.
 He bears important message I presume
 From yonder army fighting in the gloom—

“ Be up !—arise—in breathless silence stand—
Whoe’er they be, behold them at our hand !
Feel on my rear—and soon their grade we’ll know—
Perhaps an aid and general of the foe.”

Soft at the word his anxious band proceed
With soundless footstep to perform the deed.
The spot where Riall stood, unknown they reach, 370
As Loring thus commenc’d his hurrying speech :

“ Riall !—a host of Britons on the plain,
Pour out their blood—a thousand are the slain !
Drummond commands that you ”——

“ No ! I command !”

Ketchum replies, supported by his band—
“ Dismount, whatever be your grade—and know,
I speak not twice !—I am thy country’s foe !”

As when two stately bullocks chew their cud,
And sweet, a second time enjoy their food—
With ears turn’d back, they press the rich repast—380
The fattening juices melting on their taste—
While thus secure in reckless thought they stand—
Behold, conceal’d in night, a shaggy band
Of hungry wolves approach with watery jaws,
Burning to stuff them in their empty maws—
The bullocks bellow distress—tossing high
Their horn-clad heads without the power to fly.

Not otherwise the heart of Loring shook,
And Riall’s, when the voice of Ketchum broke.
But soon as utterance to the general came : 390

“ Our swords are thine ; and Riall is my name.
’Twas not by my command that Swift was slain—
His murderous death my bosom touch’d with pain.”

“ And dost thou mention *Swift* to wound mine ear ?
His bleeding exit starts a bitter tear !
Murder thrice horrid ! Guilt will haunt the mind,
And make it shudder at the passing wind—
Yea—e’en the musick of the Zephyr’s breath,
Will start the soul with freezing sounds of death.

“ Away, thy cloudy fears : Columbians brave 400
Never a crime committed with the grave.
We treat our enemy with mercy bland—
No gout of murder stains a freeborn hand.
Vengeance we leave to Him, who nations made—
To him who yields, protection is our blade.

“ But, Riall ! we respect thy valiant name—
Not with dark blood hast thou bedimm’d thy frame.
Though in the battle we had cause to fear
The anger of thy brand, a fire severe,
Yet, we regard the warrior in the strife— 410
He only has our hate who sports with life.

“ Now to find Jessup will employ our care,
To add our strength, and do the things we dare.”

They move quick-passing at the rapid word,
To join their chief and exercise the sword.

The meantime Jessup conquers as he goes—
His rushing steel disanimates his foes.
Their general lost, makes worse confusion still—
The whole reserve fall broken down the hill !

The numerous captives in the care of Crane, 420
Are back conducted from the field of slain.

This daring feat achiev’d, Jessup exclaims :
“ Hard screw the flints—prepare to light the flames.

Warriors, behold upon the Queenstown path,
A sheet of fire consumes our Scott in wrath !
Well do I know him by his portly height,
And by his manner to inflame the fight.
With smother'd voice we'll move upon their rear,
And strike the flint-fire to the heart severe."

His plan made manifest,—he leads them on 430
By the red glare that from the battle shone,
Glancing like lightning in a dark, bleak night,
Guiding the traveller by the doubtful light.
And now in dark, and now in light, they hie,
While the quick flashes burn upon their eye.
Slow, cautious, silent, o'er the dead they feel
To gain a wall's deep shade—and there conceal.
Distant—ten footsteps opposite the road,
The Harvey line successive blaze and load.
Between the openings of the loose-laid wall, 440
The Patriots aim to consecrate each ball—
Each eye bent level—ready to expire
At Jessup's word : He gives it : " Touch the fire !"

Chill from behind the Albions hear the sound—
(Save those convuls'd in blood upon the ground.)
They stand in their surprise—and nothing know,
So great their dread—from whence proceeds the blow.

As when abrupt the northern winds arise
From out their magazine in polar skies—
Down the bleak mountain tops they sweep their
way— 450
From thence they dash to madden up the sea.
This way, and that, the ocean foams awhile—
Waves dash on waves—they chafe, they roar, they
boil.

At length, the wild winds in their fury strong,
Drive the craz'd billows through the waste along.

In like distress the British legions stood,
Till thought returning, drove them to the wood.

Brown at a distance saw the brilliant deed,
And by the blaze impetuous rush'd his steed.
He comes—his voice is heard : “ What daring chief
Disbands the enemy ?” The hero brief: 461

“ Jessup am I—the right of Scott's brigade ;
And does he live ?”

“ He does. Never shall fade
Thy mem'ry from the earth. In vain to tell
The pride I feel—you every fame excel.
This deed of thine from death hath rescu'd Scott—
Thy name with his will never be forgot.

“ Now you'll return and form on Ripley's right,
Whose name like thine is terrible in fight.”

In act to rein his steed, lo—Ketchum came, 470
Equal in honour with the best of fame—
Riall and Drummond's aid their side arms held,
A grace the victor granted on the field.

Soon as they fix'd on Riall with their eyes,
The band of Jessup shouted to the skies :

“ Live, Jessup ! live—thy country's pride and
boast !

Live, Ketchum ! live—and live thy valiant host !
This night we triumph in the field, or die !
When Brown commands, the Eagle sweeps the sky,
And with her arrows slays the enemy !” 480

Riall and Loring to the rear convey'd,
Jessup seeks Ripley—Brown's command obey'd.

What time these darings on the rear transpir'd,
Opposing armies with ambition fir'd
Labour'd in arms. Fierce Drummond from the
Height,

With rage impetuous pour'd the desperate fight.
Scott, Ripley, Porter, Hindman, Towson, Brown,
Withstood the battle—fix'd in their renown.
Blood follow'd every peal. But Drummond still,
Unceasing hurl'd red ruin from the hill : 490

So once when Hecla pour'd its fires to heaven,
By which, earth's confines from its depths were
riven—

The spectres rous'd, which habited the land,
To press the flames convok'd their ghostly band—
The mountain bent its pointed fires around,
To drive the untomb'd spirits from the ground—
But they a whirlwind loosen'd from beneath,
And urg'd it on with ruin's smothering breath.—
The fiery whirlwind and the burning height,
(So legends tell,) impetuous clos'd in fight. 500
Hell felt the shock, deep from its centre riven—
The stars shrunk back or melted in mid heaven.

Thus Albion pour'd the battle o'er the land,
And thus like spirits the Columbian band,
Return'd it backward with destruction fierce,
Whilst fiery whirlwinds wrapp'd the universe.

Ripley at length conceiv'd a fearful plan—
And rode to Miller and abrupt began :

“ We toil without effect. The Albions still,
Roll down a burning slaughter from the hill ! 510

No hope is mine, that we can long maintain
 The fight—by thus contending on the plain.
 I'll storm the Height. How do your pulses move ?
 Thy soul braves death—do you the plan approve ?”

“ *I'll try sir,*” were the words that Miller said,
 So well the warrior scann'd the peril dread.

“ I knew a heart of steel thy bosom had—
 And be it thine to charge their thunders mad.
 With me, MacFarland, Brook, will strike their flank—
 Rushing with bayonet break upon their rank. 520
 You at the pivot moment rise the brow—
 Be but resolv'd, the Height we'll overthrow.”

This said, the chieftain in his ardour went
 To nerve the warriors for the dire event.
 MacFarland, Miller, Brook, their bands unite,
 And wait the signal to assail the Height.
 Ripley, in centre with elated soul,
 Breathes patriot fire which kindles through the whole :

“ Now prove that Liberty new fashions men—
 And show the world a never-acted scene ! 530
 Behold, the blazing of yon Heights above !
 There, like the *three*—God's worshippers we move !
 It seems remote, a desperation dire,
 To storm the battlements o'erwhelm'd with fire—
 But know,—at our approach 'twill forth subside—
 We'll quench it with their blood in copious tide !
 The scenes of danger are made large by fear—
 But lo, they vanish as we press them near,

Say—that we fall !—man but exists to die—
How sweet is death to bleed for Liberty ! 540

“ Are not our days all number’d in the mind
Of Him, unseen, who rides upon the wind ?
Hence, man should never pause where duty leads—
In face of death to do immortal deeds.
But why these words ?—your secret souls I know—
Your hearts ask nothing but to meet the foe.

“ Star-brightening honours on the action wait—
In years to come, each actor will relate
The wonders of this night ! When ye are gray,
And all your strength Herculean shrunk away, 550
Your children’s children with a ravish’d ear,
Will learn your history—dropping many a tear
Pure from the heart—rejoicing in your worth—
Their tongues will bear your praises through the
earth !

“ Away !—too long have I detain’d you now—
Advance in solid form, and die, or smite the foe !”

Like clouds of midnight at the word they move,
While showering flames pour flooding from above !
Yet like the spirits walking on the blast,
They rise unbroken to the conflict vast ! 560

Soon by the nitrous glare, the wonderous men
By Drummond on the Heights were dimly seen,
Like spectre shades behind the darken’d moon,
Labouring in eclipse at midnight noon—
And now they vanish—now again in crowds,
Lurid they show themselves like folding clouds :

Thus Drummond, doubtful, through the fire and
smoke

Beheld the columns,—and thus dubious spoke :

“ What forms are these dim-moving on the sight ?

The wandering spirits round the hill of fight ! 570

Not mortal can they be—not *men* would dare

Against this burning of the Height to bear.

“ Mortals are they !—distinct do I perceive

Their gleaming arms, by which I know they live !

“ Wave—wave your Eagles !—let no fears be
known—

Come—and receive the greetings of the Throne !

“ They come at my invite ! they come, indeed—

They pour—they rush along with burning speed !

Not mortal is their life ! They live in fire !

Let larger volumes on their ranks expire ! 580

Break—sunder the hill ! centre-strike their soul—

Outnoise the thunder—conflagrate the whole !”

Thus Drummond, passionate, commanding spoke,
A frenzied wildness staring from his look.

Ten thousand battle arms augment their flame
Against the columns of immortal name.

A tier of engines from their brazen jaws,

Tremble the heavens to stay the Freedom cause.

On fiery wings a ball with deadly force,

Glanc'd at MacFarland urging on his horse— 590

Pierc'd his arch'd temples as he turn'd his head

His troops to animate : Convulsive, dead—

He drops to earth !—As some tall pine renown'd,

Stands on its hill with verdant honours crown'd—

A wild tornado dashing on amain,
Uproots and hurls its glories on the plain.
It groans, it shivers, as it strikes the ground—
The solid earth repeats the dying sound.

The warrior thus with icy shivering dies—
Like the tree blasted, on the field he lies. 600

His fire-smote column falters in their might,
Struck pale with horror at the flaming Height !

But Ripley, bounding with a meteorous eye
His soul makes manifest : “ On steel rely !
Stand in your place ! Avenge your leader’s fall !
Never give backward from these flickering ball—
I see no danger here ! Be not as men—
But strike like spirits with the bayonet keen !”

They bind in phalanx by the hero stay’d.
And rise the summit with th’ unsparing blade. 610

The meantime Miller and his warriors stern,
Proceed in front where all their thunders burn.
With nerve unshaken to the scene they rise,
Something not mortal glancing from their eyes !

Lo, in ten footsteps of the cannon dread,
He gives the order : “ Plunge them with the dead !”

The desperate mandate pass’d—the Patriots bound
Mad on their enemy ! Blood foams around !
Steel mixes with steel—falchions falchions clash—
Man grasps with man—down on the earth they dash,
Each headlong mangled. Fine beneath their tread,
The rocks are dust. Life finds a bloody bed.

Niagara's cataract,—though struck with awe,
Is hush'd—so vast—so terrible the war.
Brains spatter the field—bosoms stream afresh,
While carnage piles the hill with mounds of quivering
flesh.

The Albions reeling fall on every hand—
Pool, Hicks, and Anderson, Field, Ashton, Bland—
Gill, Ingram, Hopkins, Rivers, Paulding, Wait—
Dagallon, Copeland, Stockwell, Applegate. 630

These with deep wounds are mark'd with Freedom's
stamp :

Burbank, and Thomas, Fisk, and Jones, and Camp.

Fair Bigelow, a youth of eager mind,
While leaping forward to the work design'd,
Is swept to earth : A war-globe smote his side.
And tore his entrails in large volumes wide.
His liver, stomach, lungs—all—all are gone—
Entirely naked is the spiral bone.
Insensible of pain he rolls his eyes—
His soul impatient travels to the skies. 640

An opening poppy thus on summer's day,
Puts forth its bloom exquisitely gay—
Red, purple, azure—virgin white and gold,
Trembling with beauty as its leaves unfold—
While thus it spreads its bosom to the sun,
An east wind blights it—and its charms are done.

So snatch'd from life was Bigelow the brave—
His body left unsightly for the grave.

Th' impetuous Cilley rushing in advance,
Breaks on the enemy with naked lance— 650
Single he charges on a pointed gun—
And five smites headlong, e'er they've time to shun
His blade of pestilence. But Holbrook nigh,
Exchang'd with Cilley a provoking eye—
And stooping to the hand that held the match,
Unlocks the dying grasp with hasty snatch—
Just in the act t' explode the brass with fire,
The hero rushing, meets him in his ire ! ~
Deep through his throat he plunges in the blade—
In matted gore the royal chief is laid. 660
Hard on his breast the Patriot crowds his heel—
Loose from the wound he tugs the reeking steel.

The Albions give—no longer can they stand
The tyger onset of the storming band.
With cold reluctance from their guns they tread,
Crushing in slippery blood the mangled dead.
“ Behold, the enemy are backward driven ! ”
Miller triumphant with his soul in heaven ;—
“ Full on their rear the conquer'd trophies turn,
And let the quickfire with destruction burn. 670
Niagara's Heights are ours ! Sweep—strike them
down !
Bow to the dust the head that bears a Crown ! ”
The born of Liberty his voice obey—
And on the foe the brazen engines play—
But yet he lingers on the crimson brow—
And dark on Miller gashes blow for blow.

But Ripley comes resistless from the right,
And at a thrust makes desolate the Height.
Their wings, their centre, every file gives way—
By death o'erwhelm'd, they break in disarray.
Mad fire and thunderbolts pursue them still—
Like dust in whirlwinds they forsake the hill.

CANTO XXX.

BATTLE OF NIAGARA CON-
TINUED.

ARGUMENT.

The English make several attempts to recover the Heights, but are as often driven back with great slaughter.

The scene—Heights of Niagara.... The time is about two hours.

FREDONIAD.

CANTO XXX.

“ AGES to come your deeds will be renown'd !”
(Ripley, transported, to his warriors round,)
“ No mortal tongue can strike your note of praise—
Your names, your characters, in future days
Will shine resplendent as the polar light,
Shaming the stars that ornament the night !

“ The faint and weltering to the rear convey,
Ready to stand offensive in the fray—
For soon may we expect this Drummond on,
To wipe away the spot that stains the crown. 10

The wounded were remov'd—as Brown the chief,
Arose the hill, and Jessup with relief.

To Miller, Ripley,—Brown his bosom gave :
“ This night you've bid defiance to the grave !
Soon may your bodies moulder on the heath,
Put lo, your names will live exempt from death.

“ Approving, I behold your enterprise,
To be prepar'd against a hostile rise,
Should they attempt the Heights. The centre take,
And with your soul like jealousy awake, 20

Defend the triumph. Jessup, on the right,
Display your warriors crown'd with starry light ;
From Ripley's flank a vacance leave between,
Hindman to occupy with thunder men.
Porter will stand upon the left extreme,
Whose volunteers have pass'd the trying flame.

“ Thus will our line be form'd. I'll swift descend,
And urge them forth the Summit to defend.”

This said. He wheel'd and dash'd upon the plain,
While Ripley clear'd the field of Royals slain, 30
Which on his front rais'd something like a mound—
So vast their numbers—to defend the ground.

Brown, Porter first saluted—ne'er controll'd
In battle by a foe—his purpose told :

“ Advance your volunteers, whose throbbing will
Is ever ripe, the enemy to kill.
For you, the left of Ripley I've assign'd,
To prove your rich inheritance of mind.
It cannot be, but Drummond will arise
With vengeance heated, to regain the prize.” 40

Porter receiv'd the order—wheel'd his band
To form on Ripley, and like stars to stand.

Brown visits Hindman next : “ Brave man, proceed
And reach the climax of a warrior's meed.
Lead forth with Towson, Riddle, and Ritchie,
Born to inherit Freedom's legacy.
Ascend and glorify the Heights above—
Reveal the sinews of your heart steel-wove—
There plant your engineery, and those made ours
By Miller's charge and Ripley's deathless powers. 50

For thee there's space reserv'd vacant between
Ripley's brigade and Jessup's matchless men."

Scarce had the chief the circumstance proclaim'd,
When Hindman, Towson, with their hearts inflam'd,
Advanc'd to do what ne'er before was done
Beneath the shining stars or burning sun.

By this Brown check'd his courser at the spot,
Where stood the cohorts of the fighting Scott.

"Is Scott upon the field?" Brown cried aloud,—
"He is." The warrior answer'd from the crowd, 60
"Anxious I've waited to receive thy will—
Shall I move forward to defend the hill?"

While Scott thus spoke he hasten'd at the call.
"Forever foremost where the showering ball
Sings through the element!" Brown full rejoins,—
"In proud reserve retain thy bleeding lines.
All fashion of applause thy deeds surpass—
Never scarce equall'd since creation was."

Publish'd his orders, Brown regains the Height,
And takes his station to observe the fight. 70

'The meantime Drummond with his eyes inflam'd,
These dark emotions of his soul proclaim'd :

"Let thunder strike the whole—heaven mix with
hell !

There's nothing past with *this* can parallel !
And have I been with deep disgrace compell'd
To fly by those who never foe beheld ?
And can it be that we have England lost—
We, who made Europe curdle like a frost ?
Never to us this darkness shall be given— 79
Where stand we now ?—back from the Summit driven !

“ The wheels of earth are block’d ! Britannia’s
power—

Her fame for ages, wither’d in an hour !

Albion is conquer’d by unroyal race—

And must her brow be stain’d with the disgrace ?

Ocean, freeze to rock—Earth, dissolve to sea—

Stars, turn to darkness—let the heavens decay—

“ And Riall—where was he ?—had he but come

With the reserve—this night had been their doom !

Seiz’d—captur’d by surprize !—empty in skull—

Born at the world’s eclipse—a name of ridicule. 90

“ This never I’ll endure—no ”——

Hervey here

Rode up and broke this language to his ear :

“ Most royal Drummond !—every breast as one,

Regrets that we by Freedom were outdone.

Not we must think that *forms* of men we fight—

At plains of Chippewa we felt their might.

Yes, we must waken and exert our power,

Then will the Eagle to the Lion cower.

When lions, tygers, meet in crossing mood,

If they their strength put forth they have their

blood ;

100

But if they treat the tyger race with scorn,

By their unequals are they cast forlorn.

“ Come, cast away these thoughts : Thy legions now

Stand and demand due vengeance of the foe.

They wait thy orders to assail the Height,

And blot from memory the dastard flight.

Firm on the dexter wing thy brother stands—

Sheffie, death’s agent, on the left commands.

“ The foe I’ve compass’d with observance still—
 No doubt is mine but we’ll regain the hill. 110
 We far outflank them on their both extremes,
 So much superior are our royal names.
 Each feels his heart determin’d to ascend,
 And to the Cross the Eagle standard bend.”

As when a band of wolves by hunters bold,
 With fire assaulted in their rocky hold,
 Break in a panick from the flames of death,
 Scarce waiting in their flight to taste of breath.
 Their leader feeling more than all their pain,
 A frenzied passion fastens on his brain. 120
 A blaze electrick shoots from every hair—
 His boisterous yell sends torment through the air—
 He stalks disorder’d in a raving mood,
 His eyeballs floating in a tide of blood.
 His tongue hangs feverish o’er his foaming jaws,—
 He digs the flinty earth with bleeding claws,
 And in delirium snaps them with his teeth—
 A stream of fire commingled with his breath.
 While thus enrag’d, a milder wolf draws nigh,
 And speaks the promise of a victory— 130
 Th’ unbridled fury boiling in his breast,
 By slow degrees calm settles into rest :

So Hervey’s language Drummond’s rage subdu’d—
 And him he answer’d in a gentler mood.

“ Most true, the centre of my heart was ire,
 But thou hast chang’d it to a new desire.
 I’ll go with triumph sounding on my tongue,
 And give them power to rise with madness strong.”

This said, he bounded on his charger proud—
 His tyger voice vociferates aloud : 140

“ And why for thunder did you quit the hill ?
Rise from this infamy—the dark dispel !
In line hard wedg’d move forward to the shock—
Stand—should the Height a reeling cradle rock !
At twice ten footsteps distant from the foe,
Loosen the fire-springs—make their standard bow.
The volley thrice repeated—steel in hand—
Rush—and let blood be seen upon the land.

“ Now to the musick give a furious beat,
And tread vitality beneath your feet !” 150

Like folds of darkness in their strength they move,
Loud as rough storms which bellow through the grove.

While thus the Britons,—Ripley view’d his line,
And, as he pass’d, he open’d his design :

“ Stand with a plated heart the storm to face—
’Twill soon be here—they’ll never brook disgrace,
That we inferior should their ranks assail,
And drive them broken,—whirlwind’d down the hill.

“ Now bend your ears and hearken to obey—
Throw not a ball with heedless aim away— 160
Your arms keep ready till the foe shall fire,
Then, by their blaze with cool—but strong desire,
Sparkle the flint ! Should not the royals stand
To burn the balls, but come with blade in hand,
Be solid rocks till you their points shall feel,
Then, plunging, search their bosoms with the steel.

Listen !—they come ! Attend their rising sound !
This night each brow shall be with laurel crown’d !”

Scarce had he spoken when the Britons nigh,
Footsteps twice ten, stream’d fire along the sky— 170

The bullets spent their rage upon the air—
 But not thus vain the patriot volleys bear—
 Cool at the blazing through the dark they aim,
 So true, each flash subdues a royal name.
 The English ranks recoil. But soon they stand,
 Cemented,—lock'd,—excited by command.

And now the battle burning in its ire,
 Appears in likeness to Vesuvian fire.
 At length such numbers of the Albions bleed,
 They with death's palsy from the hill recede. 180

Ripley is heard : “ Hard iron is your nerve,
 Never to bend ! Your discipline preserve !
 Not with this effort will the Drummonds yield,
 Accustom'd ever to a conquering field.
 Keep in deep silence muffled, till they come
 And give us light to guide them to the tomb ! ”

Each warrior planted, felt himself a rock,
 To meet the conflict in its wildest shock.

Drummond ascending, overtakes his force,
 And rage supplies him with a mad discourse : 190

“ And whither are ye bent ? A wretch that flies,
 Without the respite of a moment dies !
 Fronts, change from left to right. In person now,
 I lead the charge to subjugate the foe !
 The dastard that recedes from courage true,
 The next upon his rear, transfix him through ! ”

They stand,—they form,—their heavy fronts they
 change,
 And fix'd in purpose, up the hill they range.

They gain their distance—Drummond swells his
voice :

“ Unkey the arch of heaven with thunder noise !”
The mandate given, they kindle as before, 201
And break the concave with a deafening roar—
But the cool efforts of the patriot line,
To graves of blood their proudest names consign.
They choke—they stifle with the furnace fire—
They falter—reel—a second time retire.

Lo, now by striving with superior strength,
The patriot army fail in nerve at length :

Thus when Connecticut is swell'd by snow
Melting with rains from off the mountain's brow—210
Though swift the flood, yet nothing it appals
The hardy watermen of Entick falls.
The freighted boat they loosen from the shore,
And bend their might upon the pole and oar ;—
The proud waves tossing dash against its brow,
Which makes it tremble urging it below—
Yet the strong river-men with shoulders bent,
And hands hard grappled with a firm intent,
Propel the barge slow-creeping through its length,
Their every sinew swollen with its strength. 220
The sweat streams reeking from their bosoms bare—
Herculian efforts straightening every hair.
At times, upon the foaming flood they gain—
At times they stand, bent, pressing at a strain.
The boat now gives an inch, a foot, a yard,
By panting struggles of the labourers hard.
They catch new footing, vigorous as at first,
And walk it upward, nor their powers distrust.

At length, by energy severe applied,
 Above the falls in waters smooth they ride ! 230
 But now, behold, their vast exertions o'er,
 A fainting languor seizes every pore.
 Their powers exhausted to an infant meek,
 They feel like slumber with their breathings weak :
 So while the fight the patriot bosom fir'd,
 They felt no fibre of their nature tir'd,
 But when the Britons second time withdrew,
 They wilted down like flowers depriv'd of dew—
 Their throats were parch'd—and *water* was the cry—
 Their vessels drain'd, and no deliverance nigh ! 240

The pressing call struck Brown's attentive ear—
 He comes with sweeping motion from the rear,
 A fountain on his tongue ! “ Immortal band !
 The strength, the pride, the bulwark of the land—
 The more we suffer in our persons each,
 The farther into time our names will reach !
 “ Your general neither hath he eat or drank—
 He suffers equal with the lowest rank—
 What words are these ?—*them*, instant I recall—
 This night, each soldier is a general ! 250
 We'll outbrave nature, nor a word repine,
 And be like something that is half divine !
 “ Remember that our dearest all's at stake—
 With joy we'll suffer for our country's sake.
 And will we render up the glorious spoil,
 This night acquir'd through sweat, through blood,
 and toil ?
 We never will !—die—die—by piecemeal first—
 Loosen the heart-strings and return to dust !

Cast off this weakness ! Stand, resist the charge,
And let th' immortal of your life be large !” 260

His voice reviv'd them like a summer shower—
Their every fibre gain'd increase of power.
Brief, like a charm, their every pain was gone—
A noble triumph o'er their sufferings won !

Brown to his place withdrew, which late he held
T' observe the various movements of the field.

The second time the Albions fled the scene,
Vincent, from George, came forward with his men.
They stood in columns with a haughty port,
All fresh and vigorous for a bold effort. 270

Drummond took heart when he beheld him nigh,
With ample means to raise their feelings high.
Largely to each he dealt th' inspiring cheer,
Tightening their nerves—dispelling every fear.

The past is vanish'd—in their rank they form—
Vincent in front to lead the final storm.
Impenetrably lock'd, their shoulders join—
Their flanks of infantry in double line.

Drummond, proud rising in his hope, began :
“ Their life is now but as a narrow span ! 280
This the third charge—and conquerors are we !
Now shall they bend subjective on the knee !
The Heights are ours ! It never shall be said,
That thrice the Lion from the Eagle fled.
By this, must they be fainting with their toil—
Yes, with their blood we'll wash away the soil !
Waken the fire—then press the iron charge
With ; *Down to Freedom—Victory to George !*”

Boasting he spoke. His warriors beat the ground
With heavy footsteps,—sending forth a sound, 290
Like falling waters, distant, roaring, loud,
Or thunders muttering from a brewing cloud.

The Patriots listening, catch the hostile tread,
Gathering deep turbulence with rising dread.
Ripley reminds them of their former fame :

“ First they the Height will kindle into flame !
Keep the eye jealous on the object bent—
And at the flash, set fire the element !”

By this, the enemy had rose the Height,
And at the measur'd distance struck the light 300
With sound that shook the hill. Miller, and Brook
Open and blind them with the fire and smoke.
Porter, invincible, with volunteers,
Renews the war, like blazing up the spheres.
Jessup wings lightning from Columbia's right,
And Towson, Hindman, split the ears of Night.
The line of Ripley is a wall of fire,
Arching above the whole a circle higher.

The Albions bleed by ranks. Yet Vincent's band
Close up the files of those that press the land— 310
But those who'd seen the hill in flames before,
Break in disorder, trailing back the gore.

“ Shadows of men ! a liver-hearted crew !”
Drummond impassion'd with his features blue ;—
“ Why shrink ye back ? Think not of Death's
abode !

Seize, seize the cannon, and let stream the blood !”

While this was said, he toss'd—he foam'd with
rage—

His squadrons rally and with power engage.
Fires flash, steels ring, blood gushes, thunders burst—
Man gasps his soul away—his body sinks to dust ! 320

While thus the adverse arms unsparing kill,
Scott with impatience bounded up the hill,
He stood a moment and the slaughter ey'd—
'Then swift descended and abruptly cried :

“ Are these, my veterans, ready with the sword ?”
He never paus'd to hear the answering word,
But thus continu'd on : “ In column form,
With left in front—and forward to the storm !”

Scarce he this utter'd, when his will was done—
Against the Albion left he leads them on. 330

“ Forward ! sunder their flank !” rising he said :
They rush with bayonets and augment the dead.
But lo, the double lines resist the charge—
In stern defiance of what Scott can urge.
He sees the effort vain : “ The left, in rear !
The column change !—the right, in front appear !”

The line revers'd, he leads it to the right
With rapid movement, guided by the light
That glimmers o'er the field : “ We'll strike once
more,

And break the lock or weaken it of power. 340
The bayonet port, and charge !” The brief command
Is swift obey'd—they press with steel in hand.

The wing reels back like drunk'ness—but at length,
In closer wedge it stands with iron strength.

The aids that bore his mandates, Smith and Worth,
Urging a pass fell wounded to the earth,
Hence, Scott conveys his orders far and near—
Shows where to wheel, and where to drive the spear.*

Young Hull his valour prov'd—the son of him,
Who made the lustre of the Stars grow dim— 350
Who, from our standard took away its gem—
Its honour—far more precious than the gold,
For which his diamond flag he treacherous sold—

His son inherited his valour high,
The time he banner'd with Montgomery—
His father's weakness cut his heart in twain—
He sought the field to wipe away the stain :
The deaths were many that his steel had made,
But in the act to parry off a blade,
Drawn fiercely back with full intention bent, 360
Through Scott's unguarded bosom to be sent,—
He miss'd his aim, and took himself the steel !
It pierc'd his neck—bath'd in his blood he fell.

His timeless death his country will revere,
Howe'er so dark his father's character.

The traveller pointing to his tomb, will say :

“ There lies a youth who fell in dubious fray,
Whose Father's treachery the world condemns !”

Yes—he will sparkle with th' illustrious gems,
Whose splendid beams illuminate the earth— 370
Such the abiding excellence of worth—
For crime is not inherited from birth.

While Scott was soul-engag'd, a bullet came,
Urged in its speed with violence of flame,
And through the muscles of his shoulder sped—
But mad in fight he never turn'd his head—

Scarce from the sunder'd vessels gush'd the tide,
When lo, another pierc'd him in his side !
Yet still his sword he brandish'd on the foe,
And in the dust was laid full many a brow ; 380
Henshaw, and Orwell, found their efforts vain—
They fell before him with their skulls in twain.

At length, he marks the trickling of the gore
From either wound, which naught he'd felt before—
And thus to Leavenworth : “ The column join
To Jessup's right, and there defend the line.
My heart is fainting—sad must I retire—
Warriors ! be firm !—your general's last desire !”

It damp'd their eyes with tears—They file away
Fix'd in their purpose to maintain the fray, 390
They, on the right of Jessup, planted stand,
And drive a flame which desolates the land.

Jones to the Chippewa the general bears,
Whose name will live a round of endless years !

Meanwhile the turbulence of battle grew—
Rising in passion,—each the other slew,
Gripping with death. Lo, now beyond the mound
Of pil'd-up dead, the Britons press the ground.
The warriors wade in gore. Behind the slain,
The blood collects—as when that showers of rain, 400
After long drought excite the streams to move,
And cause the dried-up rivers to improve—
The dykes are fill'd—the dams that drive the mills,
And those that yield smooth water to canals—
Like this, behind the slain the blood collects,
Which partial, like a bulwark mound, protects ,

The patriot warriors from the furious rush
Of royal powers advancing with a crush.

Now this, now that gives back—now these, now
those—

Man crowds on man—blows deep resound on blows.
Ten thousand living fires elance the lead, 411
While solid thunders shake the hill with dread.
The quick blue flashes on the eyeballs glare—
Unsated Havock ravens like despair.

With numerous chiefs belonging to the crown,
Sheffie falls wounded from his charger down,
Deep splashing in the blood. With knee broke short,
In vain he struggles for his life's support—
A press of soldiers crowding o'er the plain,
Smothers his life—he mingles with the slain. 420

Columbians sleep in fame. Among the rest,
Was fair Ritchie, offspring Virginia's best.
From scenes of affluence—a parent's arms,
He'd rush'd his bosom into war's alarms.
His Country's love was to his heart more dear,
Than sister's friendship or a mother's tear.

Across his gun his sword had slain its four,
The stoutest warriors of the Albion power.
Th' impetuous Hervey as he slew the last,
His falchion levell'd with a sweeping cast— 430
Its point just split his skull, saving the brain,
As he stood leaning o'er the recent slain ;
But cleft the ribs between his shoulders strong—
Down sunk the hero on the earth along,

Hindman forth rushing smote the Briton's head,
Wide flew his brains—he fell on Ritchie dead.

So hard, two engines now, the royals crowd—
“Steel spike the vents !” Hindman proclaim'd aloud.
'Tis done—before the press the brave withdraw,
While Drummond's thousands shout for conquering
war : 440

“They give,—they break,—we triumph,—Eng-
land towers !

Behold, the thunders of the Height are ours !”

Brief was their shouting. Lo, the jealous Brown
Heard,—and majestick from the rear came down.
Fredonia breathes her spirit in his soul—
His rising presence re-inspires the whole !

Like Sodom hail the balls around him fly,
And one to stay his progress breaks his thigh—
Another rends his side—tearing his melt—
But not Death's arrow would the champion felt ! 450
His eye wink'd not—on in his might he strode
O'er hills of dead and ghastly scenes of blood.
The scream of ghosts is heard at every sweep—
The hill no longer can the Albions keep—
Dishearten'd—broken—all their strength' is down—
They shrink, they shiver with the wrath of Brown :

Thus while a timid flock are sleeping still,
Beneath the jutting summit of a hill,
A panther comes with rushing in the night—
Some wake no more, while others wing their flight. 460
With bleatings of distress they load the air—
Frenzied they break, and scatter here and there—

At times they apprehend they feel his teeth,
And without struggle render up to death :

Thus fled the royal host—nor look'd behind,
So dire the war, it wither'd up their mind—
They flew like up-toss'd gossamer in wind.

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